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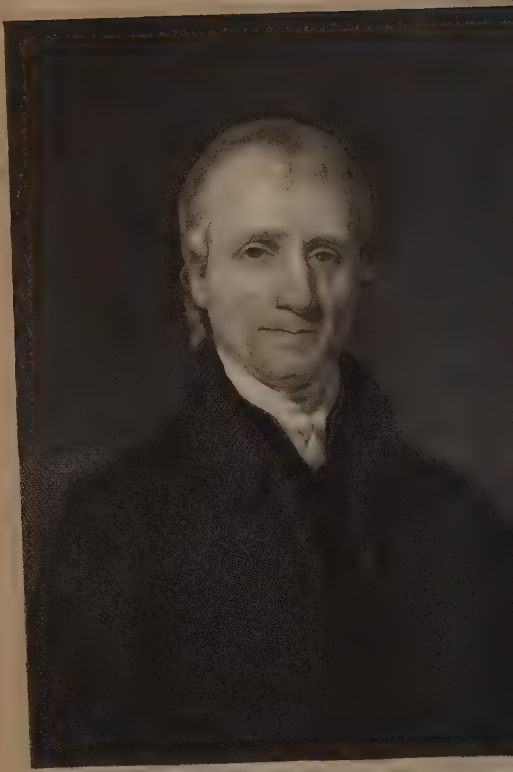

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

OF

AN OLD ITINERANT.

A Series of Letters

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL AND THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

BY REV. HENRY SMITH.

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

GEORGE PECK, EDITOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following work, embracing as it does the autobiography of an old itinerant preacher, cannot but be deeply interesting to readers of every class; but especially so must it be to the members and ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A better conception of Methodism as it was, and as it is, in this country, as well as of the trials, the devotedness, and the usefulness, of the Methodist preachers of the past generation, will, in the judgment of the writer of these introductory remarks, be afforded by the Letters of Henry Smith, than by any other publication now extant.

No attempt has been made to amend the style of the aged author—its artlessness is attractive and appropriate. The Letters remain as they were originally published, with the exception of a few slight corrections; and even these were suggested or approved by the author himself. The reader, therefore, while engaged in the perusal of these pages, may imagine himself seated by the fireside in the lowly dwelling of this venerable minister of Christ, listening to the relation of the events of his past life, in his own simple language; and to the reflections occasioned by the recital. If, as Dr. Johnson says, "there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful," surely the "Recollections and

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Reflections" now before us must furnish many profitable lessons, and be eminently worthy of attention.

It will be seen from the Letters themselves, that, at the time they were written, the author had no intention ever to republish them. He had furnished a letter, embracing some interesting incidents relating to the introduction and progress of Methodism in the west, for the Western Christian Advocate—and this, which will be found in its appropriate place in this volume, excited so much interest, as to induce a formal application from the corresponding secretary of the Western Methodist Historical Society for further details, which were cheerfully given, and subsequently published. A letter was afterward written for the Christian Advocate and Journal; and in compliance with the solicitation of Dr. Bond, the senior editor of that Journal, the Letters followed which comprise the greater part of the series. They are now, in accordance with the wishes of esteemed and intelligent friends, presented to the public in the present form. "Such as they are," says the author, "they cost me much thought and labor, and many prayers and tears." They are sent forth with fervent prayer to God that they may be productive of good.

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Letters Originally Published

IN THE

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

OF AN

OLD ITINERANT.

LETTER I.

[Dear Brother,—I send you some sketches of my travels and labors in early times. I have thought they might be of some use to young preachers who complain of hard circuits, rough fare, and poor pay; but I may be mistaken.

Very respectfully yours, Henry Smith.

Pilgrim's Rest, Baltimore county, Dec. 6, 1840.]

In August, 1793, I was licensed to preach at Milburn's meeting-house, then called Frederick, now Winchester circuit, Virginia; P. Bruce, presiding elder; J. Wells, preacher in charge. Early in the fall I was requested by Mr. Bruce to take Berkley circuit for about six weeks, while my much-esteemed brother T. Lyell was absent on a visit to his friends. This was a great cross; but I went. Mr. Bruce pressed me to give myself up wholly to the work. I hesitated: but, after a few weeks, made up my mind, and wrote to him, according to his request; and as I did not go to conference, he represented me in the Baltimore Annual Conference, held in Baltimore, October,

1793. Mr. Bruce was removed from the district, and Lemuel Green took his place; and the preachers I met with could not tell whether I was received, or where my appointment was made. S. G. Roszel wrote to me some time in the winter, that Mr. Asbury had appointed me to Talbot circuit, Eastern Shore, Md. During this season of suspense, my mind was deeply exercised, but I was about setting off, when Mr. Green told me it was late, and now winter, and I had the bay to cross, &c., and he could employ me on Berkley circuit till spring. I attended a quarterly meeting at Hite's meeting-house, February 8, and from thence went into the work, under the direction of the presiding elder. Our last quarterly meeting was held at Payne's meeting-house, about the middle of May. Here the stewards offered me quarterage. I hesitated, but was urged to take it. As I still had a little money of my own, I doubted the propriety of receiving anything for my poor services. On this circuit I had many nursing fathers and mothers, who were very kind to me—but they are all gone to rest. It would afford me some gratification to record their names. Notwithstanding my great weakness, I had some fruit of my labors, and many happy meetings with my affectionate friends, and was sorry to part with them, but willing to go anywhere. I stayed on the circuit a few weeks after the quarterly meeting, and then sat out, in company with several of

the preachers, for conference; which began June 3d or 4th, at Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia. Here I first saw Bishop Asbury. He was very poorly, with a bad cold and sore throat, and hardly able to sit in conference. They sat in rather a small room, with closed doors. About fifteen or twenty preachers present. I could give nearly all their names from memory. J. Wells, T. Fleming, S. G. Roszel, and myself, are the only four that are living, as far as I know.*

When I was called into conference the young preachers were under examination. They were called up, one by one, and gave in their religious experience, and assigned some reasons why they thought they were called to the ministry; and the bishop asked them some questions on points of doctrine and discipline. He put some close questions to some, which alarmed me very much. I was the last that was called up. While I told my experience, &c., I trembled and wept; the sympathies of the preachers were waked up in my favor, and the good bishop himself appeared to be touched; for when I was done, he beckoned to me with his hand to sit down, and I was much relieved. And this was all the examination I ever passed through. At this conference we had a gracious work in the congregation, as well as love

* Since the original publication of this letter, my much-loved brethren T. Fleming and S. G. Roszel have finished their work, and are now reaping their reward.

and harmony among the preachers. We had but few preachers, and little business. I was appointed to what was then called Clarksburg circuit, on the Monongahela, Virginia. The lower part of our circuit began at Martin's meeting-house, and extended up as high as Buchanan. The conference adjourned on the 5th. On the 6th I set out, in company with Charles Connaway, our presiding elder, James Fleming, my colleague, William Beauchamp, and others. My colleague and I hastened on to Morgantown, where we met with Thomas Barnes and his wife, from the mouth of Buffalo Creek, forty miles up the county. This was a providential meeting, for I now had a guide and good company. By the way we met with a rattlesnake, the first I had ever seen. It was in a terrible rage. It would raise itself from the ground, and pitch more than its length in every direction, rattling nearly all the time. It was well that I had company, or I should have been alarmed and fled from it: but brother Barnes, who understood more about such things, got down and soon dispatched it. I have seen a great many since, and killed a number, but never saw but one in such a rage afterward; this was so much so, that it frightened my horse before I took notice of it. I threw stones at it till I disabled it, and then went near and crushed its head. While I am on this subject I would just remark, that I have conversed with a number of persons who

had been bitten, either by the rattlesnake or copperhead, and the copperhead is nearly as venomous as the rattlesnake, and more apt to bite, for it bites without giving notice. The rattlesnake rattles first. Old brother Hacker, at whose house we preached, was bitten in the thigh by a rattlesnake, that year, when he was seeking his horses. I saw him before he was quite well, and asked him if he was not alarmed: he answered with a great deal of indifference, "O no; it was a little scranny thing." "And what did you do?" "Why," said he, "I had a handful of salt in my pocket; I spit some tobacco juice among it, and tied it on with my handkerchief, and walked home, when I applied something else;" for they had several Indian cures. I knew a young man who was badly bitten in the foot by a large rattlesnake, when about half a mile from home. He was alone, and in the woods, and became alarmed at his situation, and ran for home with all his might. By the time he got home, the poison had circulated through his system, so that his tongue was swollen, and he fell over the door-sill, on the floor. His brothers immediately applied some Indian remedy, and saved their brother. But enough of this.

Brother Barnes and his pious wife conducted me to their home, and became as father and mother to me, and at their house I felt myself at home; the more so as they had been acquainted with my father and family. Brother Barnes was

an honest and industrious man, and, withal, a man of sound sense, and a good Christian. Sister Barnes I esteemed as one of the excellent of the earth. This was the first Methodist family that I had met with who catechised their children on Sunday evenings. Into this worthy family our brother Shinn afterward married. Here I met my colleague once in two weeks. In this neighborhood we had a good society, and held quarterly meetings at Calder Haymond's, about four miles off. During this summer I saw a man, said to be a hundred and thirteen years of age, ride to meeting to brother Barnes's, on a horse led by his son, himself an old man. He was a German, known by the name of Daddy Ice through all that country. He had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and suffered incredible hardships. I visited him in his last sickness, and found that his intellect had not failed him so much as might have been expected. I preached at his funeral; and it was a solemn time while I preached to his children, then old gray-headed people, and his grandchildren and great grandchildren. From this place I pushed ahead through Clarksburg, and met my first appointment at Joseph Bennett's, about fifteen miles above Clarksburg, on the fourth Sunday in June. The people came to this meeting from four to five miles round; for we had a good society here, and among them Joseph Chiveront, quite a respectable local preacher. They were

all backwoods people, and came to meeting in backwoods style—all on foot; a considerable congregation. I looked round and saw one old man who had shoes on his feet. The preacher wore Indian moccasins; every man, woman, and child besides, was barefooted. Two old women had on what we then called short-gowns, and the rest had neither short nor long gowns. This was a novel sight to me, for a Sunday congregation. Brother Chiveront, in his moccasins, could have preached all round *me;* but I was a stranger, and, withal, the circuit preacher, and must preach, of course. I did my best, and soon found if there were no shoes and fine dresses in the congregation, there were attentive hearers, and feeling hearts; for the melting power of the Lord came down upon us, and we felt that the great Head of the church was in the midst of us. In meeting the class I heard the same humble, loving, religious experience, that I had often heard in better-dressed societies. If this scene did not make a backwoodsman of me outright, it at least reconciled me to the people, and I felt happy among them.

No doubt a great change has taken place since in that settlement; but that was Methodism, and the state of society, as I found it then. Toward the latter part of the summer the Indians paid this settlement an unfriendly visit, and made an attempt on a brother Smith's family. It was

Sunday. The good man had just returned from a meeting in the evening, when he found some pigs in his garden, and told his children to drive them out. They took the dog; but instead of going after the pigs, he ran to some high weeds near the garden, where the Indians lay concealed, and began to bark fiercely at them. The Indians, finding themselves discovered, rose, and ran after the children. The children ran toward the house, and cried, "Indians! Indians!" The father heard the cry, and met them at the corner of his cabin, near the door, and got them all in, and the door shut and barred, before the Indians came up. Had it not been for his faithful dog, the children could hardly have escaped, for the dog was still very fierce on them. They took shelter behind his corn-house, shot the poor dog, and then ran off. After killing two of the poor man's cattle, and taking some of the meat, they encamped that night in the hills not far from there. I have been at this house: it was within half a mile of father Bennett's. Brother Chiveront heard the guns, shouldered his rifle and ran, and was very near meeting the Indians. He went to the house, and found the family all safe, and took them to his own cabin, where there were two or three other cabins close together. The whole neighborhood was soon alarmed. All came to father Bennett's for safety, and there stayed till danger was thought to be over.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER II.

Dear Brother, — When we left Bennett's settlement, we went about twenty-five or thirty miles still higher up the Monongahela, and preached at the house of a brother Stortze. Within a short distance of this house, the same clan of Indians that had made an attempt on brother Smith's children took a young woman prisoner, as she was going to the spring one evening, and afterward murdered and scalped her. Some weeks after this, while my colleague was preaching in this place, a messenger came and injudiciously announced that her remains were found, and threw the whole congregation into consternation. Here I saw the men coming to meeting with their rifles on their shoulders, guarding their families, then setting their guns in a corner of the house till after meeting, and returning in the same order. In this settlement I met with a young man who had escaped from the Indians a few months before. He had been a prisoner for some time. He was young, active, and a first-rate hunter. He traveled eighteen days, or rather nights, through the wilderness, for he would lie concealed all day, and travel by night. One night he came near an Indian camp, but was not discovered. The moon and stars were his guide when clear; when cloudy,

he traveled by feeling the moss on the trees, as the moss grows on the north side: on the south the bark is rough and hard. Poor Cox's sufferings were great, and his narrative entertaining to me. He got near home in the evening, when he shouted; his brother heard him, and knew his voice, and ran to meet him, and conducted him to his father and mother. The joy I will not attempt to describe. His parents were both members of society. They had given up their son for dead. They knew that he was a good woodsman, and had little reason to hope that the Indians would spare his life. This, however, he kept concealed from them, by feigning himself ignorant of the use of the gun, or the art of hunting. They taught him (as they thought) how to shoot and hunt; they then intrusted him with a gun, which he took care to bring with him. O what a poor chance these people had to be religious! and yet I found some very pious people among them. They could give as clear and Scriptural an account of conviction for sin and conversion as any people. In conversation with some of these Christian hunters, I was told when they were under conviction they could take no game—hunt all day and take nothing. The game was always on the flight before they saw or heard it. The mind was absent, and the eye and ear would not answer the purpose.

From Stortze's we went to Edward West's, where we had a society, and preached regularly.

This man's first wife was a daughter of John Hacker, Esq. One day while he was from home the Indians came and killed his wife, and scalped her sister Margaret, then a little girl, and left her for dead. Some time after they were gone she came to, and crept into the lap of a tree, where she was found. Margaret was a woman when I saw her, and a member of the society. One day while I was at her father's she showed me her head. The skin on the crown of the head was all taken off, except a little about the forehead; and a thin white skin had grown over the place, but no hair. She appeared to enjoy pretty good health. One night I lodged at West's. Toward evening we all went into the house, and barred the door. While at family prayer a great power of darkness fell upon my spirits. I felt as bad for a moment as if the Indians were at the door breaking in. Naturally I never was fearful, but rather the reverse; but on a few occasions my fears were strongly excited. I preached one day at an old station, as it was called; the house was inclosed by strong and high pieces of timber set deep into the ground, and close together. They had built a new house outside of the inclosure; the doors and windows were cut out, and the lower floor laid with loose plank. In this new house they had a bed. After family prayer, I was conducted to that bed to sleep. After committing myself to God I lay down, but before I got to sleep the dogs

raved round the house at a terrible rate, (and there were many of them.) I do not know that I was in danger; but the Indians having but a little while before been through the country, and done mischief, and this being a frontier house, I did not feel myself secure in my exposed situation. My imagination was set in operation, and I felt uncomfortable, till balmy sleep came to my relief, and drove all my needless fears away.

From West's we went to John Hacker's, on Hacker's Creek. I believe this man could read, but not write; and yet he was a magistrate and a patriarch in this settlement, and gave name to the creek, having lived here more than twenty years, and raised a large family, and never lost but one by the Indians, and one scalped and left for dead; and every year when the Indians were troublesome they were in danger. He was a man of good common sense, and, I think, an honest man and a good Christian, and among the first that took in the Methodist preachers. His house had long been a preaching house, and the preachers' home, and also a place of refuge in time of danger. The same gang of Indians that had done the mischief lower down the river came to this settlement, and, within half a mile of Hacker's house, took four children prisoners, all boys, and, it was reported, killed them when they got them in the woods. Brother Sansome, one of the delegates to the General Conference, told me, last spring,

that one of the boys had returned to his friends after many years. When this took place I was in the lower part of the circuit, but came to Hacker's a few weeks afterward. I arrived the evening before preaching, and found all the women and children in the neighborhood there, and the poor mother who had lost her children among the rest. I tried to comfort the poor woman, but she was inconsolable, fearing that her children were dead, and neither of them happy. She was a decided Calvinist. They were all glad to see me, but I was rather sorry, and somewhat alarmed, to find them alone, for there was not a man nor even a gun about the place. The men were all in the woods, some hunting, others digging ginseng and snakeroot, and did not come home that night; so I had to guard and comfort the poor women and children—the house was crowded. Toward sunset we all went into the house, and barred the doors as well as we could. The next day the men came home before preaching. This was truly a solemn meeting to me, as well as to many others. In this place we had a pretty large society, and some very pious people. It is true they had but few books, but they had the Bible, and they read it; and some had a few other books the preachers had supplied them with.

They lived, in the true sense of the word, in backwoods style. Their sugar they made out of the water from the sugar maple. Their tea they

got out of the woods, or from their gardens. For coffee they also had a substitute, namely, rye or chestnuts. Money they had but little. They traded at Winchester, and other places, with ginseng, snakeroot, and skins, for salt, rifles, powder, lead, &c. All their produce was carried to market on pack horses. Their wearing apparel and bedding were mostly their own manufacture. Religion certainly did exert a happy influence on the morals of these uncultivated people, and I was often delighted with their artless simplicity. *In their way*, they appeared to be as happy and contented as falls to the lot of most people. Taking all things into consideration, our congregations were good; for people made going to meeting a business, and trifles did not stop them. In the lower part of the circuit the people were more refined in their manners, and also lived more comfortably. On our return from the upper part of the circuit we preached at Ellsworth's. I think that the old brother's name was Moses. At any rate he was the Moses and patriarch of the neighborhood. This worthy family came from Greenbrier, where they embraced religion, and brought it with them as their best treasure.

In this family, and I think while living in their house, Lasley Mathews and Joseph Chiveront both got converted, and began to preach. One was a Frenchman, and fought, I think, under Lafayette, at Yorktown; the other was an Irish-

man—both Roman Catholics. By this family father Mathews' two daughters were raised from infants; neither of them grown up, but both in society, when I was there, the youngest of them the very picture of her father, and also had some of his actions. Many of the old Methodists yet remembered the old saint, who uniformly rose about midnight to pray. I know this to be a fact, having slept in the same room and bed with him for nearly a week.

During this summer my mind was deeply exercised. A sense of the want of grace and gifts for the important work of the ministry rested with such weight upon my mind that I was truly oppressed. To brave dangers, encounter difficulties, and endure hardships, were mere trifles; but to preach without strong faith, burning zeal, and other necessary qualifications, seemed worse than death to me. In this perplexed state of mind I came to father Ellsworth's, the evening before my appointment. In the morning I retired to the woods, to read, meditate, weep, and pray before the Lord. I mourned my sad condition; and could not see how it could be that the Lord would employ such a poor, helpless, ignorant creature, as I saw myself to be, in so great a work. I was afraid I had mistaken my call, and was strongly inclined to go home. While upon my knees, it was suggested, Rise, and go to the house, and preach from such a text; and if you cannot preach,

go home. I thought it was from the Lord, and went. I sung, prayed, and read out the text; but never was more in the dark. Indeed, I was so embarrassed that I could say but little; and still less to the purpose. I felt as if my doom was now fixed, and I might go home. I thought, however, that I would meet the class before I started. I was led to tell some of my exercises to these simple-hearted people, and the conclusion to which I had come; for hitherto none knew my sorrows. So soon as I began, the whole society burst into tears, and began to pray for me. In a moment the dark cloud broke, and a stream of love, yea, heaven itself, seemed to be poured into my soul; the enemy was bruised under my feet, my head was lifted up, and my heart was cheered. I felt now, ignorant as I was, willing to go to the ends of the earth, to tell the wonders of redeeming love. The scene is this moment fresh before my mind; and methinks I yet hear father Ellsworth abusing the devil for attempting to drive their preacher away from them. It is not likely that our better-informed young men have to pass through such exercises. May God bless them, and increase their number abundantly! Perhaps for me it was necessary, and ultimately worked for good. But if these poor people should have waited till the church sent them educated ministers, such "as the spirit of the age" calls for —"sprightly and talented young men," such as our brother Summers wants in Texas, "and none

other"—many of them must have perished for lack of such knowledge *as even we* had to communicate to them. Our first quarterly meeting was held at Martin's Chapel, below Morgantown, August the 17th. We had a very comfortable meeting. My own soul was very much refreshed and encouraged. My part of the quarterage was nine shillings, Pennsylvania money, and a little more I got afterward.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER III.

DEAR BROTHER,—Although we were not disturbed by the Indians in the lower part of the circuit, yet we had our troubles; for the insurrection about the excise laws raged, particularly from Uniontown to Pittsburg, and although there were very few disaffected about Morgantown, yet the Liberty Boys came up from below, to set up a liberty pole there, but the citizens drove them off. I believe there was no blood shed: at any rate no lives lost. The excitement had an unfriendly influence on society. That summer the army came over, dispersed the Whisky Boys, and we had peace.

A few years before this, Morgantown was alarmed by a report that Indian signs were seen in the neighborhood. A small company were sent out

as spies, to ascertain the certainty of it: among the rest an Irishman. Happily they found the report groundless, and returned to town. But by the way some wished to have a little fun with the Irishman; hence they divided, under pretence of making further observations. One party ran ahead, and concealed themselves; and when the Irishman's party came up, they shot off their guns, and every man fell but the Irishman. He took to his heels, and ran for his life about five miles, to Morgantown. His report excited a dreadful alarm through the town. Brother George Cannon, one of the preachers, happened to be there. He ran to the stable, got his horse, and pushed off in all haste for Uniontown; but had not proceeded far before he found out that he had left his saddle-bags. He returned to get them; but when he got close to town the men came in, for they pursued their Irish friend as fast as they could, and a few guns were fired, and the people were soon relieved. Poor Cannon heard the guns, and thought the Indians were actually in town; and wheeled about, and made the best of his way to Uniontown. All this was sport for backswoods boys; but the poor Irishman and the Methodist preacher did not enjoy it at all.

This year Gen. Wayne defeated the Indians. A treaty was made, and peace ensued. I was in Morgantown, on Christmas eve, when I saw the first Indians; but they were prisoners. Captain

Morgan collected a small company of daring spirits like himself, and went out on an Indian hunt. He crossed the Ohio River, and came across an Indian camp, where there were two Indians, three squaws, and two children. They shot the men, and brought in the women and children prisoners. I saw them when they came, and went to the house the next day to see them. My heart yearned over them, when I looked upon an old mother and two daughters, and two interesting grandchildren, a boy and girl. The old woman appeared to be cheerful and talkative. One of the company spoke Indian quite fluently, having been with the Indians. She said she had been through all that country when quite a wilderness. The young women were sad and reserved. They all appeared to be uneasy and somewhat alarmed when strangers came in. After the treaty they were returned or exchanged.

On Christmas morning we had a meeting at five o'clock, in a private house, and we had a full house. The novelty of the thing brought out some of the most respectable people of the town, and we had a very solemn and interesting meeting. We preached in the court-house at eleven o'clock; for we had no meeting-house, neither was there any place of worship in the town. We had but one half-finished log meeting-house in the whole circuit. We labored hard, and suffered not a little, and did not get the half of sixty-four dollars for support. We traveled through all weathers and

dangers, over bad roads and slippery hills, and crossed deep waters, having the Monongahela to cross seven times every round, and few ferries. Our fare was plain *enough*. Sometimes we had venison and bear-meat in abundance, and always served up in their best style. It is true my delicate appetite sometimes revolted and boggled, till I suffered in the flesh: I then concluded to *eat such things as were set before me*, without thinking how they were prepared; for other people ate them, and enjoyed health, and why might not I? After I had conquered my foolish prejudice, I got along much better. Our lodgings were often uncomfortable. I was invited to have an appointment at a brother's house one night. After the people were gone, I found there was but one small bed in the house. When bedtime came, the good woman took her bed, and spread it crossways before a fine log fire, and I was requested to lie down on one end; and it answered very well for me, the man and his wife, and two children. We slept very comfortably. This, indeed, was very comfortable to what I had sometimes. Most of my clothes by this time became threadbare, and some worn out, and I had no money to buy new ones. I had to put up one night with a strange family, and I was obliged to keep on my overcoat to hide the rents in my clothes. Next day I got to brother Barnes's, where I had them somewhat repaired.

Our third quarterly meeting was held at C. Haymond's, on February 14, 1795. The presiding elder and brother Lyell were with us; and although the weather was very cold, the good Lord warmed our hearts by shedding abroad his love. O it was a blessed time under preaching and in love-feast! Here I got a little money, to bear my expenses home to get refitted; for I was almost naked.

On Monday, the 16th, I started for home, and traveled all day, fasting, through severe cold. At night I came to Cheat River. It was then so dark that I could not see the going-out place on the opposite shore. It was about four miles back to the last house I had passed. I did not know the ford, and could not tell how deep the river was. I did not know what to do; I was chilled all through. If I attempted to go back, I was in danger of freezing to death; if I went forward, I was in danger of being drowned. I called aloud for help, for there was a house some distance off, on the opposite shore, but got no answer. I knew my faithful mare was as safe in water as she could be, and, also, a first-rate swimmer. I had no doubt that she would take me safe over if I could but find a place to go out; so, in the name of the Lord, I ventured in and went straight across. The water only came up to the skirts of my saddle. Surely the good hand of the Lord was upon me. I stopped at the first house, called a tavern,

weary, cold, and hungry. But here I could get nothing to eat, for my dinner and supper together, but a bit of cold beef, and cold corn bread. They said they had nothing. The soldiers who had passed through there in the fall from the whisky expedition, had eaten up everything. I went to bed. There was then a considerable snow on the ground, and that night there fell another deep one. In the morning it snowed and blew terribly, and I had the glades to cross. I rode about eight or ten miles through the snow to the glades, and called at another tavern for my breakfast. Here I got a good breakfast; and it was needful. I was in great danger in the glades, in plunging through the snow-banks, &c., and suffered much from cold, being so thinly clad. I, however, crossed the back-bone of the Alleghany Mountain that day, and in a few days safely arrived at home; in tolerable health, but shabby enough. I was furnished with a new suit of clothes, from head to foot, and then returned to my field of labor. The last quarter was more pleasant than any other part of the year. Some seals were added to our ministry, which sweetened all our toils. On this circuit I learned some lessons in the school of adversity, which have been of great service to me during my itinerancy. Although I never was in real danger from the Indians, yet I have often rode fifteen or twenty miles through the woods where no one lived, the people having fled from danger; and I rode alone,

for I never had any guard but the angels. The tales of wo that were told me in almost every place where there was danger; the places pointed out where murder had been committed; sleeping in houses where the people who were inured to these things were afraid to go out of doors after sunset; I say, riding alone, under these circumstances, was far from being agreeable. I was, however, often in real danger in crossing rivers, swimming creeks, &c. I found the people remarkably kind and sociable. Many pleasant hours we spent together by the side of our large log fires in our log cabins, conversing on various subjects; but religion was generally our delightful theme. Our hearts were sometimes made to burn within us while we talked of Jesus and his love. It is true, some of us smoked the pipe with them, but we really thought there was no harm in that, for we had no anti-tobaceo societies among us then; and yet some of us rose at four o'clock in the morning to pray and read our Bibles. If we could get a lamp or candle, we preferred it; if not, we read by fire-light. Many times I have begged to have a pallet before the fire, that I might not oversleep myself. We were, also, regular in our hours of retirement for prayer. When we had a closet, we went to it; if not, we went to the woods, in summer, but, when there was danger, always at an early hour. In winter, or when it rained, we sought a place in a fodder-house, or somewhere

else where we could be secreted. More than once I have been startled by dogs bouncing out when I entered into the fodder-house, or came upon me when at my devotions, and assailed me as an intruder. I was so conscientious in this thing, that if I did not enjoy the privilege of private prayer, particularly in the evening, I felt uncomfortable in mind. And we were not satisfied with having said our prayers; our doctrine was, Pray till you get your soul made happy. As to preaching to a congregation without having previously been upon our knees, and asked divine assistance, and God's blessing upon the word, (when opportunity offered,) we would have been afraid of being confounded before them. We had few books. I had Wesley's Notes and Fletcher's Appeal, and, I believe, Wesley's Sermons, but no commentary on the Bible, on the circuit. The first time I saw Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, I would have purchased it at any price, if I had been able to procure it. As to temperance, I was taught by the example and precept of our preachers, from the time I became a member of the church, namely, P. Bruce, T. Fleming, L. Chasteen, J. Wells, V. Cook, and others, that our rules required total abstinence from all distilled liquors, unless taken as a medicine, in the strict sense of the word. This was then the construction of the rule. I do not know that I heard anything about "extreme

necessity." I enforced the rule everywhere, by precept and practice.

I believe James Fleming and myself were the last who traveled Clarksburg circuit during the Indian war. I am far from even thinking, much less saying, that our preachers are now too well provided for, or our missionaries too well supported. No; in my humble way, I plead their cause, and contribute, to the utmost of my means, to their support. But permit me to say, that notwithstanding all the missionary zeal that is abroad in the church, and though many say, "Here am I; send me," who could be prevailed on to be missionaries on the terms that James Fleming, H. S., and many others were, in by-gone days? that is, suffer much, labor hard, and find themselves. It will readily be admitted that, taking them as a body, the preachers in those days were inferior to the present race of preachers in literary attainments; but in disinterestedness, in enterprise, in zeal, in self-denial, in holy living, and success, they were inferior to no set of men that any church ever produced. I knew them well. When I call to mind the prejudice and opposition they had to contend with, I am astonished at their success, and can attribute it to nothing but the excellency of the power that attended their ministrations. To speak in backwoods style, they appeared to be surrounded by a kind of holy "knock-'em-down"

power, that was often irresistible. Some came to meeting cursing the preacher, and went home weeping and praying. I will give one case among many.

A neighbor woman came to my father's to hear preaching. Her heart was touched, and she came again; got converted, and joined society. Her husband, though a good-natured man, and a kind husband, got into a dreadful rage, and became almost frantic. He determined to come next preaching day, and flog the preacher for converting his wife. He came, and so did the preacher, Valentine Cook. When the poor sinner saw the preacher, he said to himself, "He looks stout, but I can manage him. However, I'll hear him preach first." But the preacher managed him so well in his sermon, that he was conquered, and came into class meeting, where he was fully broken up, and, shortly after this, joined with his wife, and became a steady member. After some years he moved to Kentucky, where I found him still a steady member. He then made another move, about forty miles from his class, or preaching; but it made little difference, for Jacob Abrill was pretty regular at preaching once in two weeks. The preachers were then nearly all single men.

In 1797 I got acquainted with the first traveling preacher who led about a wife. I was then in Kentucky. Each of them had a horse and saddle, and a large pair of saddlebags; and in

this way they moved their all from circuit to circuit. Twice, to my knowledge, she traveled through the wilderness with her husband. I believe those who became acquainted with her were always willing to board her for her company, and such little services as she was ever willing to render in the family. I traveled on the same circuit with them, and I always found this good sister content with her lot in life. Cheerful and happy, she tried to make herself agreeable and useful everywhere. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER IV.

DEAR BROTHER,—This will conclude my narrative for the present. Our last quarterly meeting for Clarksburg circuit was held in Morgantown, May 2d and 3d, 1795. We preached in the court-house—but had quite an interesting meeting, and good was done. The time had now arrived when I must leave this circuit and go to Redstone. My heart was much united to the people, and I left them with reluctance. Some of them I afterward met in Ohio, and many of them I hope to meet in heaven. I set out for my circuit; but, being requested by the presiding elder, I took one round on Pittsburg circuit, where I had some meetings, attended with great

power. Good was done, and I was much encouraged to go forward.

On the 29th I got orders to return to Redstone. But shortly after I got on the circuit my horse died. This was a cross to me, indeed, for I had no means of buying another. The means were, however, soon furnished by my kind friends on the circuit. I believe I labored among them with some acceptance and success. I became acquainted with some of the first-fruits of Methodism in that country, and often heard them speak with gratitude and delight of the first preachers among them—particularly Thomas Ware and Valentine Cook. They would relate their adventures and success with great animation. I often heard them speak of the famous controversy between Mr. Cook and Messrs. Porter and Jameson. A copy of the first letter from Mr. Porter to Mr. Cook is in my possession. It is really a curious production, and shows plainly in what sovereign contempt Methodist preachers were held by some of the clergy in those days. I may have it published in the Western Christian Advocate, where brother Banning has given some account of the controversy, and its happy results. Public debate on religious subjects is not always useful, but this was evidently of God; for thereby many eyes were opened, and a favorable turn given to Methodism in that country. The victory was complete, and the pride of man was mortified, if not humbled; and it made

them a little more careful how they assailed Methodist preachers; for this thing was not done in a corner.

Thomas Haymond, son of brother Haymond, of Clarksburg circuit, was appointed in charge to Redstone circuit; an amiable, sweet-spirited, holy man of God, and a powerful preacher; a man of great simplicity, and much beloved by the people. But he came on in poor health, and got but once round the circuit before he was obliged to retire from the work. To lose such a colleague was no ordinary loss to me, for I was left alone, and in charge of a large circuit. I was young and inexperienced, and had disagreeable business to settle in some of the societies. But the Lord was with me, and sustained my weakness; and upon the whole we had prosperity. Our first quarterly meeting was held at brother Roberts' in Leganeer Valley, some time in July, and we had a glorious time. Brother Hitt preached on Saturday, and some of the brethren exhorted. We had preaching again at night. It fell to my lot to exhort; and the mighty power of God came down, and we had a great shout, and it was heard afar off. Sunday morning we had a precious love-feast. Brother Hitt preached us one of his best sermons, and good was done. This brother Roberts was the father of our worthy Bishop Roberts. In this pious family I had a pleasant time. Robert R. Roberts was then but a boy,

and I believe not converted—but moral, modest, and serious; quite observant of passing events, and anxious to gain information. Little did I then think that he ever would be my bishop, and such a bishop as he has proved himself to be. Thank the Lord, when HE makes preachers and bishops they will be well made. But if ever the church takes this great work out of his hands, and, either by theological seminaries or education societies, prepares materials for the Lord, and then says, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him," the work will be marred.

The session of the Baltimore Conference being changed from spring to fall, we had our last quarterly meeting some time early in October. Thence I went, in company with the preachers, toward Baltimore. I went by home, to see my father and friends, and did not get to Baltimore till the 20th. Conference was in session when I got there. This was my first visit to Baltimore, and I had my lodgings with William Woods. His first wife was then living, and she was a devoted child of God. We had preaching every morning at Light-street, at five o'clock. She regularly went to meeting with me at that hour. Our conference was harmonious. At this conference I was admitted into full connection, and elected to deacon's orders, though I had traveled but eighteen months. This looked a little like suddenly laying hands upon me; and was so unexpected by me, that

had I not been going as a missionary I would not have submitted. Bishop Asbury called for volunteers to go to Kentucky, and fixed his eye upon me as one. I said, "Here am I, send me." It certainly was then a greater undertaking to go to Kentucky than it is now to go to Texas. On the 25th I was ordained in a private room, before conference opened; and in a few hours after my ordination John Watson and myself were on horseback, on our way to Kentucky, almost before any one knew we were going. Some of our friends made us a few presents, but no fuss was made over us, or by us, as though we were going out of the world. We pushed across the Alleghany Mountain to Yohegany River, in hopes of getting into a family boat down the Ohio, for there was then nó road through the wilderness. But the water was low, and we had to wait some weeks before we could get a boat; at last we met with Mr. B. Head's family, with whom brother Watson had been acquainted in Pennsylvania. They agreed to take us in, but they were in partnership with another family in the boat, and it was not ready; so we had still to wait. Here were two families and eleven horses (ours made thirteen) in one boat. Two or three of our family had the measles on board. We were much crowded; but after floating, and sometimes rowing, night and day, through rain, wind, and smoke, for nine days and nights, we

safely landed at Brooke's Landing, Mason county, Kentucky, December 2, 1795. We were once in great danger in a storm, and were obliged to put to shore; and if we had not had a young man on board who understood managing the boat we must have been lost. We were very uncomfortably situated—with two families, and some of them sick, and thirteen restless horses.

But we were going on the Lord's business, and our minds were stayed on him, and kept in peace. We had family prayer when circumstances would admit of it. The wind blew from every point, and it was cold, and we were obliged to have fire in a large kettle. The smoke annoyed us very much, but we were mercifully preserved. But how much better we were off than poor Tucker and Carter, two Methodist preachers, who were killed by the Indians in going down the river, though at different times. Carter fought as long as he was able; and, after he received a mortal wound, still exhorted his companions not to give up the boat, though the Indians were alongside with their canoes. It is said that his presence of mind and courage saved the boat, for the Indians were beaten off; but the poor fellow died before they got to Limestone, (now Maysville,) where his remains rest in hope of a glorious resurrection.

If you hear from me again it will be from the west.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER V.

Dear Brother,—Others have advised and urged me to write, but I could hardly believe they were in earnest; but you have fairly brought me out. I am afraid my poor communications will increase your labor; but I beg you not to suffer anything to come before the public that will discredit your valuable paper. I write to you as an old fast friend. When I made entries in my diary, consisting mostly of dates, names of persons and places, (and even in this I had not been very particular,) I had not the most distant idea that any of it would ever come before the public. The most that I have written relates to my religious experience; my sorrows and joys, my hopes and fears, are often noticed. Lean as my notes are, they are of great service to me; for looking over them brings to my recollection many things that were forgotten; and indeed I find that I can bring back events that took place forty-five or fifty years ago with more ease than I can what passed forty days ago. My few notes serve like a string to my memory; I pull, and it comes as fresh as if it had recently taken place. I can assure you that I do not wish or intend to say anything that might in the smallest degree depreciate the improvements made in our economy, for they are great. I have been awfully afraid

of becoming a dissatisfied, sour-spirited old man, or one who is disposed to find fault, and cannot rejoice in the good that is done, because it is not done exactly as it used to be. It is the duty of the church to carry out first principles; but in so doing let her never lose sight of them, and she is safe. I may, perhaps, sometimes glance at some things where I may think there is a falling off, but I will do it in love and good humor. I owe everything to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I never loved her more than I do now.

After brother Watson and myself had landed in Kentucky we hastened on to brother Derrett's, a local preacher from Virginia, where we made a short stay, and then pushed on to Lexington, and inquired after Francis Poythress, the presiding elder. I left brother W. and pushed ahead to Salt River circuit, and met the presiding elder at a quarterly meeting, held at Captain Hites', on Beargrass, about five or six miles from the Falls of Ohio. We had a precious meeting: O, it was a heaven to my soul! At this meeting I first saw and heard my beloved brother, Thomas Wilkerson, and was appointed to travel with him till spring. I was delighted with my colleague, and we had some precious meetings. It is true our rides were long, the roads bad, the waters often high, and our labors hard; but no matter, we were both young, and, the best of all, the Lord

was with us, and we went on cheerfully. Our last quarterly meeting was held at Samuel Robeson's, the 2d and 3d of April, 1796. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On Monday, the fourth, I started, in company with my colleague, to meet the preachers going to conference: we met at Bethel school. I do not intend to give a history of the rise and final fall of this institution. I will merely say, that it was gotten up under the superintendence of F. Poythress, and was intended for a college; but some of its patrons dying, and others failing in their support, it fell through, and our dear old father Poythress with it: for such were his anxiety and responsibility, and it bore with such weight upon his mind, that he sunk, and the good old man entirely lost his reason. The getting up an institution of the kind was perhaps premature; it certainly was badly located, (as it turned out,) and perhaps not well managed; but I never had any doubt of the good and honest intention of the principal agent. The first time I was there a school was taught in it by John Metcalf, a local preacher; afterward Valentine Cook took charge of the school. In this neighborhood (Jessamine county, near Kentucky River) we had a meeting house and a respectable society. Bethel was the place of rendezvous, where the preachers met when conference was held on the Holstein district, and thence they went in a company through the wil-

derness. This year the conference was on Holstein; and, as I had no business there, I traveled on Danville circuit till the preacher returned. I became very much attached to the people, and had a strong desire to stay, for I thought I had encouraging prospects of a revival of religion; but Bishop Asbury appointed me to Limestone circuit. We then had six circuits in Kentucky, and four out of the six were three weeks' circuits. So I was alone again. I stayed only six months, (for the preachers were often changed in those days,) but I had a gracious revival. Our first quarterly meeting was held at brother Derrett's, and began on Friday the 17th of June. The local preachers were asked, one by one, in their examination, how they stood affected toward our church government.* Some were disaffected, and of course spoke their sentiments; and disaffected men hardly ever speak in a very sweet spirit of our church government. This created some distress among us. But on Saturday, while father Poythress was preaching, the cloud broke, and the reviving showers of grace came down like showers of rain upon the mown grass; and we sat as beneath the droppings of the Lord's sanctuary. But at night, while Caleb Jarvis Taylor, our Kentucky poet,

* This was shortly after O'Kelly's secession. Some of his preachers were then in Kentucky, striving hard to disaffect the local brethren, and had in several instances succeeded.

was preaching, we had still a greater display of divine power—some cried for mercy, and others shouted for joy. This gave offense to some of the sons of Belial. On Sunday we were also highly favored of the Lord. In this neighborhood I became acquainted with brother John Sargent, from Maryland, one of the old stamp of Methodists—a good stock—for he was the father of the late Dr. Sargent. It gratifies me to name my old friends. I also became intimate with James O'Cull. I believe he began his ministry in Kentucky, and entered the itinerant connection at an early day; but by excessive labor, and long and loud preaching, soon broke down, and was laid up as a broken reed. He married a pious sister, and undertook to provide for a family; and, as I began to feel the effects of long and loud preaching, (very often preaching and class would take up four hours—it is true the people did not leave me, or grow weary, for we had a work of God among us,) it was good for me to converse with such a friend. There was no provision made for the superannuated preachers; and to marry and locate meant nearly the same thing. Here I saw a man who had once a fine constitution, strong lungs, and a charming voice, (he once said to me my voice was too good,) and, for his opportunity, an able preacher, and a very acceptable and successful laborer in the Lord's vineyard; but now his voice was gone, his lungs shattered, and his whole

frame debilitated, and hardly ever free from pain, and all this was done in a few years.

I never saw a man more anxious to speak for God than my friend O'Cull; but this was out of the question. I, however, on two occasions saw him mount the stand, and look round on the congregation, the tears streaming down his face, and, in a half whisper, say a few words; and although half the congregation could not understand what he said, yet it ran like fire from heart to heart, till all were melted to tears. On one of these occasions I was deeply affected; it seemed as if my heart would burst. I certainly ought to have profited more by beholding such a spectacle, and hearing the lectures he sometimes gave me; for he was a charming, sweet-spirited man, and an humble Christian. I loved these people very much; but, thank the Lord, I never labored among a people that I did not love, and take a deep interest in their welfare: generally, the last I was with I loved the most. Our last quarterly meeting was in September; we had a comfortable time. From thence I went to Lexington circuit. Here my valuable mare took what they called the foot evil; a disease I never saw among horses anywhere but in Kentucky, and there it was common: it began round the edge of the hoof, and would take off the hoof if not cured. It is quite a different thing from the ring-bone. I left her with a friend to be cured; but she caught a worse dis-

ease from another horse, and I had to give her up and get another. Upon the whole we had prosperity, and I had the pleasure of seeing some fruit of my labor. My last quarterly meeting was held at Jessamine meeting-house, April 22 and 23, 1797; and as our annual conference was held at Bethel this year, we had all the Holstein preachers at our meeting. Bishop Asbury was not with us, in consequence of affliction; and having the wilderness to go through, he was advised not to venture; but the great Head of the church was with us, and it was a time of harmony and love among ourselves, and great power in the congregation. Our business was done in peace; for there was no jealousy among our little band of brothers. No scrambling for the best circuits; (we had no stations;) if we got a bad circuit, (as circuits are sometimes called,) we went to it with a willing mind, determined, if possible, to make it better: if we got a good circuit, we went with a cheerful heart, resolved to show ourselves worthy of a good place. A good circuit! what does it mean? does it mean ample provision for a preacher and his family, good accommodation, short rides over a good road, and little to do? We had no such circuits; but still some were better than others. From this conference I went to Salt River again. I was delighted to get among my old friends; for the Lord gave me favor in the eyes of these people, and also added seals to my ministry. In

this circuit I got acquainted with the widow of Colonel Harden. He was a devoted Methodist. He was sent out, in company with another man, with a flag of truce to the Indians; but the savage wretches killed them both. This good sister was sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; often shouting aloud, and expressing the strongest confidence of meeting her beloved husband in heaven. Barnabas M'Henry, one of the early preachers, married into this worthy family: he was a man of strong mind, and able in argument, and stood upon the walls of our Zion, and defended her bulwarks when she was assailed by an enemy. Our first quarterly meeting was at Samuel Robeson's, July 22 and 23. I did my best to bring up the people to this meeting; for our quarterly meetings were high times, and the people went a great way to them, and we always expected something to be done at them out of the common order; and I felt confident that the Lord would pour out his Spirit, and revive his work at this meeting. Our beloved brother Kobler was with us, and acquitted himself as usual, on Saturday: at night, brother M'Henry preached a heart-searching sermon on, "Grow in grace;" and the power of God was among the people. I examined myself, whether I was growing in grace, and began to doubt, and became alarmed. I was, however, not sorry for the sight I had of myself, and grieved on account of the small progress that I had made in religion. On

Sunday brother Kobler preached on these words: "To the unknown God, whom ye ignorantly worship," &c. Among other things he said, that some did not only ignorantly worship God, but ignorantly preached him. I feared I was one of them, but resolved to be a Christian in earnest. I was constantly engaged in self-examination and prayer, and attentive to all my duties. I had such a sight and sense of the utter depravity of my whole nature, that I lost confidence in my justification; (this, I now see, ought not to have been the case;) but I went on preaching and praying, sometimes speaking to experienced Christians respecting my state. The gloom and doubt that hung around my mind gradually wore off, and confidence and the joy of God's salvation were restored. At this time I was much afflicted with dyspepsia, which might have contributed much toward bringing on that despondency and gloom of mind; for better health and better feelings returned together.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER VI.

Dear Brother,—Before I leave Kentucky, I must say something respecting the moral and religious state of the people. It is well known that no tribe of Indians had exclusive possession of Kentucky, or had a residence there. Several tribes claimed it, and it was their hunting ground, and they were always at war about it: it might properly be called the field of blood, or bloody ground, as I believe the name imports. It was never purchased from the Indians, for none seemed to have the right to sell. They were expelled by the whites after a severe struggle. This is one reason why none of the people called Quakers ever settled on any of the rich lands in Kentucky. Daniel and Squire Boon, two brothers, were the first white settlers there. They located many thousand acres of land. Daniel was living there when I went out in the fall of 1795; but I was told that he was poor, and did not possess a foot of land in all the state. I have read sketches of his adventures, and heard many entertaining tales of him; in many respects he was an extraordinary man. The country was settled from west Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and the morals of the people were such as is common in all newly settled countries.

I believe the Baptists were the first religious

people that pressed into that country, and the Presbyterians were there in early times; the Methodists came in third. I believe James Haw and Benjamin Ogden were the first traveling Methodist preachers sent to Kentucky, but they were preceded by a few local preachers; for they have always had the honor of being pioneers in our work. Among them Francis Clark was first, at whose house I have preached. A few years after this many others went out, among whom was Wilson Lee, who went through that country like a blazing torch; the rich as well as the poor followed him, and "much people was added to the Lord;" so that when I went out Methodism had spread nearly over the state, though opposed everywhere, and by nearly every sort of people. Some zealous and useful preachers were soon raised up among them, and several entered the itinerancy. I believe Benjamin Lakin is the only one still living, and on the list of superannuated; he lives in Ohio, and is poor, as well as old and afflicted. Methodism was gaining ground by conversion, as well as emigration. The Baptists were numerous and influential, and vastly prejudiced against the Methodists; and the Presbyterians were not far behind them: though they disagreed on the subject and mode of baptism, they agreed pretty well in despising and opposing the Methodists.

On the subject of Christian baptism many of

our people were uninformed, and they adhered to us on account of our doctrines, our peculiar privileges, and "the excellency of the power" that attended our ministrations—the only good reason why the people should cleave to any church or ministry. All the pewed houses, organs, fiddles, fine singing, and even a learned ministry, cannot keep together a living congregation where the power is absent; the living will go where the living worship.

The public mind in Kentucky was strongly prejudiced in favor of baptism by immersion; some of our preachers had ventured to come out on that subject, but very partially. So things continued till about 1800, when William M'Kendree was appointed our presiding elder; (perhaps brother Burke had begun the controversy before brother M'Kendree came;) he (M'Kendree) went round the district, and saw the state of things, and urged some of the preachers to study the subject, and come out boldly. He and brother Burke led the way, and so it happened that the preachers began, about the same time, in every direction; some public debates ensued, and the people seemed surprised that anything could be said in favor of "baby sprinkling," as they contemptuously called infant baptism. The discussion continued for a long time: our people gained confidence, and the public became better informed on the subject. Before this the Baptist preachers

profited greatly by our labors, but now we kept our converts; the change was truly great.

Our difficulties were increased by some of Mr. O'Kelly's preachers, who came out full of zeal against Methodist episcopacy; and having access to our people, through James Haw and others, not a few became disaffected. They then called themselves Methodists, or rather Republican Methodists; and even this had some influence on the public mind. But after this they held a convention in the state, and assumed the name Christian. A few of our local preachers went with them, and also some of the members; and I saw, heard, and felt enough to remember that O'Kellyism had tainted some of our local preachers and members too, who nevertheless did not leave us; and that in some places a preference was given to a local ministry. "These men," it was said, "are with us, and we know them; as for these traveling preachers, we know them not, or from whence they came." I know that it was not considered a reproach to a local preacher to disapprove of our church government, and even inveigh against it.

I traveled round every circuit in Kentucky, and, I believe, visited every society, and attended many quarterly meetings and camp meetings, but have no recollection of ever seeing Benjamin Ogden anywhere, about whom there has been so much warmth in the Western Christian Advocate. I perfectly recollect hearing the old members say

that he had been a mighty man among them: I rejoice to think that I shall see him in heaven, though I never saw him in Kentucky.

While the controversy with our Baptist brethren about the subject and mode of baptism was yet going on, the great revival of religion broke out in Cumberland through the instrumentality of the two M'Gees; one a Methodist, the other a Presbyterian. They were brothers in the flesh as well as in the Lord; both full of faith and the Holy Ghost. This work of God soon made its way to Kentucky, and the Methodist preachers were pretty well prepared to defend their doctrines and usages, and so secure the fruit of their labors. When the work began in Kentucky I was in Ohio, but one of my preaching places was on the banks of the Ohio, nearly opposite to Cabin Creek. About four miles up this creek, the work broke out in Mr. M'Namar's congregation. I had some acquaintance with that gentleman, and heard him preach an honest Calvinistic sermon to his congregation; there was no disguise about it. He invited me to his house, and I stayed over night with him. In the course of conversation that evening, he broached a controversy on doctrine; I was unpleasantly situated, having just recovered from a severe spell of sickness, and being at his own house. As he had, however, taken the laboring oar, I left it in his hands. I had read Wesley and Fletcher enough to make myself ac-

quainted with their best arguments. I satisfied myself, however, with asking questions and throwing difficulties in his way. I soon found him exceedingly puzzled, and could plainly see that he had studied one side of the controversy only. I did not, however, avail myself of all the advantages I had. This reverend gentleman, by the recommendation of Dr. C., one of his brethren in the ministry, went to hear our M'Kendree. The subject that day was, the extent of the atonement, and salvation by faith in Christ. Mr. M'Namar was so charmed with the simple eloquence of the preacher, and the force of his arguments, that he said in himself, as he went home, This is a doctrine that is calculated to do good. It so wrought upon his mind that shortly afterward, perhaps the next sabbath, he began upon the same heavenly theme in his own congregation, and the mighty power of God came down upon him and his congregation, and many of them fell to the floor under it, and the preacher among the rest. I was not present, but was told it by some Methodist friends, who were eye-witnesses. To the congregation this was a strange work, but not so strange to the Methodists; for, thank the Lord, we kept the fire burning in the midst of surrounding darkness and opposition. Some of the Methodists began to talk to those who were in distress, and also sung and prayed; but some of the elders (who were still on their feet) said, "If it is the Lord's work,

let the Lord do his own;" but they replied, "The Lord works by means," and persisted: some soon found peace, and began to rejoice. As there was some crowding among those who were down, one said, "Don't tread on Mr. M'Namar." He heard it, and cried out, "Yes, let them tread on me, for I deserve it. O, if I and my congregation had been called to judgment a few weeks ago what would have become of us?" This was the beginning of the work among the Presbyterians on Cabin Creek, in the east part of Kentucky. Shortly after this, a similar work broke out in Mr. Dunlavey's congregation, on Eagle Creek, Ohio. Thank the Lord, this glorious revival soon spread nearly over the state, and was quite common in Presbyterian as well as Methodist congregations. More in my next. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER VII.

DEAR BROTHER,—The famous Cane Ridge camp meeting exceeded everything, so that it became a proverb in our Israel, "Like Cane Ridge." This meeting was held in the bounds of the Rev. Mr. Stone's congregation, (a Presbyterian minister,) and I believe was appointed as a sacramental meeting. Many thousands were present; and hundreds fell to the earth under the mighty power of God. Camp meetings were not got up by a

preconcerted plan to promote a revival of religion, but were, like most other good things, children of providence, and necessarily grew out of circumstances; for people went out far and near to sacramental or quarterly meetings, with no intention of staying on the ground, but intended either to return home or lodge somewhere in the neighborhood where the camp meeting was held; but so many were smitten to the ground, and continued in a helpless state, apparently insensible to everything around them, and so continued for hours, some for twenty-four hours, that their friends had to stay and take care of them. Many came to, praising the Lord, while others remained in deep distress of mind. They had no provision, or other accommodation; yet some were detained in this way till they were suffering, if not in a state of starvation. At first the excitement was so great that they did not want to eat; but long fasting brought on hunger, and some friendly people in the neighborhoods where those meetings were held killed sheep and oxen, and sent in provision to a suffering multitude. Many said, "The next time I go to one of these meetings, I 'll go prepared to stay on the ground." Others, who were obliged to leave the meetings, soon returned with wagons, or carts, &c., to stay on the ground during their continuance, for many hundreds were obliged to go away.

At the first camp meeting (as they were soon

called) there was little preparation made. A piece of ground was selected in some grove, and cleared of underbrush; a rude stand was erected, and a few seats provided near the stand. At some meetings they afterward had two or three stands, where there was preaching at the same time to vast crowds of people: singing and praying going on at the same time, in circles at a distance from the stand. At first there was strong opposition, and not a little disorder, as might be expected; but so many violent opposers and daring sinners were "knocked down," as it was commonly called, that dread soon fell upon the multitude, and fear took hold of them, and they were greatly restrained. Many fell under preaching and exhortation; and some, who were not willing to yield when convicted, ran to the woods to shake it off; but were pursued by the Spirit of God, and constrained to cry aloud for mercy; and there were many cases of this kind. The cry was soon heard, and brought a crowd around them. The preachers and exhorters, and even private members, availed themselves of such opportunities of speaking to spectators, as well as praying with those who were in distress. It sometimes so happened that numbers fell around those who were first smitten, and the work extended over acres of ground, where there was little else heard but a loud cry for mercy, or the singing and shouting of heaven-born souls, and their friends rejoicing with and over them.

This work was the subject of conversation everywhere, and in every kind of company. The greatest of all wonders was, that the Presbyterians should unite at these meetings with the Methodists: "a people," as one said to me one day, not knowing who I was, "so despised and persecuted." But Methodist preachers and exhorters, and all our praying men and women, were in great demand in that revival. Long, formal prayers were never called for; but those who conld sing and pray as though they would bring Heaven's blessings down by strong faith and humble confidence, were called upon as long as they could whisper a prayer. The people had great confidence in the prayers of God's servants and people; and we had many signal answers to prayer. O how affecting it was to hear people beg, with tears in their eyes, O come, do come, and pray for my father, or mother, or son, or daughter, &c. We had no altar, and as yet called up no mourners. The whole ground was an altar; and our hymn-book and tunes gained the ascendency over all others, and were sought after by some as though they had inspiration attached to them.

I will here relate several incidents. A son of our good old brother Aquilla Standeford, an old local preacher from Baltimore co., Md., was a child of many prayers; but, alas! he was a great sinner, as well as a stout man. He stood and heard a sermon at one of these meetings. As the preacher

became animated with his subject, there began to be some excitement in the congregation; but this hardened sinner said to one of his companions, "Now you'll soon see a d—l of a fuss." The words had scarcely escaped his lips when he dropped down, and began to cry aloud for mercy. He made as much "fuss" as any one on the ground, and soon found peace. I visited this man afterward, when in deep affliction, and found him still "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

This revival was attended with many extraordinary circumstances; for many fell under its divine influence not only at meetings, but on their way home, and in their houses and fields; but, strange to tell, the work was still opposed by many. A seceding minister, whom I knew, took one of his friends to task for going to a camp meeting. His friend said, "Mr. R., would not you go to one of them?" He replied, "No: I would be afraid the Lord would forsake me, and the devil would knock me down." It is remarkable, that in this gracious revival the seceders and the main body of Baptists stood aloof.

A part of the Presbyterian ministers who entered into the spirit of this great work, renounced their creed, and cried down all creeds, forms, and confessions of faith, and were for throwing them all "to the moles and bats;" and of course our form of doctrine and discipline must go to, and our peculiar privileges, such as class meetings and love-

feasts, were to be common ground. So glaring was the light, and so strong the excitement, that it dazzled their eyes and bewildered their minds. They were led on by their excited feelings, and soon overleaped the safe Scriptural ground, and landed in error. But happily for us, we had a M'Kendree among us, who was always watchful; and his penetrating mind marked every movement. He had been in the revolutionary war, and was at the battle of Yorktown, where Cornwallis was taken. In 1820 I passed with him over the ground, and he showed me where his camp was. He also had been in the O'Kelly war against Bishop Asbury and Methodist episcopacy, and had like to have been made a prisoner, but was rescued by the prudent conduct of Bishop Asbury; for he asked the privilege of traveling with the bishop, as a kind of condition to continue in the work. In 1801 he said to me, "The only reason I had for wishing to travel with the bishop was, that I might have an opportunity of knowing the man, and find out whether he was the man J. O'Kelly represented him to be; and to my great astonishment I found him just the reverse of what he was represented, and I was fully satisfied."

Our M'Kendree's advice to preachers and people was, "Hold fast your doctrine and discipline, and keep your rules. Others may get along without rule, but we cannot." This was wholesome and seasonable advice, and was attended to. It

gave some offense; but it was a means of keeping us together, and we prospered. But mournful to tell, those who got above creeds, forms, and confessions of faith, while they professed to be Bible Christians, went from one extreme to another, and one error made way for another, till three of their most zealous and flaming ministers landed in Shakerism; one, if not more, became an Arian; one at least went among the Christ-ians; and the rest either held fast, or returned to their confession of faith. This was one of Satan's master-pieces, to bring discredit on, if not destroy, one of the greatest revivals I ever saw.

The Presbyterians in Cumberland managed their revival much better; for when they could no longer subscribe to every part of the confession of faith, they organized an independent presbytery, into which they admitted men of gifts and usefulness, without requiring a collegiate education; and they have kept the holy fire burning, and have gone ahead. It was a great, and in some respects a strange, work; or, rather, strange things attended it. Sometimes the success of a meeting was counted by the number that fell; but we adhered to our old way, of counting by the number that found peace, or were converted. I saw a man who had fallen a number of times, and rose without a blessing. I was present at a meeting where he fell in the congregation; and as the meeting was kept up all night, he was laid on a bench in the meeting

house, near the door. A wicked doctor collected a posse of sinners, who stole the poor fellow; and the doctor bled him, and I do not know what other experiments he tried on him. I saw the orifice in his arm the next day, for he was down again.

A young woman was powerfully awakened at a prayer meeting where I was, but did not find peace. She shortly afterward went to a camp meeting, and fell, among many others. When she came to, she was speechless, and continued so for five weeks. But at a quarterly meeting held at Flat Run meeting-house, in Bourbon county, on the 13th of September, 1801, it fell to my lot to preach in the evening. The work broke out under singing, and many fell, and among the rest this poor dumb girl; but while brother Burke was at prayer with the mourners she began to pray aloud, for the Lord loosened her tongue, and soon set her captive soul at liberty, and she began to praise God aloud, and exhorted all around her to seek the Lord. This was a melting time: very many found the Lord in this blessed meeting. I must conclude for the present.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER VIII.

Dear Brother,—At the suggestion of my good brother, J. Frye, I think it is my duty to explain a part of my narrative. I think in my third letter I say, "As to temperance, I was taught by the example and precept of our preachers, from the time I first became a member, namely, P. Bruce, T. Fleming, V. Cook, J. Wells, and others, that our rules required total abstinence from distilled liquor, unless taken as a medicine, in the strict sense of the word. This I enforced everywhere by precept and example." In the west we had some trouble with dram-drinkers. The practice was frowned upon as a violation of our rule. But when I came in from the west, in the spring of 1803, I found that it was too common a custom to set out the decanter on the sideboard, and have a bowl of toddy at dinner; and some of the preachers as well as people partook of the dangerous beverage. It was common, and soon became familiar. A resolution was brought before the Baltimore Annual Conference, recommending our people to discontinue the practice, and the preachers agreed to bear their testimony against it. I think it was in the spring of 1810 or 1811. From that conference I passed through Alexandria, and dined at the house of my old friend Isaac Robins, where we had a large tumbler of toddy on the table.

After we were seated, I told him what the conference had done: he said to his boy, "Here, boy, take this, and throw it into the yard." It was soon done, and I hope he has never had it at his table since. When I was writing that part of my narrative it occurred to me that some might not understand it, but I was disposed to throw the mantle of charity over our past inconsistency by being silent on the subject. I perfectly recollect that our prominent members in my early days would not suffer spirituous liquors to be used in their harvest fields. They paid their laborers higher wages, and had plenty of hands, and their work was well done, and I labored through several harvests without using a drop of ardent spirits. I now resume my narrative.

I left Kentucky for Miami on the 11th day of September, 1799. I crossed the Ohio River near the mouth of Little Miami, and pushed on to Mad River to see brother Hunt, the preacher on Miami circuit, and finding him still in his work, I returned to Little Miami, and on the 23d I started up the Ohio River to form a new circuit. I commenced on Eagle Creek, and directed my course toward the mouth of the Scioto, and from thence up the river to Chillicothe, and in three weeks formed Scioto circuit, preaching a number of times, and sending appointments to other places against I came round again. In almost every place I met with old acquaintances, and many who never knew

me were glad to see me; but as I have already given a pretty full account of my labors and difficulties in the west, in the Western Christian Advocate, I will only take notice of a few things not so fully noticed heretofore.

In the spring of 1800 I came to Baltimore, to the General Conference, and by my own request was returned to Scioto, though Bishop Asbury was disposed to release me, saying, "You have been there long enough;" but as he could get no person that I thought would suit the place, I went back, and continued there until the fall of 1801. In some respects I was as well calculated to be a missionary in that country as most men, for I had accustomed myself to eat anything that was set before me, and could sleep anywhere, and accommodate myself to every inconvenience, so that I might do good to the souls and bodies of my fellowmen—but in many respects I was greatly deficient. That summer, bilious and intermittent fevers prevailed to a great extent in that country, particularly on the water-courses, and near the large river bottoms. It was a time of great affliction among the new settlers. I myself had it. Providentially I was on a short visit to Kentucky when first taken, where I could get medical aid. I was very ill, indeed, and life was despaired of by my friends; but Christ was precious, and I was resigned to the will of Heaven; but being very anxious to be at my work, I ventured out before I

was well able to ride, and had a relapse, and was again brought to death's door; but I was among my beloved flock and at my post. I then felt as I never did before, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." My way was clear, and my soul was full of glory. As soon as I was able to ride, I pushed ahead; but being much exposed, I relapsed again and again, so that I did not get entirely clear of intermittent fevers for more than eighteen months; but I pressed on through thick and thin, though in great weakness, and often suffered much. I started in February, 1801, from Point Creek for Newmarket, a distance of nearly fifty miles, and about thirty miles through a wilderness, where no one lived. I was overtaken by a tremendous snow-storm mixed with hail, and began to think that my lot was hard, and wept, till I met a poor fellow who was out in the storm as well as myself. I said to myself, This man is not as well clad as I am, and he is out on his own business, and I am on the Lord's business. I dried up my tears, and went on cheerfully, with a heart to sing,

"In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain."

Next day I preached to a small but serious congregation. A decent young man was deeply

impressed with what was said, and came to me that evening to converse with me. I talked much to him, and prayed for him. At this place James B. Finley, and nearly all the family, were converted, a few years afterward.

One day in August, as I was going from St. Clairsville to my appointment, in company with T. Odle, a local brother, we saw some men digging a grave. We inquired who was dead, and were told a young man in the neighborhood who died of a short illness with a sore throat. We started on, when one called after us, and asked if we would not stay and preach a funeral sermon. I sent on brother Odle, as I had an appointment the next day in the neighborhood, and stayed. It was a large funeral, and I had an opportunity of preaching to many who had never heard me, and perhaps never would have heard me, if it had not been for this circumstance. The Lord assisted me, and I preached as if it were to be my last sermon; and I had a fair opportunity of warning the people, particularly the young, for this young man was at my meeting three weeks before, in perfect health. His case was rather singular. Eight months before he died his father was drowned in crossing the Ohio River. That day, perhaps at the very time that it happened, he came to his mother and said, "Father is dead; he was drowned in the Ohio." His mother rebuked him, but he said, "It is so, and you will see it." After he

had gone to bed he called to his mother to know if his father had to cross the Ohio River. The next morning, perhaps that night, word came that the old man was dead. A few weeks before this poor young man died he came to his mother again, and said, "I shall die soon." His poor mother was quite surprised, and said, "How do you know it?" He said, "Father came to me in a dream, and told me I should die soon; and you will see that it will be so." But I fear he remained impenitent, and was not prepared, for death overtook him rather suddenly.

The people all went away after the funeral, and I do not recollect that any invited me home with them. The afflicted widow, however, pressed me to stay with her that night. I was very feeble, and had eaten nothing since early in the morning, and it was now near night. Here my philosophy was put to a severe trial, for when bed-time came I was conducted to the room from which the corpse had been taken a few hours before, to sleep on the bedstead, perhaps the very bed, on which the young man had died, without the house having been scrubbed and properly aired. I laid me down to sleep, but the noisy dogs without, and the busy fleas and bugs within, kept me awake the whole night. After breakfast I started for my appointment, sick enough, but got a few hours' sleep at John Bryan's before the people came together for preaching. We had a very large congregation, so that I had

to preach out of doors; and if ever I preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I did that day. The word seemed to reach every heart, and all were in tears; and some dated their conviction from that day's labor. Many came into the class meeting, and among them the poor widow from whose house I came that morning. One said to me afterward, "I was blind and ignorant till I heard you preach under the trees, and as I went home I felt as if I was a rich man." I soon had more work than a strong, healthy man could do. No preacher being sent to Miami that year, I had to go down to them once a quarter, and hold a quarterly meeting with them. I had also many invitations, from various quarters, to visit destitute settlements; but my time was well filled up, and I was often sorry that I could not comply with the wishes of the people. A brother Cole came twenty miles, from the waters of Hockhocking, to see me, and begged me to come and preach to them, for there were a few Methodist families settled in a wilderness, and many had not heard a sermon since they had been there, the nearest preaching to them being about fifteen or twenty miles, and a bad road. I made an appointment for a two days' meeting at his house, and the poor brother left me with a light heart and cheerful countenance.

On the last day of January, 1801, I rode over, and found the poor starving sheep in the wilder-

ness, surrounded by wolves, and had no kind of shepherd to care for their souls. When I came among them they "thanked God and took courage," and fed freely in a green pasture, and seemed to be abundantly satisfied. I felt my own soul much alive to God, and preached again at night, and the Lord was present indeed. O, who but a missionary can feel as I felt among these dear destitute people, in this dark place!

Sunday, February 1st, our log cabin was crowded from end to end, and our great Master was in the midst of us, and made himself known to us in the breaking of bread. We had twenty-five or thirty communicants, who found the body and blood of Christ to be meat and drink indeed. The Lord also was in his word, and it was spirit and life.

I had to promise to visit them again in the summer, which I had a great desire to do, but could never accomplish. The harvest was great, and the laborers few—one poor, sickly traveling preacher only in a large territorry.

On the first day of May I set out on my quarterly visit to Miami, with an intention of visiting a considerable part of that circuit, and settling some unhappy disputes in two of the societies on Mad River, and holding a quarterly meeting at Gatches, on Miami. I had long rides over bad roads, in the midst of much rain, and I repeatedly got wet, and the ague returned upon me. One

day, while I was preaching on Mad River, shaking from head to foot with the ague, I requested the people to bear with me, and went on as well as I could till the fever came on, and then I had great liberty of speech. I went on to meet the society, and happily suceeeded in making peace, and we were all glad, and I left them with a high fever, but a glad heart. The next day I rode about fourteen miles, on my way back to Little Miami, having several appointments on the way. I got to but one in time, (Deerfield.) The people met to hear the word; but the preacher was in bed with a raging fever, and not able to sit up till toward evening. Monday, the 18th, I got to my old friend M'Cormick's. I rested till Saturday, and took medicine, and recovered so far as to be able to preach and hold the quarterly meeting at brother Gatches'; and it was a blessed season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Light, love, and power, prevailed; and, although I was sick, I found it good to be there. Here my brother Michael, from Virginia, on his way home from Kentucky, met me.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER IX.

Dear Brother,—On the 25th of May I started, in company with my brother, for Newmarket, and arrived on the 26th, in the evening. I was both weary and unwell, but found my sister and family well. My brother, seeing my situation—his sympathies being waked up—persuaded me to go home with him, and promised to bear my expenses, and help me along. My sister approved of the step, though sorry to part with me. Their reasons appeared to be plausible: I was so worn down by sickness, and not able to do much, and in danger of dying alone in the wilderness, on some of my long routes. This was a trying time, and with me a dark and cloudy day. I yielded, and made up my mind to go home. This I record as one of the errors of my itinerant life; I am yet ashamed of my weakness. I know that I then had as much resolution as falls to the lot of most men, and could endure hardships as patiently; and how I could consent to leave five or six hundred souls (by the providence of God committed to my charge) in the wilderness, unprovided for, I could hardly conceive, when the snare was broken. A poor shepherd, about to flee from danger and sufferings, and leave the flock. But when I came to Eagle Creek, where I had left some of my things, the friends hung around me,

and entreated me with tears not to leave them. This was too much for me; my resolution, which was founded in error, gave way like a spider's web. I soon came to a better mind, and we were comforted together. I sent my brother home; but next day the ague returned, and I had it for six successive days very severely indeed. On the 8th of June I began to mend, and on the 13th I was again on horseback pursuing my course.

Among other disasters that befell me I had the itch two or three times in the year. I had recourse to various remedies, till an old motherly lady, at whose house I had often put up, said she could cure me. She took sulphur, rosin, and black pepper, an equal quantity of each, beat it into powder, and the same quantity of hogslard, and mixed it up into a mass, and tied it in a rag, and hung it before a large fire. The drippings made a very pleasant salve, not at all offensive. I was told to rub my joints only with it, before the fire, at bed time; but I was so anxious to get rid of the hateful disease, that I gave myself a pretty general anointing. It strongly affected my nerves, and I had a restless night, but it effectually cured me of the itch. I have never had it since; and from the number of times that I must have slept in infected beds, and come in contact with persons who had it, I am inclined to think I am proof against it. Perhaps some poor sufferer may profit by the recipe.

I labored on as well as I could, and, thank the Lord, I had some success, for he gave seals to my ministry, and gave me souls for my hire; backsliders were reclaimed, and I trust others were kept from backsliding. On the 1st of September, 1801, I crossed the Ohio River, and returned to Kentucky, intending, if possible, to get to the conference in Holstein district. I attended several quarterly meetings by the way, where thousands assembled, and numbers were converted. The last in my way was on Flat Run, Bourbon county. At this meeting the Lord wrought powerfully, and a great many fell under his mighty power. Monday was a great day of this meeting. Among the mourners that morning I met with a young man, the son of our old brother Smith, at whose house I stayed. I believe all the family had religion but poor Thomas, and he was a moral, good-natured young man, and used to say he could *soon* get religion when he set about it. But now he was under deep conviction, yet his heart was hard; and he felt as if he could neither repent nor believe. I labored long with him, but left him in distress, and went to hear a sermon under the trees. Being in a copious perspiration, and having previously exposed myself to the night air, while listening to the preacher I began to shake with the ague, and had to go to the house and to bed with a high fever. I was much blest at this meeting, though I was afflicted. When I

got a little better I pushed on to Lexington, still in hopes of getting to conference; but got worse in Lexington, and had to give up all hope of getting there. When I got better, I visited some of my friends, and attended a Presbyterian sacrament; also a camp meeting. After a long dry sermon on Sunday, and a very long sacrament, I, according to previous appointment, preached another sermon. I thought the people were so worn out and dull that I had no prospect of doing any good. A few were near the stand when I began to sing; more came up while we were singing: but when we rose from prayer a large congregation had gathered around the stand, to whom I preached with great liberty; and the Lord sent his word to the hearts of the people. They drank in every word like a thirsty land, and great was the consolation. I preached again on Monday morning, when many fell under the word, some from their seats, and others while standing on their feet.

I fell in with brother Burke, who desired me to take his place on Hinkston circuit, while he went to meet the preachers from conference; I had many precious meetings while he was gone. On Thursday, the 17th, I rode to Dr. Hinde's, the father of "Theophilus Arminius," who gave us so many delightful sketches of revivals in the western country, some years ago, through our Magazine. The doctor and his intelligent wife I found to be

among the excellent of the earth, a true sample of early Methodists. There I found my old friend and brother, J. Sale, who was also prevented from going to conference; and under the doctor's hands. A four days' meeting being appointed in this neighborhood, for Friday, the 18th, we went to it, and had a gracious time, particularly at sacrament and in love-feast. Monday morning, when we were going to the stand, brother Burke arrived, and brought brother M'Kendree, our presiding elder, with him. This meeting was rather unexpected, but it was joyful, and in the spirit of simplicity and brotherly love. Brother M'Kendree preached us a delightful sermon on the Lord's prayer. I now heard that the field of labor assigned me was on Limestone circuit again. This was a three weeks' circuit; and Lewis Hunt, a young but broken down preacher, was appointed with me as supernumerary. His brother lived on the circuit, at whose house he lay sick. He was very anxious to see me, but before I got round to where he was, he had finished his short race, and had gone to his reward. I loved this young man very much, and his premature death took hold of my feelings, and I wept over his grave. Shortly after I came on the circuit I preached at Mr. Philip's, on a week-day, to a small congregation. After preaching, I published my appointment for that day three weeks, and requested them to come again, bringing as many of their neighbors and

friends with them as they could prevail on to come, as I hoped the Lord would do something for us. A pious little girl went home and told her parents what was said, (they were old backsliders,) and added, "You must go." The night before the meeting the mother dreamed that one of her servants, then dead, came to her, and said, "Mistress, be up and doing." I was somewhat perplexed to find a suitable text, but my mind fixed upon this, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" There was a large week-day congregation; and the word was sent to many hearts, particularly to this woman's, and she set out once more in good earnest for heaven. Her husband also was powerfully wrought upon by the good Spirit of God. This was the beginning of better days in that place. When but few people in a neighborhood leave their business on a week-day, and come to hear a sermon, it is cruel in the preachers to send them away with a little dry exhortation; or a cold, scolding sermon. Give them a heart-warming sermon, and send them away fed and encouraged, and they will come again, and bring others with them; but they will hardly bring any one with them to hear a bit of an exhortation, or a scolding sermon, if they come themselves.

Many of our converts had not been baptized; and as they had never heard or read anything on the subject of baptism, except from the Baptists, they of course thought that immersion was the

right way, and that there was no other way. What was to be done? I was their pastor, and they looked to me for instruction. I felt myself unqualified to discuss the subject. It is true I had read the best tracts on the subject that fell in my way, had studied the subject as well as I was able, and had furnished myself with such arguments as I thought would meet the case.

Some men have both taste and talent for controversy; I had neither. It was truly a strange thing to see Henry Smith enter a field so repugnant to his feelings, and for which he was so poorly qualified. On the 18th of January, 1802, I ventured to preach a sermon on the proper subjects and mode of Christian baptism, and my good Master assisted me. It had a happy effect; for all the members of a large society, who were present, became perfectly satisfied. One who was so prejudiced in favor of immersion that he would not come and hear me, was afterward convinced by conversing with those who had heard me, and was baptized, with all his children.

The thing was new, and made not a little noise through the country. I had an invitation to preach at one H. Plummer's on Cabin Creek, and sent an appointment. This was a Baptist neighborhood. On the 9th of February I attended: a report had been circulated that I was going to preach on baptism, and two Baptist preachers came out to oppose me. Before I began to preach, I told the people

that I had no intention of preaching on that subject, and had authorized no such reports. I also stated that I was not fond of controversy, and had charge of no society there; but if it was thought necessary, at any future time, to preach on that subject, I should give notice. I preached, and the Lord attended his word, and sent it to the hearts of the people. I formed a society of eleven members, the chief Baptist preacher's wife making one of them. After meeting, the preacher came to me, and said, "I am glad that you have not come to cut off the Christian's privilege." This was inviting a controversy at once. I however avoided entering into any dispute with him. I went to hear these preachers that night, and was fully satisfied I had nothing to fear from either of them. O what a pity it is that the spirits of ministers should be soured against each other! I made an appointment to visit my new congregation again that day three weeks, and left them. When I returned, in three weeks, I was met by one of the most intelligent men in the neighborhood. I believe his wife had joined society. He accosted me thus:—"No poor creatures have been treated as we have been since you left us. They have reported that you would have preached on baptism, but that you were intimidated by the presence of the preachers; and if you do not intend to defend your doctrine and usages, you might as well leave us, for we cannot stand it." So I had to come out again on

baptism that day three weeks, before a very large congregation. The reverend gentlemen were again present, to tear my doctrine to pieces, and expose my arguments. I was divinely aided and graciously supported in body and mind; for I talked three hours. After I was done, I offered the stand to any one who was disposed to reply. The chief speaker took the stand, and said he was not prepared to reply then, for there were some new arguments made use of; he wanted time to reflect, &c.; but would reply at some future time. I said in justice he ought to do it then to my face, and not when I was gone; especially as he had come for that purpose. He said he would do it that day three weeks; to which I objected, as I wished to preach on another subject on that day. He then made an appointment the day following my next appointment, at another place; I gave notice that I should attend.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER X.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am not a little mortified to trouble you or your readers with my uninteresting controversy with my Baptist friends, but as it made a part of my difficulty and trials on Limestone circuit, I could not well suppress it. On the 29th of May I attended to hear the reply

to my sermon; but about ten days previously I had another return of the ague, and that was my ague day. I was very weak, and had a high fever, but no ague. It is a little remarkable, that in all the sickness I ever had, I never suffered so much in the head as I have heard some persons complain of.

When the fever came on, my mind was generally clear, and free from embarrassment. The preacher misrepresented me before a very large congregation, treated me very unfairly, and concluded by saying, "Not another word shall be said here on controversy this day." I claimed it as my privilege to rejoin, but was still refused. I however obtained liberty to publish my appointment, when I should take up the subject, and answer for myself, as they all saw that I was not permitted to do it there. When the day arrived, we had pleasant weather, and a very large congregation of all sorts of people. My fairness, and the preacher's conduct toward me, gave me the vantage ground; and what I said had a prodigious effect upon the public mind. Many declared the victory complete in favor of infant baptism and sprinkling, and many prejudiced minds were shaken, while others were deeply mortified. Brother M'Kendree preached one sermon on baptism, and brother Burke two sermons on the same subject, in different parts of our circuit, and we had peace on that subject in all our borders. I bap-

tized a great many adults as well as infants that year; and upon the whole we had prosperity.

On the 29th of May our quarterly meeting commenced at brother John Armstrong's, a pious family from Ireland. The old people I thought among the salt of the earth. Brother M'Kendree preached a powerful sermon. The people were very much tendered under the word. I got a foretaste of heaven, but was obliged to come away with the ague upon me, and retire to my bed. Sunday morning, the 30th, we had the sacrament of the Lord's supper and love-feast. I baptized ten adults that morning, all of whom came to the Lord's table. Brother M'Kendree was greatly assisted in preaching; and the word ran like fire from heart to heart through the whole congregation. But Monday, the 31st, was the great day of the feast. The congregation was not large, so we had preaching in the house.

While brother M'Kendree was preaching, an overwhelming sense of the presence of God fell upon the congregation, so that the whole house appeared to be filled with the glory of the Lord. Almost every one was prostrated by it. I was in another room, sick, and in bed; but the power of God was there. We had but little noise or shouting, but a "silent heaven of love" was felt and enjoyed by many. I have sometimes said people may get too happy to shout: I think that this was exemplified on that occasion. Brother Armstrong's

daughter, who had been converted that day three weeks, fell under a sense of the overwhelming power of God, and lay four hours; she revived, praising the Lord; and a more angelic countenance I never saw. Her language seemed to belong to another world; a more enraptured soul I never expect to see this side of heaven. Nothing wild or repulsive was at any time exhibited. The meeting began at ten o'clock, and continued till near sunset. The scene is at this moment present to my mind, and I feel a spark of the holy fire yet burning.

On the 7th of March, 1802, I preached a funeral sermon at Brackon meeting-house. It was an uncomfortably cold day for the season, but the people were much affected by the word. As I was going toward the door, after preaching, one desired me to talk to a man in distress. I found him under deep conviction: we sung and prayed with him. Two or three others were wrought upon by the Spirit of God. I was afterward informed that this man (Mofford by name) had been one of the most wicked sinners in the settlement. A few days before this he was going to a gathering. His wife had just been confined, and was very ill, and begged him not to go and leave her, saying, "What would you think if you should find me and the child both dead when you return?" He replied, "You could not die in a

better time, the child at any rate," and went on. That night, while drinking at a tavern with two of his bottle companions, the power of the Lord arrested them, and the arrows of the Almighty pierced them, and they screamed out as if just dropping into hell. The Lord can work without means, it is true; but what a rare thing it is for sinners, under such circumstances, to get so powerfully awakened! This was a year of some affliction and vexation, but also of great comfort to my soul.

Our last quarterly meeting for the year began on the 3d of September, and continued four days. It was a kind of camp quarterly meeting. The presence of the Lord was graciously manifested. I now took my leave of my friends in Limestone circuit, and attended several quarterly meetings on my way to conference; each continuing four days. The last was held at Edward Talbot's, four miles from Shelbyville. A great crowd of people and preachers attended; and this also was a time of the power of God to many souls. I will here give a specimen of Kentucky hospitality on such occasions. I think brother Talbot must have provided for forty or fifty persons besides a number of horses. He prepared a large pen for the horses. Every man took care of his own horse, and had directions to go into the corn-field, and cut as much corn as he pleased to give his horse. Perhaps an acre or more was cut down in this way. I never

knew a Kentucky horse to be injured by this mode of feeding. My horse has often been turned into the corn-field in the fall, where he could eat blades, grass, pumpkins, or corn, as it suited him. The house of our brother, and also his barn, were crowded with people.

From this meeting we set out for conference in Cumberland, Tennessee. Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th, we attended a sacramental meeting at Manoah Lastly's, father to Thomas Lastly, who was afterward called to the ministry, and traveled with Bishop M'Kendree as his companion. We had a gracious season; souls were converted to God, and many hearts were made glad. Friday, October 1st, our conference began at brother Strawder's station-camp. We had but a small conference, and sat in a small upper room, in sight of the camp ground, where a camp meeting was in progress. On Saturday, 2d, Bishop Asbury arrived, under great affliction. His stomach was very much disordered, and his throat so sore that it was with great difficulty he could speak so as to be understood. The disorder descended to his feet—he had nearly lost the use of his limbs, and was in great pain. Brother M'Kendree presided in the conference; and the bishop applied to Rev. Messrs. Hodge and M'Gee, Presbyterian ministers, to supply his lack of service in the stand. By the assistance of brother M'Kendree, the dear old man made out to ordain

the deacons and elders: though so deeply afflicted, and in constant pain, I never saw him happier. I did not wonder at this, for there was not a jarring string among the preachers; no want of confidence and brotherly love; and a prosperous camp meeting going on in sight of our conference room—where Presbyterians and Methodists were all united as a band of brethren. Our Presbyterian brethren not only communed with us, but their ministers assisted in the administration of the sacred ordinance in our mode. This is the ground on which Protestant churches must meet, if they would evangelize the world. They must cease to unchurch each other, and refrain from putting in their high and exclusive claims. They must think for themselves, and grant others the same privilege; and unite to love, and treat as brethren, those whom their great Master, the only Head of the Christian church, is pleased to acknowledge as his ministers. I need not add that we had a very pleasant conference. I was appointed to Nollechuckie circuit again, with instructions to return to Baltimore Conference in the spring. We adjourned on Tuesday, and rested on Wednesday. Thursday, the 7th, I set out, in company with Bishop Asbury, brothers M'Kendree, Watson, and others, for the wilderness road, through the Indian lands, to West Point. The poor bishop was not able to walk a step without assistance, and was lifted on his

horse, and off again, like a child. I was not able to assist him, willing as I was, for I was deprived of the use of one of my arms by the rheumatism. We, however, pushed ahead to Shaw's; but our dear old bishop suffered much, so that I almost forgot my own afflictions: I slept with him; he had a restless night, and I was up with him several times. He talked much about the state of the church in all the conferences; and who could feel sleepy while an Asbury was talking of his travels through the continent, and imparting information from every conference? I was much instructed and edified by his conversation. He was remarkably cheerful, although he suffered severely. I soon got better; and meeting with two brethren who were going to North Carolina, and who intended to travel through the wilderness, I left the bishop in charge of brothers M'Kendree and Watson, and went on my way. How the bishop fared in passing the wilderness, you may see in his Journal, page 81, 3d volume.

The first night we came to a new cabin, where there was a family, and obtained shelter for the night. The second night we lodged by the side of a good fire in the woods. The third night we camped in the edge of a barren, within hearing of an Indian camp. We heard the voices of the Indians, but did not see them. As we turned out our horses to graze, we were somewhat afraid they might come and steal them. About midnight it

began to rain hard, and, as we could sleep no more, we concluded we might as well ride as sit in the rain. We got up our horses, fed, and started. By the good providence of God we reached West Point, mouth of Clinch River, (twenty-five miles,) by eight o'clock, to breakfast; and I rode on to brother Winton's, Grassy Valley. My exposure to the rain brought on the rheumatism again, and I had it, more or less, all the fall and winter. My jaws were so affected that I could not masticate food for several days at a time; indeed every limb and joint was affected. Sometimes I could not dress and undress without assistance; and yet I lost but few appointments. If I could not preach to the people, I was in my place to show my willingness to serve them, which gave some satisfaction. Our preaching places were generally far apart. If I missed one, I could not reach my appointment next day in time. I suffered much; but, thank the Lord, I also had consolation in my soul: I met with kind and sympathizing friends, and I saw some fruit of my labor.

What I said respecting our brother J. A. Granade ought to have come in here; for brother Granade was not converted when I first traveled on Nollichuckie. I made the mistake by trusting too much to memory, and by not looking at dates.

Our last quarterly meeting was appointed to be at Ebenezer meeting-house, on the first Saturday

and Sunday in March, 1803. As our presiding elder was not expected, I went on toward the place, much depressed, expecting very little assistance; but I fell in with two preachers from the south—brothers Black and Milligan. My poor heart was much cheered. I thanked God, and took courage; but, when we got the meeting-house on Saturday, who should come in but our beloved M'Kendree, who was on his way to Kentucky.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XI.

DEAR BROTHER,—When our M'Kendree appeared in the congregation, every heart was cheered, and I almost shouted aloud. Now we were well supplied with preachers. Brother M'Kendree preached three sermons, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; and the effect was glorious indeed. Our meeting was honored by the great Head of the church, and great was our consolation. But at this meeting I had my evil things as well as good; for when I rose on Saturday morning I could not stand on my left foot, for the rheumatism so affected my knee that it would not bear my weight. It was not inflamed or very painful at first. I was, however, prevented from going to meeting that night.

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for me to take my leave of my friends on Nollichuckie circuit. I attended a few more appointments; but my knee became inflamed and very painful. On Friday, the 13th of March, I commenced a journey of four hundred miles, though very lame, and not able to walk a step without a crutch or cane. I trusted in that divine Providence that had always sustained me for assistance during my journey. At night I fell in with my old friend and esteemed brother, John Watson, my presiding elder, at Edward Cox's, on Watauga, Holstein circuit, where he was about to commence a quarterly meeting. I was required to preach on Sunday morning, though obliged to stand on one foot only. I felt great enlargement of heart, and the word went to the hearts of the people. It was a glorious meeting, and some were awakened and converted to God. I now parted with brother Watson. In the fall of 1795 we left the Baltimore Conference together, for the west. He remained there a few years longer than I, and afterward returned to Baltimore. He had a bad delivery, and was never a very agreeable preacher; but he was devoted to his work, and zealous in his Master's cause. Few men understood our doctrines and discipline better than John Watson. When in his best days, he was acceptable and useful in the west. After he became superannuated, he wandered about from place to place, visiting his friends; and a few

years ago he died in peace. Perhaps it would have been better for him had he married some pious sister, at a proper period; for he would, having means and management to provide for a family, it is probable, have been much happier in a family circle than he was even among his best friends. I have often been pained when I have seen a kind of dislike to the few old bachelors still in the ministry; but if our young preachers had lived forty-five or fifty years ago, they would not wonder why so many of the old preachers never married. Few men had the courage to expose a wife to the hardships and privations of an itinerant life, as things then were—when there was no provision made for a preacher's family, and, withal, when he might expect to be coldly received, if not frowned upon, almost everywhere. The doctrine was: "A traveling preacher has no business with a wife: let him locate, and take care of his wife." Many who would have married under other circumstances, could not conscientiously forsake the work, when the harvest was so great and the laborers were so few. I would humbly say to the present race of preachers and members in the Methodist Church, that the church owes much, almost everything, under God, to the labors of unmarried preachers. Let them think of Asbury, Whatcoat, M'Kendree, and others. I would add, let the church take good care of the very few that remain, and bear with their infirmities and peculiarities.

The church will soon be rid of them; and these self-denying and devoted men will be hailed by the church triumphant, and be rewarded for their labors of love.

On Monday, the 16th, I proceeded on my journey; and at night tarried with a kind family, where I found brother Granade sick. Though yet young, and of a strong constitution, he was already pretty well broken down by long and loud preaching, and excessive labor. I found him, nevertheless, very happy. During the family devotions he shouted aloud.

On the 17th I reached Abington, in the evening, where I met brother L. Blackman; and I preached in the court-house that night. We had a respectable congregation of attentive hearers, with one exception. An individual, who was intoxicated, repeatedly interrupted us by his groans and loud amens. At last he looked up to me, and said, "Sir, can you tell me whether a *bumble-bee* is a beast or a fowl?" A magistrate ordered a constable to take him out, and put him in jail. The order was soon obeyed, and they handled the poor fellow rather roughly. In thrusting him into the prison, two prisoners got out, and made their escape. A great hue and cry was raised, and the whole town was in an uproar; but brother Blackman went on with his exhortaion as if nothing had happened. I have often thought of former days, when we preachers are thrown into confusion by

some trifling thing. But one sinner can destroy much good.

On Wednesday, the 18th, I pursued my journey; and kind Heaven favored me, so that I was able to travel every day, except some very rainy days. The Lord sent his angels to guard his feeble servant, and no accident befell me by the way, though I rode in great pain, for my knee got worse. I met with kind friends all the way; and on Saturday, the 24th, I arrived at Stephensburg, where a quarterly meeting was in progress. I stopped at the door of my old friend William M'Leod, and was kindly received. Brother Edward Matthews, one of the preachers on that circuit, soon found me out, and embraced me affectionately. He told me that my father and stepmother, my brother, and both my sisters, were in the town, and that my sisters were both happy in the Lord. I believe they were converted through the instrumentality of brother J. Quinn. I had not heard from home for about eighteen months. Such news was enough to make a lame man leap for joy. We had now but one brother, of six children, out of Christ. For him we made continual prayer. (About two years ago I received a letter from that brother, informing me that he and all his family were converted.) My kind-hearted brother Matthews soon went in search of my father and friends. He found my brother, and brought him to me; and he and brother Matthews helped me on to the meeting-

house that night. They were both in perfect health at that time, and I was then so weak and disabled as to need assistance; but they have both gone to the house appointed for all living, and I am left to linger a little longer. After preaching I embraced my father. My sisters I had no opportunity of speaking to; but I saw them in the congregation, and heard them sing and shout the praise of God.

This may not be interesting to your readers; but such a meeting, in such a place, and under such circumstances, cannot be forgotten by me. Happy was our meeting on earth: a meeting far happier we expect in heaven.

On Sunday morning, the 25th, I went to the love-feast, and spoke of what I had seen and heard in the west. I left the meeting that afternoon, and went to the home from which I had been so long and so far removed, with my father and the rest of the family who were with us. Rest was now very desirable. My soul was much drawn out in love and gratitude to God. Indeed, I was continually rejoicing.

On Sunday, April the 10th, I had the privilege of preaching once more in my father's house to my friends and neighbors, and the Lord graciously assisted me. Many wept, and the Lord's people were much refreshed.

I wrote to Bishop Asbury where I was, and how I was. On the 17th I preached at the White House

meeting-house. I received there a plan of Winchester circuit, and was informed that I was appointed to labor there, and that brother J. Browning was to be my colleague. We had a precious class meeting, and four individuals were added to the society. I preached at home in the afternoon, where we felt the presence of God. I was still on my crutches; and, at times, in much pain. I hardly ever failed to have a large congregation when I preached at home. It seemed to me that the people came out of curiosity to hear what their neighbor's son, once so wild, had to say. My old companions in folly, and my schoolmates, were often present, which was always a cross to me: but to be put in charge of the circuit, and become a preacher and pastor in my own immediate neighborhood, was a burden almost more than I could bear. I had now an opportunity of revisiting places endeared to me by the recollections of former days. I could now look at places, too, that reminded me of sore spiritual conflicts; where, when I heard the voice of the Lord saying to me, "Go, and preach my gospel," I had wept and prayed, and begged to be excused. O! how often did I think, and sometimes say, I would rather follow the plough, or drive a team, all the days of my life, or do anything that I could do with a clear conscience, than be a preacher. I could now bring to recollection how often I rose long before day, and read the New Testament, with Wesley's

Notes, and a few other books I had; and how often I carried a Testament in my bosom into the field where I was ploughing, and, while my horses were resting, sat down in a fence corner and read, and prayed over it. For I think no one could be more anxious to understand the Scriptures than I was. Everything that I read or heard, that cast light upon the word of God, I treasured up. These reflections had a tendency to humble me into the dust, and lead me to cry mightily to the Lord.

I had preached several times in the circuit; but on Tuesday morning, May 3, I left home, with my staff in hand, to take my regular round. I went with fear and trembling, and preached at John Scarff's to a small, but serious congregation. Some appeared to be deeply convinced of sin. One poor man, who was under serious impressions, came back that evening to converse with me. In time of family prayer the Lord wrought powerfully upon him. He lost the use of his limbs, fell prostrate on the floor, and cried aloud for mercy. In a short time the Lord blessed his soul, and he shouted glory to God, for four hours, with very little intermission. I called upon some one to pray; but no one could pray. So I prayed again, and one of brother Scarff's daughters cried out, "What shall I do? O! what shall I do?" I told her to give her heart to Jesus. She then said, "O, Jesus! take my heart, and seal it," and soon found peace. Then three of her sisters were

brought to cry for mercy. Greater agonies of distress I hardly ever saw; but before one o'clock they were all happily converted to God, and praised the Lord while they were up, and after they had retired. A happier family I never saw: the father, mother, two sons, and four daughters, all as happy as they well could be in the body; and their neighbors went shouting home. The next morning we had another shout at family prayer.

The bilious fever made dreadful havoc in this pious family some years afterward, and I was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of the mother, one son, and three daughters, at the same time. All died happy in the Lord, within a few weeks of each other. It affords me great comfort to know that some fruit of my labor is safely housed in heaven. But to return to my narrative.

I stayed, sent out messengers, and called a meeting at Henry Cole's, the leader. This meeting was to be held in the midst of a hardened and wicked set of sinners. I had been acquainted with many of them; and some had been my companions in sin. The news spread, and the house was crowded; for many came out to see the wonder. The power of God fell upon the congregation. Two young men, a lad, and four or five women, were soon in deep distress. Some ran away, and others stood amazed. One poor woman, wife of the man who found peace the night before,

continued to cry for mercy till after midnight. She asked, "Can you all go away, and leave a poor sinner in distress?" I was so exhausted that I could scarcely speak to be heard; but my heart was moved at such a cry. I had a degree of faith, and turned to her, and asked, "What do you wish the Lord to do for you?" She answered, "To justify me," &c. I told her, I hoped the Lord had justified me, if she could believe it, and exhorted her to look to the Lord, and praise him for what he had already done for her. That moment she rose, and shouted, "Glory to God." She held fast her confidence. The rest found peace when I came round again.

From that time we had a gracious work in that neighborhood. Some persecuted; but others "believed, and turned to the Lord."

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XII.

DEAR BROTHER,—Saturday, the 7th of May, our quarterly meeting began at Front Royal. Brother D. Hitt, our presiding elder, was in his place, and also in the spirit of his work. He exhorted the people to devote the afternoon to singing and prayer. We lost no time, and began at James Moore's, where I stayed, and the house was soon crowded. The awakening power of the Lord

was made known, and four or five cried aloud for mercy. The Lord's people shouted aloud for joy, and my own soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. On Sunday morning we had a glorious season of refreshing in love-feast. Several professed to find the Lord, in the pardon of their sins. Tuesday, the 10th, in the evening, at Shackelford's, brother Browning preached, and I exhorted. The Lord was graciously present; six or seven appeared to be in deep distress of soul, and earnestly seeking the Lord. Wednesday, the 11th, we had a solemn time under preaching at the meeting-house, and a still more glorious time in class meeting. Two, we trusted, were justified by faith in Christ. Sunday, the 15th, at Stephensburg, I had a solemn time; my own soul was greatly blessed. This day I met three classes, and preached twice, and found myself stronger when I went to bed than when I rose in the morning. Glory be to God for his goodness to my soul and body.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

Monday, the 16th, we had a melting time at Middletown, and many tears were shed. Here the preachers had preached for some time, but of late could get no congregation; but now the people began to come out to hear a poor, noisy, backwoods preacher; and many hardened sinners

were converted, and some notorious backsliders were reclaimed. Tuesday, the 17th, at Sadler's, we had a precious time; the society was much revived. Wednesday, the 18th, at Haggon's, in the pine hills, the power of the Lord attended his word; many wept, some cried aloud for mercy, and the Lord's people were very much encouraged. Thursday, the 19th, at Milburn's meeting-house, it appeared as if the Lord were about to visit this old society once more. At this meeting-house I first received a permit to exhort from John P. Bruce, our presiding elder; or rather it was enjoined upon me to exercise my gift in exhortation; for I did not ask it, I did not expect it, or even desire it, and would have remonstrated against it if I could have spoken; for I was so affected and confused that I could not speak; I went out and wept much before the Lord. Twelve months after this, in August, 1793, license to preach was given me much in the same way, and in the same place; and of course I felt very much interested for this society.

Saturday, the 21st, I attended Mr. Otterbine's meeting, at Woodstock, and had a most interesting and profitable interview with the good old gentleman, and heard him preach to profit. I was called upon to preach on Saturday night, and again on Sunday night. While Mr. Otterbine was preaching one poor sinner cried out aloud, and refused to be comforted. My father and Mr. O.

were quite intimate. The old saint used to put up at our house when he passed that way. He always treated me with great kindness, and I was much edified by his conversation. Tuesday, the 24th, at John Scarff's, we had a precious time, although I got there after the time appointed—a thing that always did afflict my mind; but I had a long ride that morning. I preached again at H. Coe's at night; it rained, but we had a crowd of sinners—some drunk. I preached with liberty, and in my zeal said the Lord would convert some one there that night. We labored on awhile, but the power of darkness was great, and some disposed to be disorderly. So I dismissed the congregation, retired into another room, and threw myself on a bed, quite exhausted, and wept on account of the wickedness of the people, and also my rashness in predicting that the Lord would convert some soul there that night. All was silence in the room where the meeting had been held, and I thought the people were gone; but when I came out, I found twelve or fifteen still there, and in tears. I spoke a few words, sung, and prayed again, and the Lord shed his Holy Spirit upon us. Some cried out aloud to the Lord to have mercy upon them, and I hope four or five were soundly converted. In this place, and in several other places, Satan was dreadfully enraged, and I was often threatened by the wicked. Here they threatened to bring whisky, and,

if I would not drink, they would funnel me, and make me drunk, &c.; but none of their threats were ever executed. Some were absolutely afraid of me, and said, "He has been to the west, where he learned the art of knocking them down; for until he came home there was none of it." I preached at my father's one Sunday afternoon: the house was crowded: a blooming gay young lady came in, and took a seat near where I stood. Her smiling countenance seemed to say, I am proof against your art. I thought, Perhaps you may weep before I am done. I had not got near through my sermon before she trembled, and fell off her seat, and cried to God for mercy. She found peace, and went home rejoicing. The congregation was much alarmed; some pushed for the door, others stood trembling, and those that were out of doors looked frightened. I had now got once round my circuit, and, thank the Lord, in every place the holy fire was either burning or began to kindle.

June 24th, I preached at Mr. Clark's, in a place they call Poverty Hollow, and we had a powerful time. The Lord was in his word, and it went to the hearts of many. I never saw people more affected under preaching; some could hardly refrain from crying out. I went among them, and spoke to all that were in my way. One poor sinner was dreadfully offended, and said, "I do not want you to talk to me." He said, after he

PACIFIC SCHOOL

went out, he never would come to hear me preach again, but was there again that day four weeks, and got powerfully awakened, and turned to the Lord. I noted in my journal, "A pleasing prospect of a revival has appeared in this place, and I hope we shall see good days." Indeed, we did, and many were added to the Lord.

Sunday, 29th of May, I preached at Front Royal. It being a rainy day, we had no great congregation, but a very solemn time. I met the class, giving an invitation to those who wished to serve God to stay among us. And ten or twelve did so. After I had spoken to the class, I opened the door to receive members into society, but none seemed disposed to join. I then proposed praying for those who were mourning to know the love of God. Eight or ten came forward, and we joined in prayer. One woman presently began to rejoice. I then turned to those who were still crying for mercy, and exhorted them to pray mightily, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls. One did not come forward, but wrestled in a corner of the house in mighty prayer. One of the friends found him out, and went to him, and brought him to where the rest were. He fell down upon his kness, and cried aloud for mercy. I exhorted him to believe in Jesus Christ, and, glory be to God! it was but a little time before he rose, shouting God's praise; and presently, another, and then another; so that

within a little while six were delivered from guilt and wo. One poor young man still remained in great distress, refusing to be comforted till God delivered him from the power of guilt and sin. I seldom saw so great a time of God's converting power. The old members seemed all alive. One poor woman, who had been a member some years before, was now powerfully reclaimed, and could shout the praise of God aloud, which she never did before. I got up on a bench, and inquired if there were any that wished to join now. Nine came forward, and joined freely. Monday night we had a meeting in town again, and the Lord was present in his convincing and convicting power. Many cried out aloud, and others were filled with peace and love.

July 10th, at Winchester, I met the men's class about sunrise; baptized an adult, and met women's class at half-past eight o'clock; preached with some enlargement of heart at 11 o'clock; and rode five miles to Milburn's, and preached at 3 o'clock. The word of the Lord was spirit and life. One shouted aloud, which startled many. I met the white class, and then a number of the colored people; and was not without hope that we should have a revival there also. This was a hard day's work. I noted in my journal, "O that I had more faith and humble love! When I view myself in the gospel glass, I see a thousand defects. O that I may yet be a right down Christian!"

Sunday, 17, I preached at Crum's. O how I felt for poor sinners! I think some felt the word. But after calling to mind what I had said, I felt little and mean, and concluded, Surely the Lord hides my weakness and ignorance from the people, or they would not hear with so much interest. This brother Crum was a German preacher, and a neighbor of ours. His religious experience was a little singular. When under strong conviction, he went to a quarterly meeting, I think at Milburn's, where there was a gracious work. Some got converted. He said, "I prayed in Dutch; I am Dutch; and must get converted in Dutch. These are all English people, and they got converted in English. I prayed, and prayed in Dutch; but could not get the blessing. At last I felt willing to get converted, in English or Dutch, as the Lord pleased. Then the blessing came, and I got converted in English." I have heard him tell it in *his* way in love-feast to good effect.

Monday, the 18th, I was requested to visit a sick man, who had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith. He was very candid in confessing his sins; but I had no power to grant him absolution; yet I could point him to Christ, who alone can forgive sins, and pray for him. Fifteen or twenty persons came together, as though they expected to see a miracle, to whom I spoke in the name of the Lord. The word took hold of them, and they "wept bitterly." The man got well; but

sick-bed repentance seldom comes to much. I afterward found him at quarterly meeting drunk, though he still believed he was restored to health in answer to prayer. I frightened him, and he soon went off.

In my narrative I have followed my journal pretty closely, after I came to Winchester circuit; which to me is profitable, for it rekindles in my breast some of the fire of youth, and revives the zeal of former days. I find the spirit still willing; but, alas! the flesh is weak. To your readers these long extracts cannot be so interesting; and as I wish to benefit others, I shall be more sparing in them.

I began to talk to our people about having a camp meeting. Some said, "It may do in the west, but it won't do here." Our females said, "What! sleep in the woods: that will never do." Our quarterly meeting began at the White House, head of Bullskin. I got a few young men to join me; and took my father's wagon, and some bedding, and camped near the meeting-house. A few families camped with us, in the same way. On Saturday, brother Hitt and brother Roszel both preached, and the Spirit of the Lord attended the word, and we had a gracious time. Some souls were converted. Sunday morning, the 14th, we had a great crowd; so we had an open sacrament, and the Lord was with us indeed. Brother Roszel preached in the house, and brother Hitt under

the shade near the spring. I suppose there were two thousand people present. The work broke out, and went on in a most glorious manner, at the stand. We had preaching again at night, and not in vain; for the power of the Lord was present to wound and to heal. Monday, 15th, we had prayer meeting at sunrise, and one young man was powerfully converted. About ten o'clock we had two sermons, and the word was quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, and went to the hearts of the people. We continued our meeting until Tuesday evening; and we must have had twenty or twenty-five converts, and a number under conviction.

I ventured to make a trial of introducing camp meetings, selected a piece of ground near Shackelford's meeting-house, and began on Saturday, August the 17th. I opened the meeting, and we had a very fine beginning. Though we could raise but two tents, and a few wagons, we had a large congregation. At night we had the shout of a King in our camp. Sunday morning we had a most refreshing season at the sacrament. Mr. Dawson, a Baptist minister, from Richmond, whose wife was a Methodist, and Doctor Tilden, preached at eleven o'clock. The word had its convincing and awakening influence on the congregation, and many felt the force of divine truth. A multitude were present, and there was some disorder on the outskirts of the congregation. A wicked young man

came there half drunk, and brought a jug of whisky with him, and hid it in the woods; but while he was looking for his companions in the congregation, to go and help him drink it, he was powerfully arrested by the Spirit of God. He wept bitterly, and cried aloud, "What shall I do to be saved?" He confessed his sins openly, and told all about the jug and whisky. A poor woman got powerfully converted, and praised the Lord aloud; but her husband was much offended, and roared round the congregation like a fiend. He forced his wife away, swearing what he would do when he got her home, she continuing to shout "Glory to God!" Before they got out of hearing, she fell upon her knees, and begged him, with many tears, to let her go back. He got more enraged, and fell upon her, and beat her unmercifully. She continued to pray for him; and he burst into tears, dropped his stick, and wept aloud. Although he had repeatedly sworn that she should never go to a Methodist meeting again, he now told her she might go when she pleased. I saw her the following Thursday, still rejoicing.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XIII.

Dear Brother,—Our success at our bush meeting, called a camp meeting, was not equal to our expectation, though there was a great awakening among the people. We had only four or five converted. It lasted only three days. Poor as the sample of camp meeting was, it interested our members very much; and prepared the way for a better turn out, and greater success, the following August.

Saturday, November 26, at the particular request of brother Hitt, I attended a quarterly meeting in Leesburg. It was an interesting meeting, indeed. About forty souls professed conversion, and some were renewed in love. It was a glorious meeting. My voice, which had never entirely failed me before, gave way at this blessed meeting. I had often been hoarse from cold or excessive labor, to a certain degree; but here I imposed upon my voice, and it failed almost suddenly; and has often failed since.

Dec. 24, I preached at Haggon's, and again at night at Groves'. One cried for mercy, and some others were very much affected. I rode four miles to Winchester that night; and held a prayer meeting at five o'clock on Christmas morning, in a school-house. It was a precious meeting. We had several mourners. Among the rest, I noticed

a little white-headed boy, in deep distress, weeping and praying for life. When his father was made acquainted with his case he was soon by his side, and fell down upon his knees, and spread his hands over him, and cried, "Lord, bless my child; O Lord, bless my child!" Methinks I yet see and hear him. The Lord heard a father's prayer; the child was soon converted, and began to rejoice. That little boy was William Walls, afterward Dr. Walls, of Baltimore, but long since with God; for William endured to the end, though through much affliction.

Friday, February 12, 1804, our quarterly meeting began in Winchester, and we had a glorious time. Sunday morning, in love-feast, we had a shower of heavenly grace. Many came up to the altar to be prayed for, and five or six found peace.

Monday, Feb. 15, in the afternoon, we had a prayer meeting at brother Samuel Calvert's. During the meeting sister Browning, wife of my colleague, was called upon to pray. She was much in the spirit of the work, gifted and spiritual in prayer. O that all the preachers' wives could pray and labor as did Becky Browning! Then they would be helpmeets indeed. She prayed expressly for brother Calvert's children. Polly soon cried out, and Milly was brought under strong conviction. Polly was converted at that meeting; and afterward became the wife of the Rev. S. G.

Roszel, and is the mother of two gifted itinerant preachers. May God bless them. The father has recently been called from the walls of our Zion, but he has left two sons on them. May their silver trumpets always "give a certain sound;" and may they blow them as long and as successfully as did their father. Amen. Our quarterly meeting resulted in the conversion of about thirty souls. Twenty were received on trial in Winchester.

Brother Hitt pressed me to go with him to a quarterly meeting at Major Vanmeter's, on the south branch of Potomac. It began on Saturday, 18th of February. The melting power of the Lord came down upon us, and we sat as in heavenly places. Many were in tears, and others were full of joy. Sunday morning we had the most tender and weeping love-feast I ever had been in. All wept; some for joy, others for sorrow. Some of the young converts spoke delightfully. Brother Hitt preached us a very profitable sermon, on faith. I followed him with another sermon; and, although I had no great liberty, the Lord sent his word to the hearts of the people, and nearly the whole congregation were in tears from the beginning to the end; and many were graciously wrought upon by the Spirit of God. That night we had an overwhelming time. Some were happily converted. But Monday was the great day of the feast. Eight came forward and

were admitted on trial, all the fruits of that happy meeting. I never saw people more serious and well-behaved at any meeting than at this. It was the more remarkable, as crying out and falling down was rather a new thing in that place.

We labored on in great harmony and prosperity to the close of the year. We had an addition of about three hundred to the society, and also licensed two young preachers; namely, Simon Lauk and Joseph Carson. Both entered the itinerant work afterward, and I believe are still in it. I might have noticed many remarkable occurrences; but am quite tired of writing, and fear many of your readers are tired of reading. I had intended to bring down my narrative to Baltimore circuit in 1806, where I became acquainted with many of the first-fruits of Methodism in the county and city. I had intended to take notice of some of them, their religious experience, their zeal, their Christian simplicity, and disinterested devotedness to the cause of God, &c., &c.

I am fully convinced that Baltimore alone deserves a long sketch of the rise and progress of Methodism there. For what city has presented a fairer sample of primitive Methodism than Baltimore; but who will undertake the work? You, my dear doctor, are the only person now living that can do it. You were personally acquainted with the members of the first class, and some of them for many years. But, alas! you are already

overwhelmed with more business than you can do; and I despair of ever seeing it done.

The infirmities of more than seventy-two years are upon me. Although I read and write without glasses, my left eye has greatly failed, and I am getting very near sighted; but my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. I had intended to close with a long letter to Bishop Asbury respecting my own experience, and the bishop's answer, in 1806. And now, dear doctor, I am more than ever your affectionate and obliged friend and brother,

HENRY SMITH.

NOTE.—The letter to Bishop Asbury, and his answer, to which reference is made in the preceding letter, were forwarded for publication in the Christian Advocate and Journal, in a separate communication. It has been judged advisable to insert them here.

TO BISHOP ASBURY.

Baltimore cir., July 4th, 1806.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have, for better than six weeks, at different times, felt a desire to write to you, but was discouraged, from the consideration that I had nothing of importance to write, respecting myself or my circuit. Three weeks ago I received a special blessing, and with it my desire to write was renewed; and, after making it a matter of earnest prayer, I yield to the impression.

About sixteen years ago the Lord had mercy on me, *a poor sinner*, and I believed myself justified freely through the redemption that is in Jesus. For better than twelve years I have feebly preached the glorious doctrine of entire sanctification to others, while I remained a stranger (in part) to it myself; exhorted others to be holy in heart, while I myself was unholy. I have at different times been under such conviction for entire sanctification that my life was rather unhappy. In the year 1798, while I rode in Salt River circuit, Kentucky, I had such a discovery of the deceitfulness and wickedness of my heart that I doubted whether I had ever been justified. My doubts brought me into darkness, yea, into a kind of despair. I sought to lay again the foundation of repentance, but sought in vain. After some weeks' deep distress the Lord restored unto me the light of his countenance, and the joy of his salvation. I regained my confidence, and there I rested too well satisfied. In 1800, the first year I traveled on Sciota circuit, North-western Territory, I read many bright Christian experiences in the British magazines, and read also the sixth volume of Fletcher's Checks. I plainly saw I was greatly wanting, and my soul was again stirred up to become a whole Christian. But, alas, I was again brought into the same uncomfortable state of mind! Is it not strange, that after all that I had read, heard, and preached, on sanctification, I should

remain so ignorant of the nature of conviction for it, as to let go my confidence?—yea, renounce my justification, which is the very foundation of entire sanctification? While on this circuit I was very much afflicted, and twice brought to death's door; I then had a strong confidence in God, a clear evidence of my acceptance, and a hope full of glory. I never before had such a view of the nature of faith. "Faith" was, indeed, "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," to me. I do not recollect that I felt any conviction for sanctification, or any concern about it. My soul was unspeakably happy. When I got better, I again felt the remains of indwelling sin. The first year (1803) I rode in Winchester circuit, my soul was so much alive to God, and in the spirit of his work, that I sometimes thought I enjoyed perfect love. But, ah, how secretly and securely did pride, self-will, vanity, and many other hurtful desires, and unholy things, lurk within me! The last year I traveled in Winchester circuit (in 1804) I was again brought to the gates of death. The first few weeks of my illness I dosed away, without being able to think much about God, or my soul. But when this stupor left me, I cried mightily to God, and I am sure the Lord heard me; for he broke in upon my soul in a most glorious manner, and every fear of death was gone, and I had a confidence that God would take me to heaven,

should I die. And yet I am now sure that I was not at that time wholly sanctified; for I was wanting in patience and perfect resignation. My mind for some years has been variously and strangely exercised; sometimes all athirst for God and holiness, and then again by far too slack, even in my external duties. But in general I wished, yea strove, to be a Christian indeed. Sometimes the doctrine of holiness was the food and life of my soul; and then again I would have little or no relish for it, yea, was tempted to disbelieve it, especially when strenuously insisted upon by those who were, like myself, destitute of an experimental knowledge of it. I was sometimes tempted against those who professed it, and at other times almost idolized those who I believed enjoyed the blessing. In general I abhorred and despised myself, and sometimes thought others viewed me in the same light that I did myself, and despised me too, which made me quite unhappy. And then I would again feel envy, pride, and resentment. I came to our last quarterly conference with great reluctance. My concern for entire sanctification was not so great as it had been. But, under the preaching of Bishop Whatcoat, on sanctification, my heart was tendered, and I viewed myself in the gospel glass. And, O, what a vile, unprofitable, unholy wretch I saw myself! When you, sir, was enforcing the necessity of preaching sanctification, "not in a common-

place way, but to feel the importance of the subject," it sunk deep into my heart, for I knew that I had been guilty of preaching sanctification merely because it was in my creed. I resolved, *once more*, to be all for God; and if such a blessing as perfect love was to be found this side of death, by grace I was determined to find it. I sometimes thought that I was so mean, unprofitable, and prone to backslidings in heart, that the Lord would not intrust me with such a blessing. Under these impressions I came to my circuit. I had for years been out of the habit of regular fasting, on account of bodily weakness, but now resolved to take it up again, and fast at least *one day* in the week. I found it a great cross at first. I determined to make holiness a subject of conversation out of the pulpit, as well as in it. I intended to seek after, and find it, and converse freely with the most experienced Christians. Shortly after I came on the circuit I met with brother Wm. Lynch and sister Carnon: both professed perfect love, and I felt as if I had found hid treasure. In conversation with them my mind was more enlightened, and my heart was more enlarged, and for some moments I viewed the blessing nigh; but something within said, Not now: unbelief prevailed, and shame overcame me, and I went away sorrowful. All the remaining corruptions of my nature were about this time stirred up. I felt the remains of anger, pride, the love of the world, a desire of

praise, envy, peevishness, &c. My prayer was, to know the very worst of my heart, and the Lord unfolded its secret wickedness in such a manner that I was astonished, and became at times rather unhappy, particularly on my fast days. I do know that I was not in a state of condemnation, or afraid of hell; but my greatest sorrow and distress were, that I did not love the Lord with all my heart, and was prone to wander from the God I loved. I found it

> "Worse than death my God to love,
> And not my God alone."

I felt great power in prayer for a clean heart. My soul was in a struggle, sometimes in an agony, for the blessing. I went to the Severn camp meeting, May 21, in hopes of getting the blessing. Several professed to be sanctified wholly. I spoke to some who were in distress for the blessing, but when I thought of myself I was shut up; at least I could not speak to them in faith. It was truly a time of the power of God, and a profitable meeting to me. When I returned I found myself much refreshed, and alive to God. The first Sunday in June was a sorrowful day to me, especially in the afternoon. Monday was another cloudy day; I deeply mourned, and felt the need of solid and lasting comfort, and thirsted for closer communion with God. I saw myself so empty and weak, that I felt as though I could not con-

duct a prayer meeting we had that night at brother Carnan's, but prevailed on brother C. to open the meeting. So soon as I came into the house where the meeting was held, my soul was uncommonly drawn out in prayer, *and I received a great blessing*. From that time my heart appeared to be empty of sin and corruption. It did not stir within me as before; indeed, I could not feel as I had felt. An uncommon calm possessed my soul. I had near access to a throne of grace, and life and liberty in preaching. Sunday, the 8th of June, after preaching, I endeavored to make peace between two contending brethren, (old professors,) and finding them so obstinate that I could not succeed, I was sorely grieved, and rose from my seat, and left them. I was afterward afraid I had given way to impatience, but could feel no condemnation. As I did not feel as I had felt, some fears arose that my convictions were wearing off, and I should not get the blessing. Neither could I agonize in prayer for sanctifying love as I had done before. I could not account for it. June 13. O, blessed Friday! my fast day. My mind was very solemn, and mourned for constant communion with God. I got to my appointment at ten o'clock, and sat down in a room, and took up the Life of Mrs. Rogers, in order to spend a little time in looking over her experience. I turned to that part where she gives an account of her deep distress, and earnest struggle of soul for

sanctification. I found the travail of soul she passed through corresponded with my own. I made her petitions my own. My heart was melted down. I plainly saw that I could make myself no better, and said, in my heart, If the blessing is obtained by faith, I never can be better prepared for it than I *now* am. The Lord is *now* as able and willing to bless me as he ever will be. I believe that Christ is both able and willing to bless me *now*, and to bless *me as I am*, and to *cleanse me from all sin now*. My soul was humbled as in the dust, and I felt myself at the feet of Jesus, and viewed him with all his fullness; and by faith I fully received him as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. An uncommon melting power ran through my soul, and I received such sweet intimations from on high, that I was inwardly persuaded that *Christ was all my own, and I was wholly his.* Yea, I believed the Lord had created in *me a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within me.* The solemn, solid peace, that then took possession of my soul, no human language can describe. It made me rejoice, and praise the Lord with all my heart. Yet I was not in great ecstasy, but in a flood of tears, and silent awe. I stood before that God whom angels adore, and, with pleasing wonder, took a survey of his wonderful condescension in giving his dear Son for me, and in revealing Christ in me the hope of glory. I felt *less than nothing in his*

sight. A thought then arose, Can it be possible that you have received such grace? The Lord mysteriously answered in my heart, and poured such a flood of love upon me, that I cried out, Yes, yes, glory be to God! even to unworthy me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. A small congregation met for preaching; but, strange to tell, I could hardly think of preaching. My mind was so taken up with what had passed, and so drawn out in prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving to God, that I wished to be alone, that I might give vent to all the feelings of my full heart, by weeping and rejoicing before the Lord. Such a solemn awe rested upon my mind that evening as I had never felt before. I went to rest happy—happy, solidly happy, in my Saviour. It far surpassed anything for sweetness and solemnity I had ever experienced before. When I rose in the morning I did not feel as I had done, and I fell down upon my knees, and cried to the Lord, and he manifested himself to me as he did the day before. As I rode to my appointment that day my heart was continually lifted to God in prayer and praise, and so continued for three or four days. It was suggested to me, Now examine yourself, and try your graces, whether you are indeed sanctified. I suspected that it might be from the enemy, to get me to unprofitable reasoning, and cried out, I am yet too weak; all that I have to do, yea, all that I can

do, is to live by faith, and by faith hang upon the Saviour. Never did I see and feel my weakness so sensibly. Never did I so constantly live by faith; indeed, I did not so fully know before what it was to live by faith; but now I every moment lived by faith, and every moment felt the merits of Christ's death. I preached on sanctification that day as I had never done before, experimentally knowing the doctrine to be of God. I spoke what I knew, and felt what I spoke. The word had a happy effect; for in meeting the class I found that more than half of them were under concern for perfect love. One woman cried aloud, and fell upon her knees, and was strongely agitated for some time. We then went to prayer. Her cry was, "A clean heart." I spoke to her, and exhorted her to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. After a short space the gloom departed from her countenance, and she seemed to stand as in amaze and silent awe; then began to rejoice, and praise the Lord. I inquired if the Lord had granted her the desire of her heart. She answered, Yes. My evidence was brightened that day, and I felt the mighty power of faith and love in my soul. I now began to be exercised about speaking of what the Lord had done for me. I consulted some of my friends, and they advised me to speak in the name of the Lord. Indeed, I sometimes felt willing to publish it to the ends of the earth. I accordingly spoke a little of my ex-

perience in class meetings and love-feasts, but generally with fear and trembling, and we had refreshing times. Many seemed to be seeking holiness of heart, and some professed to be perfected in love.

After four or five days my constant joy measurably subsided, but still I retained my sweet peace and confidence in God. Sometimes I felt as if I dare not confidently say that the Lord had cleansed me from all sin; and yet I durst not say that it was not the case. I would then say, I will be still, and submit it to the Lord; I will trust in the Lord, and not be afraid. The enemy pursues me every hour in the day; I am horrified with vain thoughts, and wild imaginations, unprofitable reasonings, and many other things. By the grace of God I yet stand, and I hope to stand to the end. I know that a great change has taken place in me. I now have constant peace with God, and a testimony that I please him. I read my Bible with greater pleasure than ever, and receive the promises as directly given to me. O what transports of joy I feel in my soul when I view God, in his promises, speaking directly to such an unworthy creature as I am! Such as these have been particularly blessed to me: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." "I came that

they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." I have power to love God with all my heart, and all men for his sake. I walk and talk as in the presence of God; and if at any time I speak a word without reflection, my soul is alarmed. Some idle words have given me pain, but the Lord is with me, and around me, continually. Christ is in me the hope of glory. But still I am a helpless creature; every moment I need fresh supplies of grace; I never felt the need of Christ as I do now; with him I can do and suffer a little, without him I can do nothing. Since I began to write this letter my joy has returned, and I am happy; glory be to God in the highest, I am unspeakably happy. The half respecting perfect love has never been told me. O how I long for all Christians, Christian ministers particularly, to be made partakers of perfect love! When I think of the number of great men in our church who have great gifts, are exemplary in their lives, fervent in spirit, and successful in their ministry, who can ably defend the doctrine of Christian perfection, and yet do not profess to enjoy it themselves, I am inclined to fear that I may be mistaken; but when I consider that the Lord is no respecter of persons, but reveals these things to those who, as it respects gifts and knowledge, are but babes and sucklings, I am encouraged to hold fast my confidence. O,

if all our preachers enjoyed perfect love, how they would scatter the holy fire through cities, towns, and country. Our enemies themselves would be constrained to call the Methodists the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord. The Lord grant you great success in stirring up the preachers to seek after holiness. It is all the mind that was in Christ Jesus; yes, it is the spirit and marrow of the gospel. I may fall from my heaven of peace and love, and bring a reproach upon the good cause; but O, how much rather I would die! Please to pray for me. A line from you might be of singular service to me at this time. Correct me; reprove me; I may need it: I lie quite open. Pardon me if I intrude on your time and patience. I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your unworthy son in the gospel of Christ,

HENRY SMITH.

TO REV. H. SMITH.

Dr. Watters', Montgomery, Md., July 20, 1806.

MY VERY DEAR SMITH,—May great grace attend you. I consent to what you say, in general. O, purity! O, Christian perfection! O, sanctification! It is heaven below to feel all sin removed. Preach it, whether they will bear or forbear. Preach it. You have never experienced the realities of heaven or hell, but preach them. Some have professed it, (perfect love,) but have fallen

from it; others profess, but do not possess it. They trifle away life. They seldom use the gift God hath given them. I think we ought modestly to tell what we feel in the fullest. For two years past, amidst innumerable toils, I have enjoyed almost inexpressible sensations. Our pentecost is come, in some places, for sanctification. I have good reasons to believe that upon the Eastern Shore four thousand have been converted since the first of May last, and one thousand sanctified, besides souls convicted, and quickened, and restored. * * * *

Now, I think, we congregate two millions in a year; and I hope for one hundred thousand souls converted, convicted, restored, or sanctified. The whole continent is awake. I am on a route of three thousand miles, from and to Baltimore. Such a work of God, I believe, was never known, for the number of people. The preachers will die in harvest field, as it lasts all the year. I believe brother Whatcoat died a martyr for the work. Farewell in Jesus. I am still thine.

F. Asbury.

I had to speak two hours to-day, and was so worn out I had to write to forget myself.

F. A.

LETTER XIV.

Dear Brother,—Our annual conference for the year 1804 had been appointed in Alexandria, D. C. On the 24th of April, the night before I left my father's for conference, William Burke, James Quinn, and others from the west, arrived, on their way to the General Conference; intending to reach our conference in their way. Our meeting was unexpected but joyful; for who can describe the satisfaction of meeting old soldiers of the cross who have labored and suffered together for years! On the 25th we started together for conference.

Friday, the 27th, our conference was opened. Bishop Asbury was with us. At this conference he dedicated the new Methodist church in Alexandria to the service of Almighty God; and some souls were converted in it during the session. We had a pleasant and harmonious session: and I was reappointed to Winchester circuit. Samuel Monnett, a probationer, was my colleague. When this brother's case came before the conference, for admission on trial, one of the preachers said, "But he is married." Mr. Asbury replied, "What of that? perhaps he is the better for it. Better take preachers well married, than be at the trouble of marrying them after you get them." This sounded so strange in my ear that I never forgot it; and I have thought of it a hundred times since.

And now, having such a good text, I will give a short comment on it, and hope that no offense will be taken, as I am sure none is intended: perhaps some one may be instructed by it. I am sure I do not misconstrue the author; for, subsequently, I had a free conversation with the bishop on this very subject, and found him very friendly to preachers being "well married;" and spoke highly of some preachers' wives. I could mention names, and can hardly refrain from it.

Those who know me will bear witness, if need be, that, bachelor as I was for many years, I have always been a friend to preachers' wives, and have defended and comforted them when I thought they were neglected, or treated coolly by the people. This we have seen in gone-by days. And I can recollect no case where my confidence was weakened in a brother because he had found "a good thing," or was "well married." But there certainly is more meaning in this thing than some preachers seem to be aware of. A preacher's wife may be intelligent, amiable in disposition, pious, and in other respects accomplished; but if there be a want of active zeal in the cause of God, and a good degree of missionary spirit, itinerating will be heavy work, and there may be trouble ahead. If the husband were a mechanic, a merchant, a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer, or of any other trade or profession, he might be said to be very well married. But he is a Methodist

traveling preacher; and his wife must not only be a lover of souls, but be willing to go with her husband to any field of labor that may be assigned him; and with him endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. She must, by her example, prayers, and wholesome advice, cheer his heart, and strengthen his hands in the good cause. Perhaps it so turns out that a preacher has what is called a hard appointment read out in conference—and this, too, after he has applied for accommodation—he is disappointed, and labors under temptation to locate, and talks loudly about it: but, on reflection, finds that he is not prepared; or, as an old friend, P. Moore, of Baltimore, used to say, "he cannot afford it." If his wife in this dark and cloudy day should say, "Surely the bishop and his council do not know you. They do not know how to appreciate your talents and worth, or they would not have given you such an appointment: they mean to drive you out of the work, and I would not go to the appointment. Let them keep their circuit, or small station, or give it to some one else. Indeed, I cannot go to that place." This would be dreadful advice from an itinerant preacher's wife to her husband. Perhaps, the poor fellow pursues the bishop, and harasses him for a change of appointment. The bishop yields, and makes a change. The brother who was ousted from his place is not so well pleased, and says—and he *feels what he says*—"I would not have had

the least objection to going to that place, if I had been first appointed there; but I do not like to accommodate that brother, and his proud and dissatisfied wife, and bad children." There is no just cause for complaint of the circuit; unpleasant feelings are excited between the two preachers and their families. All this we have seen and heard.

The brother, who has so grievously afflicted himself, goes to his new appointment; the society become acquainted with the whole circumstance, and the reason why this brother is sent to them; and they, in their turn, are not so well pleased; for no circuit or station likes to be made a place of *mere convenience*, or a *stepping stone* to some other business; and his way to usefulness is hedged up. Or, perhaps he repents, and after a long time goes to his first appointment; but with a sour, dissatisfied mind. Alas! the news reaches the circuit long before he arrives: the people have been disappointed, week after week, and do not feel very pleasant about it; for people will *feel* when they are slighted or thought meanly of by their preachers. He meets with a cool reception, his wife's pride is mortified, and he drags along heavily the whole year; is in trouble all the while, and so are the people of his charge. Now if his wife is the cause of all, or half, of this trouble, he is not "well married" for a Methodist preacher. . . . But the man that is well married hears his pious wife say,

"Come, my dear husband, let us go. Others have been there, and have come away alive; at at any rate, they were not *starved* to death. Let us go in the name of the Lord; for if we do not go, some one else will have to go; and how much better are we than those who have been there before us? After all, we shall enter into other men's labors, made ready to our hands. Come, I am with you, in weal and in wo; and what is still better, your Master tells you, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' Let us be off as soon as possible; and the people will give us a more cordial welcome. Let us go, and do our duty, and always 'follow that which is good,' and 'we shall want no good thing. Our bread shall be given us, and our water shall be sure.' Let us do the best we can. We can use a little economy, and if we do not fare quite so well as we have done, or might do, in some other places, we can make out to get along. We can live *well enough* upon a small income; (I have known some preachers' wives who could do this.) If you can but be an instrument in winning souls to Christ, and building up the church in their most holy faith, we shall have our reward in this world, and a still higher reward in the world to come. Let us go in the strength of grace; and, as we go, let us sing,—

'The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;

His saints what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.'"

A preacher that has such a wife is very "well married." When they come among the people of *their* charge, she is careful and friendly with them, and shows them at *once* that she has not come among them to be a *mere do-nothing* lady, but a pattern to the flock, and a true help-meet to her husband in the work of the Lord. Perhaps they may find no parsonage, and there is a house to rent. It may not be so good as the one she was born and raised in, perhaps better; but no matter, she does not complain or find fault. Her good sense tells her that is not the way to better her condition. She considers that her circumstances are changed by her own choice, in becoming a traveling preacher's wife. She makes the best of everything. Though she may not have been accustomed to "rough it," as we sometimes say, if it be necessary she learns how to do it. She considers their income, and makes her arrangements to live accordingly. She keeps her house neat, and has everything in its place; and what little furniture they have she arranges to the best advantage. She gets along with as few hirelings, or servants, as possible; and, if need be, attends to her own children. But if there be a parsonage and furniture, she takes good care of everything as if it were her own, perhaps more so; and takes pleasure in leaving the house and everything in

better order than she found it. The stewards are delighted; and give her great credit, and do everything they can to make her comfortable. Her husband is almost proud of his economical and excellent wife. Her children rise to bless her; for she does not bring them up in ignorance and idleness, with high notions of their consequence. Surely such a brother is "well married," and can get along anywhere. As the education and government of children devolve principally upon an itinerant preacher's wife, she takes good care to begin in time, and brings up her family in the fear of the Lord. She does not feed their pride by gaudy or costly apparel. If she is at any time thrown into wealthy families, who dress their children in all the frippery and finery of the world, she has good sense and grace enough to know that she is a Methodist preacher's wife, and mother of *his* children; and she knows, too, that if there were no harm in all this finery and display, their circumstances will not admit of it, for they must not go in debt for unnecessary things. She trains her children well, and has them in good subjection. Her word is their law, and they obey from affection as well as fear. When the husband and wife take their children with them on a visit to their friends, every one takes notice of them, and is constrained to say, "What good children these are! What little trouble their parents have with them! How affectionate and obedient they are! Their

parents or others are not obliged to be constantly after them, to keep them out of mischief." She is everywhere welcome with her little train; and people are always delighted to see them. Such a brother is "well married." He and his wife and children will be respected and beloved everywhere. When her husband comes home to bless his family, if he finds his wife in tears, they are tears of joy. She does not pain his heart with upbraidings for staying away so long, or burden his mind with unnecessary complaints. She knows that he has been well employed. She makes his home his earthly paradise. Happy brother! for he is "well married."

When the time comes for him to leave his happy home again, she makes the parting as easy as possible; and when she finds him inclined to linger, and disposed to frame excuses, because he is not *quite so well*, or one of the children has a bad cold, or his beloved wife is somewhat indisposed, she urges him to go, by saying, "The Lord will take care of us, my dear husband. Your Master's business calls you. The work is sacred, and must not be neglected. Be punctual; and the people will have confidence in you, and you will be the more useful among them. Your standing as a faithful pastor and our interests are both concerned; for if you serve the people faithfully, they will the more cheerfully and amply provide for your wife and children. Go, thou blessed of the Lord; my pray-

ers attend you by day and by night. Bring me good news from Zion when you return; for such news always cheers my heart, and revives my spirits. It supports me under my privations and trials, and sweetens all my toils and cares." The preacher that has such a wife has a *fortune in her*, and is "well married." Two years roll swiftly and sweetly away, and the conference draws nigh, and this lovely family must be removed. The society and neighbors are all sorry. The parting is truly affecting. They send many prayers to heaven for them, and many good wishes attend them. A good report follows them to conference; yea, goes before them to their next field of labor.

A brother from another circuit says to one of the stewards, "So your preacher, with his large family, is gone. You must have had a heavy burden for the last two years." "Burden," replies the steward, "we should like to have such another burden. O such a wife, such a family, we never had! She has done almost as much good as her husband. Come and see the parsonage, how nice she has left everything. We never found it so easy to raise supplies for the preacher's family. The expenses of the circuit are all met; and we have sent on such an amount of missionary money; and we have had a good increase in the membership. Everything is left in fine order." "I suppose," says the brother, "he dunned the people all the year for money." "Not he, indeed;

he said but little about it. He went forward and did his duty, and the people did theirs." Hail, happy brother! You are most judiciously and most delightfully married, and need not be afraid of any hard or poor circuit; for if you find it so, you will always leave it much improved.

When a man with a family has been offered to conference for admission on trial, one that is already an acceptable minister of Jesus Christ, I have more than once thought, if he is "well married" we had better take him, for there may be some risk in getting a young man married. When it has been reported in conference that such a brother has taken to himself a wife, I have thought if he is "well married" all is well; if not, trouble may be ahead; for after the "honey months" are over, trouble may come upon two, if no more, hearts.

Now, my dear doctor, I declare to you, that I have taken more pains with this piece, and have prayed more, also shed more tears over it, than any former communication; and, after all, it may not be admissible; and, if admitted, may not be useful. But if you think it may do good, drop me a word, and you shall have the balance of my comment on the bishop's text, to wit: "Be at the trouble to marry them." HENRY SMITH.

We indorse it all, brother Smith. Go ahead.—*Ed. of Ch. Ad. & J.*

LETTER XV.

DEAR BROTHER,—I now send you further thoughts on Bishop Asbury's text. The subject is a delicate one, I know; and I have approached it with humility and fear. But as I have such a strong indorser, I will proceed. You know, as well as others, that these things "have not been done in a corner," and may be done again. "*Be at the trouble to marry them.*"

We take up a young, inexperienced man, and admit him on trial, with the expectation that he will lay aside the spirit and study of the world, and devote himself wholly to his religious studies, and the work of the ministry, to which he solemnly professes to be called. But the first or second circuit he goes to, he seems to forget his solemn pledge, and enters prematurely into matrimonial engagements, and fills the circuit with more talk about his courtship than his usefulness, or the number of souls converted through his instrumentality. This may afford some amusement to the young and chaffy professors, but it rolls trouble upon the hearts of the more serious and zealous of the flock of Christ, over which he is made an overseer, and thus ends his call to itinerate; for he drives down his stake, and enters into other business. No matter whether he was taken from the plough, the shop, or the college; his itinerant work is

done. Better take one well made, well married, laborious, enterprising minister of Jesus Christ, than half a dozen such fickle-minded boys.

But another, before he is known in conference as a member, pledges himself to some pious female. It is true he does not intend to consummate his engagement until after he shall have traveled three, or even four, years; as though he were afraid that all the good sisters would be married or dead in four years, and it was necessary for him to secure one in time. So the thing passes on for the present, though, perhaps, not without some trouble. But when he sees a little more of the world, and also sees many more pretty faces, and gets a little better informed, and still better brushed up, he may think that his first choice was not the most judicious; or his first love may grow cold, and he sees one that he thinks he loves better. Perhaps she has more money; and he wishes to dissolve his first contract, or even denies it, and says he was jesting. Here is trouble in two families, and also in two circuits, preachers and all; and more trouble at conference. "Better take one that is well married," than be at all this trouble with one that never was, and perhaps never will be, of much service to the church, married or single.

We will give another case. A young brother conducts himself prudently and honorably, and takes to himself a wife out of a worthy family.

She is young and delicate; and as he has traveled three, or even four, years as a single man, and also traveled one very hard circuit, (we will say that very hard circuit lies in the Baltimore Conference,) may he not now expect accommodation; especially as he has a very delicate wife, and she has never been far or long away from her mother? It may so happen that there are one or two circuits, or stations, quite convenient, and either would be the very thing. And why may he not expect to be favored, as he has traveled four long years, and one very hard circuit, and now has a very tender wife, that has never been accustomed to hardships? He has confidence enough to expect it, and his wife and all the family, down to third cousins, expect accommodation for the newly married couple. Surely the bishop and his council cannot be so cruel as to send them far away, for they are all married men, and can sympathize with one that has traveled four years, and one hard circuit where he suffered a great deal. Conference progresses; accommodation is sought for, as well as expected; some forebodings of trouble are felt at times. At last the appointments are given, and one disappointment, at least, is read out, and trouble comes. Now much of this trouble might be avoided, if "preachers did not marry children, or children marry children," as the bishop once said to me.

I will state another case, still more distressing,

and no fiction either. A young man slides along, passes his examinations, is admitted, elected, and ordained deacon, and then graduates to the office of an elder. But, alas! he too soon forgets himself, and his high and holy calling, and has his mind more filled with thoughts about getting a wife than anything else, and *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.* He lets down his ministerial dignity, and gets to trifling with the feelings of credulous and unsuspicious females, and the kind families who hospitably entertain him as a messenger sent from God: for who would not believe that a minister is sincere in his professions? Having this advantage he soon entangles the affections of two or three, perhaps more, innocent females, and stands committed to each of them. All are sincere, and in earnest, but the poor trifling preacher, and he is only jesting. He can marry but one, and that one is to be pitied. The whole affair comes out before the world, and there is lamentation and wo in the church; sinners laugh, but Zion mourns; and the lame are turned out of the way. Charges are preferred to conference, and he rolls trouble upon many hearts. Aged brethren have their feelings put to the rack, and are almost out of all patience. Younger ministers are disgusted, and feel themselves reproached by the conduct of an unworthy brother, who, after all, may have mistaken his call, or shamefully backslidden from God. Conference refers his case to

a committee; they sit hour after hour, and patiently hear and examine testimony on all sides, and bring in their report. But one, and then another, is dissatisfied with the report; they talk, and talk on, (for some men love to talk,) until the report is set aside, and the whole testimony, love letters and all, is brought before the conference. Here one hundred or more grave men are under the painful necessity of sitting hour after hour, if not day after day, to hear trash, and speech after speech upon it. Is there then no trouble in getting some preachers married? Better take one that is well married already, than have all this trouble. The conference is in session a day or two longer than would have been the case, and other important business is passed over. Bad as his cause may be, he still finds some advocates in conference, who talk loudly of justice, and a fair trial, and some insinuate, that he was *courted*, or *taken in*, &c. They seem to lose sight of the distress and reproach in one or two circuits, and the scores that are bleeding there; and thus sympathy is waked up in favor of one that is before them, and now sheds a few tears when his folly is detected, and his wickedness exposed. Perhaps one hundred and fifty ministers are kept from their important work, or their families, two or three days longer than they would have been, if it had not been for the trouble of getting one trifling preacher married. All the while we are

living upon the kind families where the conference is held, and increasing expenses every day, which must be paid by the circuits or stations where the preachers go. But whatever may seem to be the opinion of a few individuals, (if they do not talk for talk's sake,) there always has been virtue enough in the conferences to arrest such triflers, and expel them from the connection; or, if the case is not too bad, strip them of their ministerial robes, and return them to the membership, if they are pleased to have them. But the trouble does not end in conference; for the preachers who are appointed to those circuits will go under a cloud, and have plenty of trouble. The young preachers who have dignified and refined feelings on this subject, will go to those circuits under inauspicious circumstances; it takes years to roll away this trouble, and some prejudice will be excited that never will be removed. I do not wish to be understood, that what I have written applies exclusively to young preachers of the present race. No, indeed; for ever since I have been acquainted with the itinerant connection we have had some such triflers among us; and we had our troubles with them, and suffered reproach on their account. I think no one can rejoice more than I do to see such a body of gifted, zealous young men, rising up, to take the places of those who are fallen asleep in Jesus; or those who can do effective service no longer. These truly are the hope of

the church. All I have said is intended to guard our young brethren against the snares others have fallen into, and so to avoid bringing the like trouble on themselves and others. I have often been delighted, and more than once melted into tears of joy, while our young men were passing their examination before conference, and heard such heart-cheering reports of them. Here my thoughts on the bishop's text end; but as my sheet is not full, I will venture to write something on another subject.

The representations of our preachers in conference are somewhat different now from what they used to be; but you know, doctor, "we must keep up with the improvements of the age, and the spirit of the times," or we shall not be popular. We said, in conference, in the examination of a young preacher's character and qualifications, in days gone by, "His gifts are good, and may be improved;" or "he is gifted;" or "very gifted;" as the case might be; or "he is acceptable;" or "very acceptable and useful among the people;" or "he is much beloved, and has the confidence of the people, and crowds go to hear him." But we have a much shorter way now, by saying, "He is popular;" or "very popular;" or "he is unpopular," &c. And sometimes, "He is a gentleman, a Christian gentleman, a perfect gentleman." I have wondered, when I heard this in conference, whether the presiding elders and others meant to say that the rest of the preachers were not gentle-

men; or only that the young preacher spoken of can make a more handsome bow, and walk more gracefully up the aisle of the church, and skip into the pulpit—and after his "splendid effort" is over, skip down again; and bow and scrape to all that come in his way, prattling, if not laughing, his way out of church. I hope no Methodist preacher could mean this, indeed I do not know what they mean.

Popular is a word that could not have been used with any degree of propriety in a Methodist conference fifty years ago; for the first Methodist preachers that I knew were the most unpopular men in the land. They were despised and hated almost everywhere, and all manner of evil was said of them. And yet they were eminently useful; and the more holy they were in their lives, the more zealous in their Master's cause, and the more successful in their ministry, the more unpopular they were with a certain class of people; but unpopular as they were, no men could be more highly esteemed and more sincerely loved by their despised flocks.

Many years ago I knew a very awkward boy; his father and mother were both pious and devoted Methodists. When quite young this boy professed conversion, and soon caught what some would call the preaching fever. I thought he was a very unpromising boy to make a preacher. He met with considerable discouragement from the membership; but he had confidence, and a great deal

of the black man's definition of perseverance, namely, "Take hold, hold fast, hang on, and never let go." He hung on, and I think became a preacher of the Lord's own making. I have sat at his feet like a little child, and heard him with astonishment and great delight, particularly on one occasion, at a camp meeting, when I thought he preached a more than ordinary sermon. I was almost transported; but my enjoyment was somewhat let down by a fear that he had stolen or borrowed it. I soon had an opportunity of saying to him, "Sam, was it borrowed, or is it your own?" He replied, "It is my own; I never preached it before, and I had but a little time to prepare it." I knew if he had prepared it that morning the time was short enough. The first, or perhaps the second, circuit he went to, he took a rise and was useful, and wrote to a friend of his, and among other things said, "I am afraid I am getting to be too pop-lar." The good brother was afraid of the dangerous thing; for he seemed to have understood its meaning, though he could not spell it correctly. Sometimes when a young brother has been represented in conference as very popular, brother Sam, with his pop-larity, was brought to my mind; and by a strange association of ideas I was led to think of "a most splendid" poplar-tree. And now, my dear doctor, if you can indorse this, I can send you a few more sheets on pop-larity.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XVI.

My Very Dear Brother,—I lived in the days when Mr. O'Kelly got up his very popular *Republican Methodism.* I have also lived pretty well through another strong excitement, gotten up and continued in our church by reformers. The doctrine of *mutual rights and lay representation* was thought to be very popular; and would keep up with the improvements of the age and the spirit of the times exactly. I have also heard, with the hearing of the ear, of the very popular movements of our ultra-abolition brethren in the north.

But I fear there is at this time a leaven at work in the church that will leaven the whole lump, and be more injurious to us than O'Kelly's Republican Methodism, afterward nicknamed *Christian;*—the popular doctrine of mutual rights and lay representation; or the doctrine of amalgamation, advocated by some ultra abolitionists. I *fear* that unmethodistical and unchristian thirst for popular preaching, whether there be any Holy Ghost in it or not, so it but please the people.

The preachers become popular, and they must study themselves to death to keep their popularity. If they have not time, or cannot prepare a splendid sermon, they are strongly tempted to steal or borrow one, and pass it off for their own. They must have variety also; hence they range the vast

fields of speculation in search of new things. At last they bring Christ before us; but, alas! they have dressed him up in such a fanciful and splendid robe, that we, old-fashioned people, who have been accustomed to hear plain Wesleyan sermons, can hardly tell whether it is Christ our Saviour, or the high priest, his enemy. It is true, it is a matter of no consequence with some, whether they understand it or not, if it be but new and grand; "a most sublime and splendid thought;" "a development of intellect;" "a grand display of talent."

While memory lasts, I never can forget a lecture our venerable Asbury gave us, a great many years ago, in the Baltimore Annual Conference, on this very subject. He related a case of a Wesleyan preacher who had been sent to one of the islands, where he preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and great was his success; but he was very unpopular, and dreadfully persecuted, perhaps cast into prison. But he bore up under all this like a primitive Methodist preacher; and even rejoiced that he was worthy to suffer persecution for Christ's sake. The climate, his excessive labor, together with his sufferings, soon wore him down, and he came to America to recover his health. In this country he became popular, very popular indeed.

When the bishop came to this part of the

preacher's history he half closed his eyes, and raised his hand, and said, "The breath of the people came down upon him, and he sunk!" and the dear old bishop dropped his hand upon the desk. Doctor, you remember his solemn and impressive way of saying such things. I feel this moment as if I saw and heard him—"The breath of the people came down upon him, and he sunk." Yes, he sunk low enough. Strange, indeed, that the breath of the people in this land of liberty should prove more fatal to the preacher than rough, persecuting hands, in another place!

Another of the same name, and the same stock, sprung up among *us;* and he became popular, and the breath of the people sunk him. And where is *he?* and what *is* he now?

There never was so eloquent and powerful a preacher in the world as our blessed Saviour; for his very enemies were constrained to say, "No man ever spake like this man," for "he taught as one having authority, and not as the" popular "scribes." But it is well known that he was very unpopular, and that he was reviled and persecuted, and his most benevolent acts were ascribed to diabolic agency, by the men who thirsted for popularity; for they *loved the praises of men.*

The rulers, doctors, scribes, and Pharisees, with the high priest at their head, all combined against the unpopular Jesus; because he was meek and lowly. His whole life and doctrine were certainly

very unpopular. On one occasion, when he rode into Jerusalem, on an ass, without a saddle, the first and only time we ever hear of his riding, his disciples uttered aloud some expressions of gratitude for what they had seen and heard; but even those hosannas from an unpopular crowd could not be borne with. They offended the people very much. It is evident that the whole life and doctrines of Jesus Christ went to stamp *naught* upon popularity, or "the breath of the people," as the bishop called it.

Perhaps there was not a more popular man in all the land of Judea than Saul of Tarsus. He was gifted by nature; a great scholar; as touching the law, blameless; and was exceeding mad, or zealous, against all who called upon the name of the Lord Jesus; persecuting these unpopular heretics even unto strange cities, he wished to exterminate them from the earth. He stood by, and held the clothes of those who stoned the unpopular Stephen out of the world. He must have been a great favorite with the high priest, for he received a commission from him to Damascus, that if he found any of this unpopular way, whether they were men or women, to bring them bound to Jerusalem.

But, as he was on his way to Damascus, the Lord overtook him in his popular career, and laid his popularity in the dust at once; and there it lies buried to the present day. For Saul soon

became one of the most unpopular men in the world; so much so that his own kinsmen and brethren according to the flesh went about to kill him, and would have done so had he not obtained help from God. From that time he pursued the most unpopular course that ever a man did, and even gloried in it. He never was popular but once after that; and then but for a little while. He became so popular at Lystra that they deified him, and the priest of Jupiter was actually making preparation to offer sacrifice to him; but Saul's unpopular conduct soon ruined his popularity. He became so offensive to the people that they stoned him, and left him for dead; but, while a few of his unpopular followers were standing by him, he revived, and walked into the city. All the followers of Christ were unpopular; and they were so because their pure and heart-searching doctrines and holy lives poured light upon the world, and it was discovered that their deeds were evil.

Peter, on one occasion, seemed to be afraid of losing his popularity with his Jewish brethren; and went a little out of the straight-forward way to maintain it. And this could not be wondered at, if, as some say, he was the first pope. But the unpopular Paul, who gloried in nothing but the cross of Christ; yea, in stripes, imprisonments, and in every kind of reproach for Christ's sake; this unpopular, straight-forward Paul, had the courage to come forward and reprove Peter, (the

prince of the apostles, *and first pope*,) because he was to blame in this thing, plainly proving him to be fallible. The church had fightings without, and fears within, for many years. These fears were occasioned by false brethren and false apostles, who wished to be popular; and, of course, laid aside the offensive and unpopular doctrines of the cross, and got up a new gospel, that they thought would please the people better. But none of these things moved Paul; for he was determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified. He knew the foundation stood sure, and the gates of hell could not prevail against the church.

The church never was in so much danger as it was under the reign of Constantine; when these fightings without ceased, and the humble, self-denying, cross-bearing ministers of Jesus Christ were taken by the hand by that emperor, promoted to posts of profit and honor, and so became very popular with the people. For a union of church and state was injurious to both, and is so to this day. It was then that corruption in doctrine and practice crept in, which never has been removed from some churches. It is true, reformers have been raised up from time to time, who have done great things for the church and for the world; but the mystery of iniquity still works. About a century ago, the Lord, in mercy to the church and the world, raised up the Wes-

leys and their coadjutors; and their whole and sole object appeared to be to reform themselves and others, and spread Scriptural holiness over the land.

But, alas! does not this "mystery of iniquity," I mean this itching for popularity and popular preaching, already work among their followers, both in England and America? I do believe that all ministers of Christ, yea, all Christians, should pursue an humble, yet dignified, course, regardless of what the world thinks of them, having their eyes continually fixed upon the glory of God, and acting with reference to the great day of judgment. By such a line of conduct they will put to silence the ignorance of ungodly men, and stop the mouths of gainsayers. They will make themselves respected and useful among those who *cannot* love them. For the world is the world still, and lies as deep as ever in wickedness; and the carnal mind, in those who are under the influence of the spirit of the world, is as strong as ever, and as much opposed to God and holiness.

I do believe, yea I know, that a preacher with but moderate preaching abilities can do more good in a circuit, or even a popular station, than many popular preachers do. Let the humble man of God be a man of much prayer, and have his mind constantly impressed with this truth, "That all the good that is done in the earth, the Lord doeth it." Let him have his heart full of the love of

God, and his zeal burning for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; let him constantly have with him the spirit of his work, and be found preaching *everywhere*, and instructing the children, and visiting the sick and dying; let him be particularly attentive to those who labor under clouds of temptations, or are in any trouble; let him visit from house to house, and take good care of the lambs of the flock, and be a good nurse to young converts, encouraging them, and comforting them under their doubts, and temptations, and various new trials; let him exhort believers everywhere to follow after holiness, and set them a good example; let him visit the classes, and attend prayer meetings, and everywhere kindle or blow up the flame of vital piety; let him attend to sabbath schools, and all the little things belonging to Methodism—and he will be very useful, and his labors of love will be recorded on high, and the fruit will be seen when he is gone. Though he may not be popular, his work will endure the fire, for it is not "wood, hay, stubble;" and it will be a pleasant thing to follow such a brother.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR BROTHER,—If you indorse all that I have written, or may write, on popularity, I shall fear more for your popularity than my own. A great many years ago, I was acquainted with a preacher who labored a whole year on a station, and was very popular, for he was a "most splendid" preacher; but, it is to be feared, he was a poor pastor, and no disciplinarian. He sometimes ventured a little too far from the old beaten path into the regions of speculation; where it was not always profitable or safe to follow him. At conference, when the numbers were called for, he said, "I have forgotten them; but, I suppose, about the same as last year, for we have taken none in, nor turned any out."

No one need envy those who have to follow some popular preachers, unless they should be popular themselves. Some of these splendid preachers take all the religion of their converts with them; for as soon as they are gone, the converts go also. It is true, their hearers may weep for their loss; but it is too much in the spirit of Micah, who wept when he said, "They have taken away my gods, and what have I more?"

No doubt but they are converted to the preacher, as well as by him; but they could not have been converted to God, or they would have

loved him, though their favorite preacher was gone. They could not have been converted to the truth, or they would have loved the truth, because it is truth. They would have loved the cause of God, because it is his cause; or, like Moses, they would have loved the people of God, because they are his people.

And is it any wonder that popular preachers have such converts, when our blessed Saviour himself, at a certain time, had a number of such converts? But he did not approve of them. He knew the work was not yet well done, and brought his heart-searching and soul-humbling doctrine home to them. They were offended, and went away, saying, "These are hard sayings; who can hear them?" This must have been a great shock to his real disciples. If such a thing was to happen in our day, the preacher would be charged with driving away the congregation, and doing more harm than ever he did good. "What a pity," says one, "to blast such a prospect, and drive away such a congregation!" Our Lord turned to his disciples, and said, "Will ye also go away?" But they understood these things a little better, and replied, "To whom shall we go? for thou hast the words of eternal life." They loved the words of eternal life more than all the loaves and fishes.

"Popular"—Is it any wonder that our people look for popular preaching, when it is in so many preachers' mouths? A preacher is sent to a cir-

cuit, or perhaps a popular station. Now in every station there are some who are set up as judges of preaching; and it seems they are not only to judge for themselves, but for the whole congregation. They hear the preacher with a critic's ear, and perhaps never think of praying for him. After the service is over, many are anxious to hear the judges decide on the preacher. "Well," says one, "what do you think of the preacher? Will he do?" "O! he is splendid; the sermon was a most splendid display of talent, indeed! He will be very popular, and command large congregations." It runs from one to another through the whole society, from the least to the greatest; and it is splendor all round. But, perhaps, another is sent to the same, or some other congregation, where the judges decide unfavorably; and the preacher's usefulness is greatly injured, and it will be a long time before he can rise above it, if at all. The judges of good preaching say, "He may be a good man, but he is a man of no talents. He can't preach, and never will be popular among us; he might do for some other people, but he won't do for us; he will preach away all the congregation." "But," says one who has a little mind of his own, and claims the liberty of judging for himself, "I thought he preached a very plain, excellent sermon, and there was a great deal of unction in it, and a good state of feeling in the congregation." "O yes," says the judge, "he may

do somewhere else; but he wont do for us." The decision of the judges is handed from one to another, until the very *small fry* join in the cry, "He can't preach; he is not popular." Now, this is a very strange thing, indeed, that the conference, with the bishop at their head, who have examined him from year to year, and the thousands upon thousands who have heard him with pleasure and profit for so many years, should all be mistaken. And what is still more surprising is, that the great Head of the church should make such a mistake, and send out a man to preach that can't preach; and add scores of seals to his ministry, too, and some of them as wise and as good judges of preaching as those who now sit in judgment on him. But, still "he can't preach;" and, of course, ought not to try to preach before such splendid judges, and to such a refined congregation!

For a man never to go out of his way, or hear a preacher out of his own church, or stated place of worship, is bigotry. It may sometimes be done to profit and edification. But what we reprobate is the constant racing after new preachers, and being never satisfied unless some new preacher, or some new thing, is heard. Such hearers of the word are mostly unstable as water, and never to be depended upon. They "never excel," either in holiness, or holy living. Those, after all, are the best hearers, and the greatest friends to the preachers and the cause of God, who regularly fill

their seats in the house of God, because *it is* the house of God; and when they hear the word, hear it *as the word of God*, and give it a place in a good and honest heart. Such will be profited by every gospel sermon. And when a new preacher comes to their house, they hear him with pleasure, and profit by the word; not because he is new, but because he brings the word of salvation. And they have the gratification to reflect, (for they think of all these little things,) that they are in their own place, and do not crowd other people out of their seats; or intrude on those who ought to have the privilege of hearing the stranger in their own house. Many of these racers after great preachers are, after all, no better judges of good preaching than other people.

Some years ago, when a great preacher was in Baltimore, a report was circulated that he was to preach in a certain church, and a number went out that night to hear him; some for the first time. But the trumpet gave an uncertain sound that time; of course the preacher did not come. A young man, who *would be* a preacher, was put up. I knew him; he was a very poor thing, indeed. He had confidence enough, and also a few *big words*. Some ladies had procured very conspicuous seats in the gallery, and they thought themselves very fortunate indeed. While the young orator was displaying his talents, one of these ladies said to another, "Ain't that grand?" and

when he gave another burst of his oratory, "Is not that splendid?" and then again, "*Did* you *ever* hear the like?" All this very much amused some ladies who sat behind them, and were in the secret, who afterward told of them. I knew a preacher who was heard for the eloquent and heavenly-minded Summerfield. The young, and almost beardless preacher, was heard with great attention; and not a little applause was bestowed by some gentlemen, while the discourse was delivering, as well as afterward; but when they found out their mistake, they went away, and said, "They never heard such poor preaching at a camp meeting before." So much for judges of great preaching.

The official members of a certain station were holding a council about their next preacher, or who would be sent to them. One said, "We must have a man that will visit the members of the church, and attend to them, or we shall run down. We need a revival among ourselves." "O!" says another, "I do not care so much about the members. We must have a preacher that is popular, who will please the people that are not members of the church, and they will help us to pay off our church debt." Methinks I hear the official members in another quarter say, "We are few in number, and mostly poor, and shall never be popular unless we have a splendid church. It is true Mr. Wesley said, and, indeed, made a rule of it, 'Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and

with free seats; but not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable; otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us. But if so, we must be dependent on them—yea, and governed by them. And then farewell Methodist discipline, if not doctrine too.' But the old gentleman lived many years behind the improvements of the age; and never cared anything about popularity, or costliness, or grandeur, in the worship of God. He had no taste, and was an old croaker, and so was Asbury, too. If they had lived in our day, they would have caught some of the spirit of the times. We must have a grand church, cost what it will. Rich men are necessary, for they have the cash—and money we must have. We must have *scaffold poles.* Scaffolding is necessary, or we never can carry up our costly church, with a high steeple, and splendid bell to chime them to the house of God. And we will have nice pews for their accommodation, and they are well able to pay for them. We must have an organ, and other instruments of music, too, to please their taste, and delight their ears, and cheer their hearts. Above all, we must have a talented, and most splendid preacher, that will *study hard* to please them, and keep the congregation together. We do not intend to exclude the poor, for we will have some free seats. To be sure, they will not be pews, but seats; yet they are good enough for those who cannot pay for a pew;

and, if they are humble, as poor people ought to be, and in earnest about their souls, they will sit on them."

I have done; and must now say to my dear doctor, that ever since I have been writing on the bishop's text, and about popularity, I have been like an ignorant and unskillful mariner that has been driven out to sea, and soon driven out of his latitude. Chills have come over me, and I have felt strange sensations about my heart. True, if I were to write all the notions that have come into my head about popularity, I should scribble on awhile longer.

I hope some one will take it up; for I am quite serious when I say, this itching for popularity is a dangerous leaven, that, if not checked, will leaven the whole lump; and will greatly embarrass our superintendency, and destroy our itinerancy. In your controversy with our reforming brother, you took the ground: "That sacrifice was made, on the part of the people and preachers, mutual and voluntary sacrifice. When either party refuse to make this sacrifice freely, for the general good, they depart from the old Methodistical plan, and cramp the superintendency, and strike a deadly blow at the itinerancy."

I used to wonder why some of your correspondents wrote such long pieces, when everything really necessary could be said in half the words, and only take up half the space in your paper.

But my wonder is at an end; for when we scribblers once begin, it is hard to find a stopping place. I have got safe to land, and I mean to stay there; and carry out my simple narrative a little further.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR BROTHER,—I now resume my narrative. Our conference broke up on the first of May. On the second I left Alexandria, in company with some of the preachers, who took me to Mr. Scott's, on the Elkridge, where we found a family of young people, all single, living together. Frederick, the eldest brother, had charge of the family. They were all pious, except Frederick; and he was remarkably kind to us. At night we had a divine shower in time of family prayer. The girls were shouting happy. Brother Josiah Mercer married into this pious family, and his house has long been the preachers' home. He also has a son in the itinerancy. A few years ago I visited Ellicott's Mills, and put up with brother Mercer, where I met with Frederick, still unconverted, although under some concern about his soul. When we joined in family prayer, I could not help thinking of our first meeting, and the first time some of us joined in family worship, and made mention of the kind Providence that had brought four of us

together again, to wit, Frederick, George, sister Mercer, and myself. I believe Frederick's heart was touched. On Sunday morning, while I was preaching, he was much broken up. I was prevailed on to try to preach again at night; the word went like a sword to his heart. He cried aloud for mercy, and came to the altar of prayer, where he made a full surrender of himself to God, and found peace to his soul. There was joy in heaven and upon earth at the conversion of this aged man; and I feel thankful that I was in any degree an instrument in the conversion of one whom I have known so many years, and for whom I always had a kind regard.

On the 6th of May I rode to Baltimore, and had my lodging with William Ashman, Esq. I was a stranger to him, but was received as a minister of Christ, by one of the kindest families I ever lodged with in Baltimore, or anywhere else. On the 7th of May our General Conference opened. Dr. Coke was not present. I made no notes, and have very little recollection of what was done, for I was so imprudent as to lay aside my winter stockings, and put on thin ones. Shortly after conference began, going one evening with my old friend Newcomer to a friend's house, we were caught in a heavy shower of rain, and I got wet, particularly my legs and feet, and sat all the evening in my wet clothes in a room where there was no fire. I went to bed with a chill, and a

fever ensued. When I returned to my lodging next day I had a return of the rheumatism, and I never had it so bad before. I was confined to bed, not able to rise, or even turn in bed, without help. Several of the preachers came to see me, also some of our Baltimore friends, among whom was Joseph Owens, then quite a young man, who brought me a bottle of the essence of mustard. Dr. Wilkins was called to me, I believe at Bishop Asbury's request. The doctor prescribed; and when I was able to get along on crutches, I went to his house, and he advised me to get electrified. I did so, and have never had the rheumatism very bad since. Here my acquaintance with Dr. Wilkins began, and I felt grateful for his kind attention; but he has brought me under still greater obligations since. Old brother Wilkins, the doctor's father, was among the first converts to Methodism in the city of Annapolis. He was awakened to a sense of his danger as a sinner, and his need of salvation, by reading "Baxter's New Testament with Notes," an old neglected book he had in his house for many years, but never found out its value until then. His mind was prepared to profit by Methodist preaching. He soon found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; attached himself to the Methodist society, and became a very active and useful member. He afterward removed to Baltimore, where I first saw him. He died in great peace many years since.

Father Wilkins' eldest son, William, was a merchant, and for many years a prominent member in the Light-street congregation. His house was Bishop M'Kendree's home, (after the doctor left the city,) where he was revered and nursed, as a father by his children. Brother William was called hence in the midst of prosperity and usefulness. His widow is still living, and I believe takes a lively interest and an active part in all the benevolent and charitable institutions of our church.

Dr. Wilkins married the daughter of Samuel Owings, Esq., an early convert of Bishop Asbury, and a member of the first class ever organized in Baltimore. He was the intimate and particular friend of Bishop Asbury for many years. I was often at his house, for there the preachers were always welcome. I found him to be a man of God, and a father in our Israel, and a very fine sample of the primitive Baltimore Methodists. Brother Owings' first wife was piously inclined long before she heard the Methodists. It was a very dark day in religious matters, few knew anything about experimental religion; but she was in earnest, and followed the best light she had—was led to the cross of Christ, and enabled to believe in him to the saving of her soul. This joyful news she communicated to her parson. Alas! he did not understand her case, and thought she was losing her senses; but when she heard the Me-

thodists, she found to her joy that they perfectly understood her case, and she presently made choice of them as her people, though everywhere spoken against. She afterward became a very active and useful member of the society, a leader of a female class, much beloved by the members, and highly esteemed by all who knew her. She died as she lived, a pattern of piety.

I must here record, that I deem it as one of the kindest dispensations of Providence toward me, that when I could get along no longer as an effective laborer in the Lord's vineyard I was directed to call a halt here, where I have Dr. Wilkins as one of my nearest neighbors; and have had his professional services in my family ever since I have lived here, without fee or reward. Once he (under God) raised my dear wife from the gates of death. Some years ago I had the cholera, and should have slipped out of the world before many of my neighbors knew that I was ill, if it had not been for the doctor's skill and unremitted attention. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."*

On the 23d of May our General Conference adjourned; and on the 4th of June I was able to leave the house of my kind host, and set out for Winchester circuit. They (the Baltimore friends)

* Dr. Wilkins, the friend of Asbury and M'Kendree, is no longer with us. He has gone to join his old associates in glory.

had much trouble as well as expense with me. May Heaven reward their kindness!

On the 5th I got safe back to Winchester circuit, and entered heartily into my year's labor. We had some success and some trouble. It was a year of great affliction and death through that country. We, however, appointed a camp meeting on the land of John Devenport, Esq., head of Bullskin, Jefferson county, to commence on the 10th of August. This was the first camp meeting, properly so called, that was ever held in that part of Virginia, and continued for nine days. We had but a small encampment, but a great crowd of people about us. For this meeting I drew up the first rules I ever saw, or heard read on a camp ground, and some of them are still in use. Daniel Hitt was our presiding elder. We were pretty well supplied with ministerial help. S. G. Roszel, James Smith, Thomas Budd, and others, were present; among them was Richard Swift, one of the first Methodist preachers I became acquainted with. He had been a traveling preacher for many years, but broke down, as did most of the early preachers, located, and married in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown. He was a very able and successful minister of Jesus Christ. He was one of my nursing fathers when I first traveled Berkley circuit, in the fall and winter of 1793. He came to our meeting, and preached from, "Enoch walked with God, and he was not,

for God took him." He was much drawn out and animated, and preached his last sermon. He came in the morning, and returned in the evening sick of a bilious fever, and soon died. A fine text and sermon to finish off with. Benjamin Boydstone, another of my nursing fathers, was there. He did not come to stay, but was so delighted with the meeting that he left us with reluctance, and in tears; for we had no accommodation for any one, and but little for ourselves. This good man was a Methodist in the revolutionary war, and suffered much persecution for conscience' sake. He was an exhorter when I first knew him. He afterward became a preacher, and outlived all his enemies; for who did not believe that Benny Boydstone, and his intelligent and heavenly minded wife, were *saints* long before they died? They both lived to a good old age.

Two young ladies came from the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, intending to return that evening. One of them was happily converted on the camp ground, and the other left the ground under deep conviction. When they got a few miles from our little camp, her distress became so great that they called a halt in the road, (for they were in a carriage,) when the Lord powerfully converted her soul. They forgot all about accommodation, or anything to eat, and returned in all haste to the camp ground. It was about sunset when they came in shouting. I was lying in the

tent sick, but heard a most tremendous shout in the camp. I raised my aching head, and inquired of one the cause, and was told the other Miss Graham had got converted on the road, and they had both returned shouting happy. This was enough to make a sick man well. Our meeting resulted in the conversion of upward of sixty souls, and many professors very much quickened. We had much rain, and were but poorly provided for it. On the fifth day I was obliged to leave the ground, by a bilious fever, which became very prevalent throughout the country about this time; and some were foolish enough to lay it to the camp meeting. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR BROTHER,—I said in my last, that foolish people blamed our camp meeting for the fever that broke out about that time. But so remarkably did kind Providence favor us, that not one who stayed on the ground, even one night, died of the fever. I had it very severely, and was confined to my bed and room for eleven weeks. I had three physicians with me, but men and means seemed to avail nothing. Life was despaired of, and eternity seemed to be disclosed to view. I was not afraid to die; for I saw my way clear. But I had a desire to live, only that

I might suffer a little more in the cause of my beloved Saviour, who had suffered so much for me; and, if possible, win a few more souls to him. It occurred to me that the Saviour was the same now that he had ever been; and that he had the same control over all diseases now that he ever had; and if it were his will, he could restore without as well as by means. I cried mightily to the Lord, and I am sure that he heard me; and I received faith to believe that it would be so. The fever was rebuked, and I began to mend from that hour. I was filled with unspeakable joy, and never lost my confidence that I should recover; and still believe that I was restored in answer to prayer. But my memory received such a shock in that affliction, that it has never recovered. For some time all recollection of the past was entirely obliterated, and I was an infant. And from that time a kind of confusion of ideas, and embarrassment, have come over me occasionally. This I have felt often in public speaking.

Our annual conference, for the year 1805, was held in Winchester; and began on the first of April. Forty-one members of conference were in attendance. We sat in an upper room, at brother George Reed's. The conference proved a blessing to Winchester and that region of country, although we had no great work in the congregation at the time. The preachers' horses were kept free of expense by our country friends.

From that conference I received my appointment to Calvert circuit, Maryland; the bishop said, "to cure me of the rheumatism." I preached my first sermon at mother Simmonds's, on the 14th of April, being Easter Sunday. One sinner, at least, was awakened, and afterward became a local preacher. I felt myself quite at home among those dear, simple-hearted, and loving people; and had a fair prospect of a pleasant and prosperous year. Here I saw and conversed with many of the first converts to Methodism in Maryland. The religious experience of many of them was very entertaining, as well as edifying. I heard them talk with great affection about their first preachers; particularly Jonathan Forrest, John Haggerty, and many others; for I think I never saw a people who loved their preachers better. In this circuit I found brother Job Guest, then quite a stripling. How time rolls away! It seems to me like yesterday when I saw him coming to meeting with his pious father and mother; and now his head is as gray as mine. He had just begun to speak in public. I took him by the hand, gave him license to exhort, encouraged him to hold religious meetings, and to "go ahead." I was reappointed to Calvert circuit, in 1812, when, at the request of one of the bishops, I collected the materials for an historical sketch of the introduction and progress of Methodism in that country. The

Weems, Woods, Dorseys, and many others of the first converts, were then living. I kept no copy of it, and it is gone for ever. I was removed from that circuit after the first quarter, and sent to take Mr. R. Williston's place in Fredericktown. Brother John Pitts had been there the year before, and had a gracious work, and a fine addition to the society; but Mr. W. was not of the same spirit, and had actually made arrangements to leave us, and take a church in New-York. I found the society completely divided, brother against brother. The preacher was popular with the people of the world. Some of the Methodists were delighted to have it so; and seemed to think they were getting to be popular also. But a part of the society did not go with the preacher in his popular course, and there were divisions among them. I heard Mr. Williston preach his valedictory. It breathed anything but love toward those whom he esteemed his enemies in the society. As I was not "pop-lar," I had my difficulties, and never felt at home there; and kind Providence opened the way for my release after the next quarter.

I returned to Winchester circuit, and also went a few rounds on old Berkley circuit, where I found many of my fathers and mothers still alive and holding on their way. This year I was an itinerant indeed; for I had one station and three

circuits. But it was a matter of no consequence to me how often I was changed; for I could gather up my all in a few hours, and be off.

Our conference for 1806 was held in Baltimore, and opened on Friday, March 14th. We had a very pleasant session, and a gracious work in the congregations. I heard Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat both preach on the necessity of entire sanctification. The word sunk deep into my heart; and, thank the Lord, it is still there.

More than ever yours, &c.,

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XX.

DEAR BROTHER,—In the Baltimore circuit I had brother D. Fidler for my colleague. He is one of the very few of my old colleagues who are still living. It is pleasant to call to remembrance old fellow-laborers. He was a few years older in the ministry than myself; but for some reasons, not known to me, the charge of the circuit was put into my hands; and I felt it to be a heavy charge indeed. I am sure that I never entered more sincerely and heartily into the spirit of my work. "Holiness to the Lord" was my motto—justification, the witness of the Spirit in the believer's heart, entire sanctification by faith,

were my themes by day and by night, and subjects of conversation with professors of religion everywhere. This was decidedly the best circuit I had ever traveled—*few preaching places, short rides, good accommodation, and sure pay.* We had sixteen week-day appointments, and four regular Sunday appointments, and occasional appointments in the afternoon or night; but we were not idle.

I wish to be distinctly understood, that in making the following remarks I have no quarrel with the preachers who have traveled Baltimore circuit, or anywhere else. We have lived and labored together like brethren, and I have received more tokens of love and friendship from them than I deserve, and I declare that I intend nothing personal. I fix upon this circuit merely because I am best acquainted with things here, (it being my present residence,) and, from what I hear and see, it stands about on a par with many other circuits. I view myself as standing on ground between effective itinerants and local ministers, and the membership, and can disinterestedly and impartially look on both sides. The circuit, since 1806, has been divided, or cut up, and some important appointments have been taken off, and with them considerable pecuniary resources. Some of our important and wealthy members have died, and others have removed, which has left the circuit rather weak. The membership were more nu-

merous and able in 1806 than now, yet the whole amount of money raised for all purposes could not have amounted formerly to more than six hundred dollars; yet all claims were met, and now it requires more than double that sum to meet the expenses of the circuit alone. It has been regretted by the stewards and others that they have sometimes had to send their preachers to conference deficient. This has no doubt been for the want of uniformity in carrying our system into effect, by which every one should come up to his duty. If this were done there would be no lack, and no cause of complaint on the part of the preachers or people. I know something about old and new times in Methodism. I do not like the distinction between old and new Methodism; for, thank the Lord, our Methodism is still the same. After all that has been said and written in favor of building parsonages, and making provision for the preachers and their families, much remains to be done on some circuits. But may I be permitted to institute an inquiry here, whether our people have not, in some things, gone ahead of some of their preachers? One of the strongest arguments in favor of dividing circuits went to prove that the preachers had too much riding and preaching to do, and had no time for study or pastoral visits. The necessity of pastoral visits has been justly and strongly urged; and it is said that the pastor should visit from house to house,

and become personally acquainted with every family of his charge, and every member of his flock. All this sounds delightfully to the ear, and reads well on paper. But has it been done better since we have had small circuits than when we had large ones? Let the stewards and people, who know, speak out on this subject. And let the inquiry be made, whether the people see their preachers more frequently, or know more about them, or receive more pastoral visits, or *any kind* of visits, from them, than they did when the circuits were large.

We further inquire whether the few week-day appointments that are left on these circuits are better attended to, and more faithfully served, than when the circuits were large; and whether the classes are met as regularly, and their meetings made as spiritual and profitable, as formerly? Doctor, you have been a country Methodist long enough to know that if a preacher were to study his sermon a whole week, and then preach it by rote two hours long, we country people would not be satisfied without a good class meeting at the close. We would make another inquiry, whether the preachers on some small circuits ride fewer miles than the preachers did when the circuits were large? and whether they travel less on the sabbath-day? I make no further inquiries for the present. It would be well for the church, and also well for the preachers, if the bishops and conferences

would inquire into the matter. And let no one denounce me as a croaker until he has fully investigated this subject, and found me guilty. The spirit of enterprise, industry, and zeal, on the part of the preachers in these old circuits, is as necessary as the spirit of liberality, on the part of the people, to keep up the work. The Discipline tells the preacher that he is not to satisfy himself with preaching so many sermons, or going through a dull round of duty, but his business is to save as many souls as he can. This is his high and holy calling; and when an itinerant's heart is in this work, it is the most honorable and delightful work under heaven; but when the heart is not in this blessed work, it amounts to little more than a profession, and becomes the greatest drudgery of any profession in the world, and should be abandoned as soon as possible, for it is as yet a poor money-making business. A Methodist preacher is not only to go to those that want him, but also to those who need him most. A preacher should never wait for an invitation to visit any Methodist family in the bounds of his charge. This is framing an excuse for the neglect of duty. Methodist preachers have the affections and confidence of their people. Let them see that they keep them; for when the people are slighted or neglected they feel it, and it shakes their confidence, cools their love, and they sometimes draw their purse strings tight enough. No matter how much they preach,

dun, and scold, it avails nothing. They may talk of the justice of their claim, and they in their turn will think, and even talk, of the justice of their claim on their pastor's services.

When I first traveled on this circuit we had only five meeting-houses; three of them were very good for those days, and two smaller ones; but no parsonage, and hardly any thought of having such a thing. And now we have eight good meeting-houses, and still two small ones; the old meeting-houses having either been rebuilt, or much improved. There is also a pretty good parsonage and lot; but we very much need another.*

Our week-day preaching was mostly in private houses, and these houses were sometimes crowded. We had a gracious work, particularly among professors of religion. In many of the classes there was a great concern for a deeper work of grace, and some professed to be renewed in love, or filled with perfect love, and I have no reason to doubt that they enjoyed the blessing.

Here I became acquainted with William Lynch, one of the first American preachers. He had been in the traveling connection, and no doubt had been very useful in early times. I thought him a man of good preaching abilities, and rather uncommon

* Since this was written, a very comfortable house, heretofore occupied by one of the preachers of the circuit, with a good garden, has been left to the church, by the will of brother John Sumwalt, of Reisterstown.

conversational powers. I was very much delighted to hear him converse, particularly on holiness. He died that year, and had a severe conflict in his last sickness. I visited him frequently in his affliction, and it is believed he came off victorious in the end. He was a native of Baltimore county.

While on this circuit I also became acquainted with another old soldier of the cross, namely, James O. Crummell. He was with Freeborn Garrettson in Nova Scotia after the revolutionary war; and his labors and sufferings had been great. He was an humble, sweet-spirited old man; though his mind was very much impaired, and he the mere shadow of what he had been. He still preached occasionally. He now rests from his labors, and is free from all his infirmities. We must all wait patiently until our appointed time comes; but it is rather desirable than otherwise to

"Cease at once to work and live."

I take great pleasure in noticing these old pioneers that fell in my way; and had I then thought that it would ever fall to my lot to write anything respecting them, I should have been prepared to furnish more instructive and entertaining anecdotes.

Most sincerely, your affectionate brother,

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you, as a part of my narrative, a short and imperfect sketch of an old Methodist family. I feel myself not only incompetent, but unworthy, to touch such subjects; but my motives are pure, and my intentions are good.

In the last of April, 1800, the night before the Baltimore Annual Conference began, at the Stone Chapel, in Baltimore circuit, I, in company with Daniel Hitt, and others from the west, came to Robert North Carnan's house. It was late when we came in; and, although they were already crowded, they took us in for the night. There we found Bishop Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, Jesse Lee, Joseph Everett, Daniel Hall, and others. I was struck at once with the hospitality of the family. Brother Carnan was all attention to the preachers; our meek-spirited sister Carnan moved among them with a cheerful countenance; and little Betsey, their daughter, was all animation and delight; for that dear family were never better pleased than when they had the preachers with them.

Mr. Carnan took an active part in our revolutionary struggle. Toward the close of the war, Mrs. Carnan attended Methodist preaching, and was awakened to a sense of her sinfulness and

danger, and attached herself as a seeker of religion to that despised society. One day, in a class meeting, Edward Owens, one of the first American preachers, examined her closely respecting the witness of the Spirit. She was very much hurt, as she thought he knew she did not profess it. She was tempted to think he did not treat her well. But, on reflection, concern for her soul increased, and conviction was deepened in her heart. She sought with all her heart, and found redemption through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of her sins. The consolation was strong, and her joy was great. She lived a shining light, and died a peaceful death. Mr. C. was too considerate and kind a husband to oppose his wife in anything that was reasonable, especially where conscience was concerned. He, however, thought he could jest and laugh her out of these strange notions; but while he was trying to laugh Methodism out of his wife's head, it gradually and almost imperceptibly found way into his heart, and he became seriously concerned about his soul; and, what increased his distress, he was at that time concerned in a famous horse-race; for he was a man of the world, and fond of the sports of the turf. He did not see how he could back out; and in going forward he had an awakened conscience to contend with. I do not know how he finally settled this matter between interest, honor, and an enlightened conscience; but in this state of perplexity and

distress of mind he consulted his parson, (for he was a member of the Church of England,) told him that he wished to save his soul and get to heaven, and inquired what he should do to be saved. The parson gave him a moral lecture, and directed him to the means of grace, &c.; and then told him if he would do these things he was sure of heaven; and, it seems, added, "If there is anything more in religion, I do not know it." Mr. C.'s mind was already too much enlightened to rest in these "outward things," and he thirsted to find solid rest to his soul. He was led to the cross of his Saviour; and there he believed with the heart unto righteousness, and found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. His evidence of this gracious change was bright, his confidence was strong, and his heart was full of love to overflowing. This great change took place at the close of the revolutionary war. The parson came to dine with Mr. C., and brought the news of peace with England. When they were seated at the dinner table, the parson said, "Mr. Carnan, have you heard the glorious news of peace?" "No," said Mr. C.; "but I have found peace to my soul; peace with God; and you don't know anything about this, for you told me so." This went like a dagger to the poor parson's heart; and he laid down his knife and fork, and ate no dinner. This would be considered rather impolite, if not rude, in our day. But the first Methodists

were a little impolite in this thing. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law, was so new to them, and the glorious plan of salvation by faith in Christ was to them so simple and plain, and so well suited to a sinner's condition, and the evidence of their conversion was generally so bright, and their love so strong—that they would be talking about it everywhere, and to every one they met with; and where they could not talk about their religion they would not go; or if business called them into company, they went away as soon as it was done.

The news of these strange things soon reached the ears of Mr. C.'s mother, (then Mrs. Johnson,) and was a source of affliction to her. She sent her trusty son Charles, in all haste, to reclaim her deluded son Robert; and, if possible, cure him of his Methodism. When he came to the house, the door was shut; for Mr. Robert Carnan and his wife were gone to a Methodist meeting. Mr. Charles Carnan no doubt looked strange, and felt still stranger, while he said, "This looks like Methodism, sure enough;" but still, having hope of success, he waited until they returned. The brothers met in the yard. Robert said to Charles, "O brother Charles, I never was so glad to see you in all my life!" and threw his arms around his neck, and wept for joy. Presently he began to tell his brother how great things the Lord had done for him. Charles was disarmed and conquered at

once. I do not know what further took place between the two brothers; but Charles returned home, and no doubt with a full heart. The mother was all anxiety to hear how Charles had succeeded. In my imagination I see the old lady, and hear her say, "Well, Charles, what success?" Charles, with a sad countenance, says, "O, ma, Bob is right." The same as to say, We are all wrong, and Bob is right. This was worse and worse. To send one son to cure another of Methodism, and he to come back deeply infected with the same disease. About this time R. N. Carnan and Caleb Bosley attached themselves to the Methodist Society: perhaps they joined the same day. Brother Carnan soon began to pray in public, and exhort his neighbors and acquaintances to seek the Lord; and he and his yoke-fellow, brother Bosley, went far and near to hold meetings. David Gorsuch, some time after this, joined the little band; and great good was done through their instrumentality.

I believe brother C. was one of the first in Baltimore county who liberated his slaves; and he did it from a sense of duty. We then had no rule on the subject of slavery. One of the oldest American preachers said to me one day, "We did more good, and got more slaves free, when we had no rules about it, than we have done since we have had rules;" and this brother never owned a slave in his life.

Brother C. was a man of a good sound mind,

and of sterling worth. He was very zealous in the cause of God, and gave a very fine tone to Methodism in Baltimore county. He must have been an exhorter, class-leader, and steward, for more than fifty years; and did more for Methodism than any other man in Baltimore county. He might be called the father of Baltimore circuit. In 1802 he lost his excellent wife—a great loss indeed; not only to him and his children, but to the society and neighborhood. He afterward married the widow Ennals, of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

In the spring of 1806 I was appointed to the Baltimore circuit. I came on deeply impressed with the necessity of entire sanctification. I soon found my way to brother C.'s, and rejoiced to learn that sister C. professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love; and, although brother C. did not profess to enjoy that blessing in its fullness, yet I thought he lived up to it. To these dear friends I opened my mind freely and fully, and they were like Aquila and Priscilla to me; they taught me the way of the Lord more perfectly; and I always found it both pleasant and profitable to be with them. Brother Carnan had his crosses and trials, but who ever heard him complain of them? This was a remarkable trait in his character. He bore his burdens without complaint, and spread them all before the Lord. After the death of his second wife, and his beloved daughter Betsey, he gradu-

ally sunk under the weight of affliction and age. I saw him about ten days before his death, still holding fast his confidence, and patiently waiting till his change should come. We were not apprehensive of immediate danger; but the next time I heard of him he had finished his course. Betsey Carnan was made a subject of converting grace in early life, and was truly pious; of a delicate constitution, and a child of affliction. She was intelligent, of a lively and cheerful disposition, communicative and animated in conversation, very fond of books, and had a great stock of information. She was a great admirer of Dr. Clarke's Commentary. I heard her say, "If I were obliged to part with Dr. Clarke's Commentary, or all the other books in the world, I would say, Give me Dr. Clarke and take all the rest." She was never married. She suffered a great deal in her last affliction; but the consolations of religion were her support through life and in death. I am indebted to brother Joshua Wells* for the most interesting part of this sketch. He was Mr. C.'s storekeeper, and lived in the family at the time of their conversion, and found peace the night after Mrs. Carnan's happy conversion.†

* The Rev. J. Wells, of the Baltimore Conference.—Ed.

† The senior editor had the happiness to be acquainted with the family, whose memory is so precious to brother Smith. In the years 1800 and 1801, during a great revival of religion, it was a common thing for all, who in that

Martin Tschudy's was one of our preaching places in Baltimore circuit, where we had a large class. Here the preachers had one of their best homes. Father T. was a man of few words, but as honest and steady as the day was long. Mother

neighborhood were under concern about the salvation of their souls, to gather, of evenings, at father Carnan's, "where prayer was wont to be made;" and a great number found the pearl of great price. When any were known to have been at Robert Carnan's, their worldly acquaintances gave them up as "clean gone;" and so generally did this opinion obtain, that among the ungodly his domicil went by the familiar soubriquet of "the trap;" for their companions were almost sure to be caught in the gospel net if they frequented it. The first thing which struck a stranger, upon visiting this family, was the patriarchal air of everything he saw. Here was everything for comfort, but nothing for show. The farm was large, and wonderfully productive; so that there was abundance for the supply of both man and beast; and from the heads of the family to the humblest domestic, all seemed to consider hospitality as a leading concern in their arrangements; while the venerable patriarch, the "pater familias," the father of the family, with a countenance always cheerful, and expressing the inward peace and satisfaction of his soul, inspired all who beheld him with corresponding feelings. We used to look on him with a veneration wholly indescribable; but it was such as would have impressed us, had we been present when Jacob blessed his children. We longed that he should lay his hand upon us, and bless us also; and we feel, even now, that he is gathered to his kindred patriarchs in heaven, something the richer, that he often did bless us, and pray that we might be faithful to the end.—*Edit. of Christ. Adv. and Jour.*

T. was one of the excellent of the earth; deeply experienced in the things of God, and a mother to the preachers. Their daughter Barbara was the preachers' nurse when sick, and much devoted to God. This family was a pattern of order, neatness, piety, and hospitality. At the General Conference, in 1800, I saw Charles Burgoon, one of the members of conference, then pretty well worn down by hard labor and affliction. Seriousness, bordering on sadness, was depicted in his countenance. He put up with this pious family in his affliction, where he was nursed and taken care of. He was subject to dejection, and severe temptation, but the grace of God was all-sufficient. Under the hospitable roof of this excellent family he met the last enemy, and conquered; and he will ultimately be proclaimed victorious, through Him who is "the resurrection and the life." They buried him in the grave-yard, not three hundred yards from where I am writing, but no one can point out his grave with any certainty. No matter, the Lord knows where his ashes rest in peace, and he will find him "in the great rising day." Barbara first followed the preacher. Father Tschudy suffered much, with great patience, and went hence also. The dear old mother suffered and labored until a few years past, finished her heavenly race, and left the world in great peace.

Joseph Perregoy was leader of the class at Tschudy's for many years. He lived upward of

eighty years, had been a member of the church more than fifty years, and was a man of unblemished character and deep piety. The few last years of his life his mind was entirely gone on every subject but religion. He went to the house of God as long as he was able; and though a child in everything else, in class meeting and love-feast, and when called upon to pray, he was still like himself. We buried him a few weeks ago. He was beloved by the pious, respected by all in life, and honored in death. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR BROTHER,—You have been much better and longer acquainted with the families and persons noticed in the following communication than I have, and can easily correct me where I am wrong.

On October the 7th, 1806, I left brother Carnan's, in company with D. Hitt, our presiding elder, sister Betsey Carnan, and others, to attend a camp meeting, to be held on Mr. Kell's (now Mr. King's) land, near the Bellair road, and for the first time saw Perry Hall, the seat of Harry Dorsey Gough, Esq. When we got in sight of the house, (and it could be seen afar off,) I felt some strange sensations. I had often been happy, and felt myself quite at home in log cabins, but I

did not know how I should feel in that great house. I had seen Mr. and Mrs. Gough, but had no acquaintance with them. I felt myself, however, somewhat at ease in company with Miss Carnan: her father and Mrs. Gough were cousins. We were received in their usual warm and affectionate way, and I was for the first time introduced to that dear family. I soon found that religion, in its native simplicity, dwelt in some great houses, and that some of the rich had been cast in the gospel mold, and came out in the image and likeness of their Lord. Perry Hall was the largest dwelling house I had ever seen; and all the arrangements within and without were tasteful and elegant, yet simplicity and utility seemed to be stamped upon the whole. The garden—containing four acres of ground, orchards, and everything else—was delightful indeed, and looked to me like an earthly paradise. But what pleased me better than anything else, I found a neat chapel attached to the house, with a small cupola, and bell that could be heard all over the farm. In this chapel morning and evening prayers were offered to God. The bell rang about half an hour before prayer, when the manager, and servants from the farm-house and servants' quarters, and garden, together with the inhabitants of the great mansion-house, repaired to the chapel, and sometimes we had fifty persons at prayers. And no wonder, when the whole family consisted

of a hundred souls, including children, or perhaps upward. So large and well-regulated a family I never saw. All seemed to know their place, and duty, and did it. For some reasons we had prayers in the parlor that night, and it was a solemn time. When we rose from prayers all took their seats, and were silent. I was led to talk a little of the excellence of religion, and the beauty of holiness. All were attentive, and some wept; I believe Mr. Gough was in tears. After I was done he came to me, and took my hand in both his, and expressed himself pleased; and from that hour I felt myself at home at Perry Hall. As I have begun to write about this excellent family I will carry it out. Mr. and Mrs. Gough were both awakened under Mr. Asbury's preaching, and they claimed him as their spiritual father. Mr. Gough was young, rich, and gay in disposition, and no doubt in appearance also. But he went, in company with others, to hear that strange man, who preached that men might know their sins forgiven. Mr. Gough said, "The first time I heard him preach I said to myself, when he was done, If you are right, I am wrong; but I will hear you again: the second time I heard him I said, You are right, and I am wrong; and I resolved from that hour to renounce the sinful pleasures of the world, and become a Christian in earnest; and I never rested until I found the Lord in the pardon of my sins." The witness of his justification by faith was satis-

factory, and he rejoiced abundantly in the God of his salvation. Mrs. Gough was powerfully awakened under the first sermon she heard Mr. Asbury preach; I say awakened, because it was the language commonly made use of by the early Methodists. The bishop said to me one day at Perry Hall, "She came in as gay as a butterfly, and I took notice when the word took hold of her." And no doubt the word sunk deep into her heart, and the work was genuine, and well done, and terminated in a sound conversion; for these two young, rich, and gay people, renounced the world, and became members of the first Methodist class organized in Baltimore. The society was small, and withal "very unpopular," and much persecuted, and these young converts shared with the rest. They suffered not a little persecution for conscience' sake in the revolutionary war. I believe Mr. Gough was never cast into prison for preaching, (for he preached occasionally then,) but he was haled before the court, as were several others from Baltimore. I forget how he got off. They raised but one child, a daughter, and a lovely child she must have been. Mrs. Gough said, "I never suffered my child to go into company where I could not go with her; or join in any amusements that I could not join in." When she began to grow up she went with her mother to Col. H's. The young people were greatly delighted with her, and entreated the mother to let Miss Sophia

stay with them, at least one night. She consented for the first time to leave her daughter in gay company, though with reluctance. When Mrs. G. was gone, the card-table was brought forward, and Miss Sophia was of course invited to join in the amusement, for they only played *to pass away time.* She excused herself by saying she did not know how to play; and no wonder, when this was the first pack of cards she had ever seen. "Well," said one of the company, "if you can't play you must cut the cards for us; you must do something." But she knew as little about cutting cards as about playing them, and replied, "That I could do, if I had a pair of scissors." This created mirth, and some laughter. The young lady blushed, and was somewhat confused. The colonel came forward in her defense, and passed some high compliments on her and her pious mother; and afterward told Mrs. Gough, that he could not have thought it possible to bring up a child of her family and fortune so perfectly ignorant of the fashionable amusements of the day. So, then, consistent Christians will be respected, even by the people of the world. Their daughter was married long before I became acquainted with the family. Her husband, James Carroll, Esq., was a gentleman, and among the most affectionate husbands and fathers I ever saw. He was not a Methodist, but a member of the Protestant E. Church. I do not know by what means Mrs.

Carroll was brought to a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Although so moral and religiously educated, her conviction of sin was deep and her distress great. She sought the Lord earnestly in the use of all the means of grace, but found no relief. One day she thought she would sing a hymn, and play the tune on the pianoforte. I think the hymn she sung was "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," &c., and while thus engaged the Holy Comforter descended, brought peace to her troubled soul, and wrote pardon upon her heart. Unbelief gave way, doubts and fears fled before the heavenly light that penetrated her inmost soul, and peace and love sprung up in that heart that had long been the abode of sorrow and fear. She ran in haste to bear the joyful tidings to her parents. They embraced their heaven-born daughter; Mr. Gough shouted aloud; Mrs. Gough wept for joy: who but Christians can know the joy of these three happy souls? Their only child, a child so worthy of their affections and solicitude, a child of much care and many prayers, so happily converted to God. I have known scores to be converted while the friends of Jesus were singing the songs of Zion around them, and some while joining in those songs; but this is the first and only one that I ever heard of getting converted over an instrument of music. But surely no one would infer from this solitary case that instruments of music ought to be introduced

into the house of God to get mourners converted. "But," says one, "this never was the intention of such music in the house of God." What then?

In the spring of 1807 I was appointed to Fells Point (now Great Falls) circuit. Perry Hall was one of our week-day preaching places, where we had two classes, one of whites, and a colored class. The Perry Hall family held their membership in the city, but contributed largely toward the support of the preachers on the circuit. They spent their summers only at Perry Hall.

At the camp meeting I have alluded to, a gracious work broke out among a people most of whom lived in what was called Gen. Ridgeley's wood-cuttings. They were mostly poor people. We had a pretty large class there. John Buck, Esq., was their leader, and he was as a father to them. For many years he has been an active steward in the circuit. He is still living; I saw him last summer [1841] at a camp meeting, very feeble in body, but still pursuing his heavenly course. We preached at Isaac Walters', in what might be called a log cabin. I have not forgotten my first visit to that society. When the hour for preaching drew near, Mr. Gough rode up on horseback, and his family in a coach drawn by four splendid white horses. Some of this was new to me. I had preached in many a log cabin, and had often seen people come to meeting in their buckskin hunting shirts, and moccasins, and often barefooted;

but never before had I seen people drive up in a coach and four to hear a backwoods preacher in a log cabin. I gave out for my text, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c.; and the good Spirit of the Lord descended upon us like showers of rain upon the mown grass. All were in tears; and Mr. Gough and his lady wept as freely as any of them. This is no new thing to you, my dear doctor, for I have seen you weep like a child under very plain preaching. We had a happy class meeting, of course. At the close of the meeting Mr. Gough and his wife took these poor people by the hand, with great cordiality, and rejoiced with and over them. A volume of comments on "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate;" "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich in that he is made low," could not have made it so plain to me as the scene that was passing before my eyes. Here I saw perfect equality in Christ in the house of God. But these dear people were so humble as to think that they were not in every respect Mr. and Mrs. Gough's equals, or fit companions for them in common life. Their education, their circumstances, their callings and habits, all impressed this lesson of humility.*

HENRY SMITH.

* I have dined with some of the poorest of these at Mr. Gough's table, when they had called upon him in the way of business. When they were employed on the farm as labor-

LETTER XXIII.

Dear Brother,—Our house was too small for our week-day congregations; and what was to be done? One said, "We must have a meeting-house." They got up a subscription, and every one subscribed what he felt able to give; for they seemed to think, that they ought first to

ers, or as mechanics, they had their meals with the manager. This would be thought no condescension in some parts of our country; but at that time, and in that community, it was thought to evince a humility which only grace could impart.

Mrs. Gough survived her husband for several years, and still resided at Perry Hall during the summer seasons. During the whole of her widowhood she still held the family devotions in the chapel; and when no praying brother was present she performed the services herself. But when the poorest man in the neighborhood, or who labored on her estate, was present, if he was a praying man, he became her chaplain pro. tem. As her grandchildren grew up, they necessarily brought much company to the house. The son-in-law was among the wealthiest men of the state; and as his family always made a part of the family at Perry Hall, the guests were often from among the elite of society. Yet our good sister took up her cross, and invariably assembled them, night and morning, in the chapel; although she was under the necessity of being her own chaplain. O, she was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile! All—all she had—her fortune, "her soul and body's powers," were consecrated to the service of God.—*Editor of Christian Adv. and Jour.*

do what they could themselves before they called on their neighbors for help. When Mr. Gough heard of it, he went to them, and said, "Take what you have subscribed, and build a school-house to school your children, and I will get you a meeting-house." General Ridgely, of Hampton, Mrs. Gough's brother, gave them an acre of ground for a meeting-house and burying-place; and deeded it to the Methodist Episcopal Church. They set about the work in good earnest. Brother John Buck superintended the work from first to last. Mr. Gough advanced the money, and paid all expenses; and by fall they had a very neat, well-finished log meeting-house, quite large enough for the neighborhood. Mr. Gough called it "Camp-meeting Chapel," to keep in memory the conversion of these people at the camp meeting; which gave rise to the effort to build a meeting-house. I had the pleasure of dedicating it to the service of God; and I believe there has been regular preaching in it ever since. During the last two summers they have had camp meeting near the chapel. At the last, in September, 1841, it was estimated that one hundred and sixty souls were converted, and many believers quickened.

Mr. Gough was liberal, and had the means to be so. He not only gave when called upon, but he sought out objects of charity. He said to me, "One day, as I was passing by Gatches

Meeting-house, I saw the house was unfinished. It came into my mind that it was for want of means. I rode up to the house and inquired, and was told that they had the means, but had neglected to use them; and as I rode back to the road the Lord poured out such a blessing into my soul, and I felt so very happy, that I had a heart to do something for the Lord." Some rich men could pass by such a house many times, and always feel happy if they were not called upon to give anything to finish it.

Mr. Gough was generous, but Mrs. Gough even excelled him in liberality. A short time before she died, she said to me, "My giving time will soon be over. I 'll give, while I have it to give." That was truly a Christian sentiment, and worthy to be written on every Christian's heart. Our giving and doing time will soon be over; and what we leave behind may fall into hands by whom not a cent of it will be given to the Lord; who only intrusted it to us, to make good use of while we have it.

In the spring of 1808, on my way to the General Conference in Baltimore, I met a brother at Ellicott's Mills, who told me that Mr. Gough was dead. I could hardly believe it, but pushed ahead, and had my lodging appointed with my old friend, William Ashman. I had not been there long before I was sent for by Bishop Asbury, who had just returned from the funeral, and said, "Mrs.

Gough wishes to see you;" and he urged me to go without delay. I went to the house of mourning with a heavy heart. Ah, it was the house of mourning, indeed! Mrs. Gough was severely smitten; but it was by the hand of her heavenly Father. She was truly cast down, but not destroyed; mournful, yet rejoicing in hope of a reunion in a better world. She told me her dear Mr. Gough often shouted glory to God on his dying bed; and made a most triumphant exit out of a world of sorrow and pain, into a world of light and glory. She thought my feeble labors, under God, proved such a blessing to him, that it prepared him for such a happy death; and to leave her, she said, was out of the question. I was as well satisfied with my lodging as I could be: but to refuse to gratify an afflicted mother in Israel, under such circumstances, would have been cruel; and from that time her house was my home when in Baltimore, as long as she lived. I saw her a few days before her death. She was not in triumph, yet humbly and confidently waiting till her change came.

Betsey Cassell, a preacher's widow, her faithful companion, was with her to the last. Some people marveled that she did not leave the world shouting; but it never staggered me in the least; for she was not of that cast of mind. Those who are created anew in Christ Jesus, and live right, are sure to die safe, no matter whether their sun

sets fair or under a cloud. She was bold and zealous in the cause of God, yet humble and unassuming. I frequently heard her say, "I have much severity in my nature." That might have been so; but it was seasoned by grace. She seemed to have little patience with professors of religion, who seemed to be ashamed of their religion before the people of the world. She never prayed in public till after Mr. Gough's death. But when she could get no one to pray with her large family, she took up the cross, read a chapter, and gave out a hymn, which was sung, (for she could not sing herself,) and prayed, and so led the worship of God in her family, no matter who was present. She was a woman of firmness, uncommon fortitude, and moral courage. The very day of the battle of North Point, I preached to a few old men, and some females, at the Camp Chapel. She made one of our congregation. The report of the guns was heard very plainly while I was preaching, and the bombs were heard at Perry Hall, twelve miles from Baltimore, nearly all the night. It was an awful night. Fears were entertained that the enemy would take Baltimore, and overrun and plunder that part of the country. She resolved to send away a part of her family, and stay at home herself; and if the enemy came, to go out and meet the officers, and plead her own cause. She said to me, "I want no one to go with me but you; you must

stay with me; you must not leave me." But the good Lord heard prayer, and saved the city. I rode down to Baltimore the day after the British had returned to their ships; and it was in the mouth of almost every one, saint and sinner, "The prayers of the good people of Baltimore saved the city."

Taking Mrs. Gough for all and all, she certainly was a Christian of a high grade. Always plain in dress; plain, yet dignified, in her manners; a decided Methodist, but a lover of good people of every denomination, she set an example worthy of imitation. To me she was like a mother for many years; and I think myself honored to be permitted to recall, and record her example.

Mrs. Carroll, her daughter, never went to dancing-school; never went to a theatre, or a ball. Yet she was an accomplished lady; and, what is still better, she was a meek and humble Christian —a sincere follower of Christ—often accusing herself, and mourning when I thought she ought to be rejoicing; but her end was most triumphant. Methodism still lives in some of the branches of this dear family. And if Methodism is, what Dr. Chalmers called it, "Christianity in earnest," no one need be ashamed of it. Mrs. Carroll's granddaughter, the great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Gough, is the wife of the Rev. T. B. Sargent, of the Baltimore Conference. Mrs. Sargent's mother was one of the excellent of the earth, and a true-

hearted Methodist. She was not only a mother in her family, but a mother in Israel. She has been recently called away, at a short warning, but she was one of those who are always ready. I was frequently in Baltimore at the time when she and her sister, Mrs. Harry Carroll, embraced religion, and attached themselves to the M. E. Church. I never can forget their honest simplicity and sincerity, and Mrs. Gough's solicitude about her nieces, who were her grand-daughters by marriage.

Mrs. Harry Carroll said, "When the mourners were called to the altar, I felt the need of religion, and want of it; but my nerves were already so much affected, that I thought it was useless for me to go, and concluded to stay away. But, on reflection, thought, I want religion, but have a proud heart. It may humble my pride, and show the world that I am in earnest about religion." And she went. It is true she did not find peace then, but found it shortly afterward. Those who are willing to get religion anywhere, and have it at any sacrifice, and on any terms, are sure to find it. Mrs. Harry Carroll was a conscientious, humble, and sincere Christian. I visited her in her last sickness. Though naturally timid and fearful, she was, in view of death and eternity, as serene and calm as a summer's morning; for Christ was her sure and only trust. She enjoyed the sweetest consolations of religion in this trying

hour, left the world in peace, and no doubt was carried to Abraham's bosom.

I would here remark, that, at the time of Mrs. Carroll's conversion, we had not yet learned the art of getting people converted at the altar, without "excitement;" and it still so happens that when we southern people get "deeply interested" on the subject of religion, we also get somewhat excited.

I am, more than ever, your obliged friend and brother, HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am sorry that I am so poorly qualified to give a correct account of the formation of Baltimore circuit, or the introduction of Methodism into Baltimore county. I can, however, say something about things as I found them. When I was first appointed to it, I was personally acquainted with many of the first converts to Methodism, and had frequent coversations with them; and perhaps know as much about them as any one now living, that is disposed to record their excellent example. Perhaps some of their children, or grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, may see this sketch, and remember the God of their fathers, and not be ashamed of that excellent form of Christianity which was so dear to their parents, and from which they derived so much

comfort and support in life; and which opened to them a glorious prospect of immortality and eternal life. I begin in my immediate neighborhood. Samuel Merryman, senior, was, I believe, the first convert to Methodism in this neighborhood. I was personally acquainted with the good old man. He was upward of eighty years of age when I first saw him, but yet an active, cheerful man, for his age. In my recollection, I still see him jogging to meeting on his old horse Dobbin. He had been rather a bigoted high-churchman. He went either on business, or on a visit to his friends in Pipe Creek, about twenty-five or thirty miles from his residence, where he heard of "a wonderful preacher, that could pray and preach without a book." That was a marvelous thing in those days, particularly in this neighborhood. For a man to "pray without a book," or preach without reading his sermon, was a new thing. This wonderful man was Robert Strawbridge, a local preacher, from Ireland; and I believe the first Methodist preacher that came to Maryland. Mr. Merryman went to hear this strange man; and the word found way to his heart. After service he expressed his astonishment to his friends, that the man could pray and preach so well without a book. His friends told him that was nothing to what he could do. They thought it rather a feeble performance *for him;* but to Mr. M. it was the greatest and best sermon he had ever heard; for the word brought

conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin to his heart, and his conscience was awakened to a sense of his danger. Under these impressions he returned home; but could find no rest to his soul. He went to hear the preacher again, and his mind was still more enlightened. I do not recollect under what circumstances he found peace to his troubled mind; but the Lord was pleased to manifest himself to his soul in the pardon of his sins, to shed abroad his precious love in his heart, and to impart the witness of the Spirit that the work was of God—and consequently well done. The old Methodists were great people for the witness of the Spirit. Nothing short of this would satisfy them.

In the summer of 1820 I rode some miles in company with Bishop M'Kendree to see the place where a meeting-house had been built for Mr. Strawbridge. Some of the logs were still there, and sound. This was the first Methodist meeting-house in Maryland, and the second in America. After Mr. Merryman had found the pearl of great price himself, he wished his neighbors to share with him in his joys, and invited Mr. Strawbridge to come to his house, and preach Christ to his family and neighbors. The preacher readily obeyed the call, and preached the first Methodist sermon in this neighborhood at Mr. Merryman's house; and it became a house of God, and a preachers' home for many years. About this

time, Amon Price, a near neighbor, and brother-in-law of Mr. Merryman, was converted, and became the leader of the first class organized here. Mr. M. lost his wife, and Mr. Strawbridge was sent for to preach her funeral sermon. He had a large and serious congregation. When I came on the circuit, the house of Caleb Merryman (a son of the old man) was the preachers' home in this neighborhood: and I have no doubt, doctor, but you remember the hospitality and kindness of that dear family. If ever I saw a family that was hospitable and kind to preachers and others to excess, and to their injury, it was Caleb Merryman's. The old people have both gone to their reward long since, and the family are scattered far and wide, but Methodism is still perpetuated in the family; and I hope it will remain in its simplicity and purity while there is one of the name.

From this place we go to Taylor's. Joseph Taylor was the Methodist patriarch in that neighborhood. His wife's maiden name was Gatch, and was sister to Philip Gatch. Brother Taylor and his wife both embraced religion under the first Methodist preachers, when they were quite young. These two good people were the main stay of the society in that neighborhood for many years. At first they had preaching in their house, and afterward they built a small frame meeting-house near their dwelling, where there has been week-day preaching ever since. Thursday is their

day, and eleven o'clock is their hour. It has been so, perhaps, for fifty years, and they never were clamorous about having Sunday preaching. It has become quite a habit with them to go to preaching once in two weeks. Joseph Taylor, John Dougherty, and their pious wives, and others, gave a character and standing to Methodism here that have withstood all the drawbacks and difficulties that it has had to contend with.

Brother Taylor has long since fallen asleep in Jesus. I visited his grave last fall, in time of a protracted meeting there, and felt free to shed a friendly tear over it. I also saw his widow, who was still able to fill her seat in chapel. They never had any children of their own, but Methodism still lives in their house and name, and the preachers and people of God are as welcome there as ever.* Sister Taylor is deeply afflicted, and must soon follow her beloved Josey. Whatever might have been the opinion of people in early days respecting Joseph Taylor and his beloved Sally—and they had their portion of reproach—they outlived all their enemies. And who now that knew Joseph Taylor does not believe that he was one of the most honest, upright, and kind-hearted Christians that ever lived in this wicked world?

* A younger brother inherits good old Joseph's premises; and with them his hospitality. It is still a house of prayer. —*Ed. of Chris. Adv. & Jour.*

From Taylor's we went to Evans's Meeting-house, a small frame building, where also they had week-day preaching for many years. This must have been one of the oldest societies in Baltimore county. Here I found brother Stevenson, an old local preacher. He had also traveled, as most of the local preachers did in early days. He was a man of God, and a lover of the doctrine of holiness. He had been very useful in his day. He and Daniel Evans, and Joseph Merryman, and others, gave tone to Methodism here, and it still lives among their descendants.

From this appointment we went to Hunt's Meeting-house, also an old stand, having been a preaching place before the M. E. Church was organized. Here Strawbridge, and nearly, if not all, the first preachers who traveled in Maryland, had preached. The Hunts were among the first who "believed and turned to the Lord," when they heard the Methodist preachers. If I do not mistake, Phineas Hunt had preaching at his house long before they built a meeting-house, and was appointed the first leader over the class, and still stood so on the class-book at his death. It is true, the good old man could do but little toward the latter part of life, and had an assistant, but the society would not agree to have his relation changed. His house had been a preachers' home from the time the Methodist preacher first visited that neighborhood, and continued so till after his

death, when sister Hunt broke up house-keeping; and, although the property has fallen into the hands of another branch of the family, (for they never had any children,) it is still open for the preachers, when they choose to go. P. Hunt was a man thoroughly imbued with Maryland hospitality and brotherly kindness. Sister Hunt was one of the neatest house-keepers, and all attention to the preachers, and their house could not fail of being one of the preachers' best homes; and what preacher ever left their house that did not say so? Brother Hunt had the affections and confidence of his class, and, indeed, of all his neighbors. I never knew a man that loved to talk about experimental religion more than father Hunt. What preacher or private member was ever in his company long but heard him tell "how the Lord had brought him?" This was his usual way of expressing himself. And although he had told it many hundred times, his heart was so full of it, it always seemed new to him, and he never told it without emotions of gratitude and praise, and eyes overflowing with tears. "How the Lord has brought me!" Many of the old Methodists were so full of this, that they were really troublesome to some people, especially if they could not in their turn tell "how the Lord had brought" them to the knowledge of the truth; and they could hardly feel satisfied unless they heard their preachers tell "how the Lord had brought them." Susan

Hunt, my wife's sister, and sister Hunt's niece, a widow who had been married to brother Hunt's nephew, had lived in the family for many years, and was everything with the old people; and she was worthy of their affections. But alas! she died almost suddenly, which gave the dear old man such a shock that he never got over it. Never did one mourn more sincerely for an only child, than he did for his beloved Susan; and from that time he gradually sunk. His strength, his hearing, and his memory, had greatly decayed; and he died five years ago, [1837,] being upward of fourscore years old. When he was still able to attend to his business, he said to me, one evening, in presence of his family, "I have a favor to ask of you, and you must not deny me." "What is that, uncle Hunt?" "I want you to preach my funeral sermon when I am gone;" and he gave me the text, "I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God."

I almost wish he had given me liberty to choose the text, for I thought, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," would have been a more appropriate one. When he was taken with his death-sickness, he could not be prevailed on to lie down till he had first prayed with his family, though he had a severe chill on him. The attendance at his funeral was numerous and respectable, for no one could help loving the good old man.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR BROTHER,—I must trouble you with, at least, one or two communications more before my busy time comes on, when I shall have to lay down my pen, and take up the spade, and turn into my garden.

In the neighborhood of the Stone Chapel, Robert N. Carnan and Cornelius Howard gave character and stability to Methodism. These two brethren were both stewards of the circuit, and worked together for many years like true yoke-fellows. The last public act that these two worthies were engaged in was to repair and improve this chapel, where they had worshiped together for so many years.

Shortly after this was done, our brother Carnan was taken from us. Brother Howard is still with us, but quite infirm.*

While on this circuit, I went to Fell's Point (now Great Falls) circuit, to assist the preachers at a two days' meeting; and on Sunday evening, the 17th of October, 1806, I first visited the family of James Bosley, and saw their daughter Rebecca, now my wife. Mrs. Bosley was an early convert to Methodism, and a member of the first class organized in that neighborhood. But preach-

* Not long after this was written, brother Howard was summoned to eternity. He died in peace.

ing was taken away, and the society was scattered, and she was left nearly alone. She, however, heard the word as often as she could; sometimes riding fourteen miles, to the Fork Meeting-house, to hear a sermon. Sometimes they had preaching at their house by some local preachers. Though Mrs. Bosley was deprived of the benefits of Christian society, and the privilege of meeting regularly in class, she was steadfast, though she had little help in the way to heaven. In 1799, or 1800, her daughter Rebecca was powerfully awakened under the preaching of Thomas Wilkerson, (my old backwoods yoke-fellow,) who was then on the Baltimore circuit. While John Bloodgood was traveling on the Harford circuit, Mrs. Bosley invited him to come and preach at their house, and he formed a class there. Rebecca had found peace, and was happy in the Lord, and had made up her mind to join the church; but, when the invitation was given, she found it a great cross to go up. When she rose to go forward, her father and mother had got the start of her, and were already before the preacher. This was a matter of surprise and great joy.

Mr. Bosley's house became a house of prayer, and also a church, where the people met for class meetings, and prayer meetings, and preaching, for many years. Here the preachers found a pleasant home, even for some years after his death; but ultimately Mrs. Bosley broke up house-keep-

ing. Mr. Bosley was an hospitable and kind-hearted Christian man, and remarkably fond of the preachers' society. Sometimes he had nearly a house full of them. He was leader of the class for many years. But a stroke of palsy reduced him to a mere child before he died. Mrs. Bosley was an humble, meek-spirited, quiet Christian; never loud in profession, but consistent and upright in her deportment. "In her tongue was the law of kindness." She had for many years been a child of affliction, but suffered with humble submission to the will of God; and left the world in great peace a few years after I married into the family. She was an excellent mother, and her children have cause to respect her memory.

The preachers in former days needed such homes much more than they do now, when so many have homes of their own; such old METHODIST PREACHERS' HARBORS, as the people used to call them in derision, in gone-by days, when it was thought a reproach, if not an offense, against society, in some neighborhoods, to *harbor* a Methodist preacher. But such old harbors are gratefully recollected by some of the old preachers, where they could *rest awhile*, and get their clothes washed and mended; or, as Mr. Asbury used to call it, "*get refitted.*" Under Mr. Bosley's roof many a weary pilgrim found shelter, and was made welcome and happy; strangers as well as others.

In those days we rode hard and late to get to one of these harbors, when on a journey to or from conference. We had several good reasons for it. One was, we had but little money to spend at a tavern. Another was, we had but little peace when we were compelled to put in at those places that were called taverns. I have, sometimes, when I had good company, and was provided with provision, and corn for my horse, preferred sleeping in the woods, to putting into some hole of a place called a tavern. I have traveled from Chilicothe to Baltimore, on less than five dollars. But, through the kind workings of Providence, things have greatly changed for the better.

About this time I received a letter from Bishop Asbury; the contents may interest some of your readers. It is dated,

"*Waxaws, Oct.* 10, 1806.

"My Dear Son,—Grace and peace attend thy spirit. I was musing in my mind yesterday, and feeling deeply for the South Carolina conference, with that impartiality that becomes a general superintendent of seven annual conferences, when suddenly it sprung up in my mind to write to Henry Smith to come with all haste to Charleston, if possible, by the first or middle of December. Immediately I write, and do not confer with flesh and blood. Our fields in this conference are white for harvest. The laborers are faint and few. Not that I would call preachers from other confer-

ences, supposing the natives of the state were not competent, if we had them; or [willingly] invite men to come so far. Your rheumatic affliction may meet with a cure in one year or nine months in Charleston. Preachers do not enter, nor continue in the work here, as in the middle conferences; to marry is to locate. The people are short lived; we must make haste to save them. In Charleston we have one thousand members. They have souls. Three thousand steady sabbath hearers, that change, perhaps, to fifteen hundred, or two thousand, in the whole year. I advise you to sell your horse, or lend him to a preacher, if you cannot sell. You will take the mail stage, and come in haste; (the King's business requireth haste.) But, after all, if you feel any insurmountable difficulties in your way, or stubborn objection, I deal not in imperious commands. I must do the best I can with the strength we have. With the same post, a letter accompanies yours to Joshua Wells. If you can meet him in Baltimore, you can come together to Fayetteville. Then he (Wells) will turn off to Wilmington. As to the expenses of your passage, I shall desire the stewards to pay the whole. We have two meeting-houses, sixty by forty feet each. We have a dwelling-house in the suburbs of the city, with two rooms, one above and one below, for each preacher, and anything that you may need; and as wicked a city as any in America: but *Jesus came*

to seek and save that which was lost. I have visited that place, and stayed for days and nights among boarders, as wicked as fiends. Now I have provided a house for my children. As long as I superintend, which may not be long, I cannot see any part of the work suffer, if help is to be had. Your age, your steady mind, and your not being incumbered, at present, have moved me.

"I have had an awful summer for heat and ill health; but a blessed conference. Good news from the missionaries—added between thirteen or fourteen hundred in the western conference—all union and love. Brother Watson or some preacher will supply your place. You will write to me at Sparta, Hancock county, Georgia, if possible, before the close of the conference, that I may know what to do with the station, when I know whether you can come or not. I have just escaped from the mountains; have rode rapidly; and can hardly find a place to sit down without the bawling of children. Night comes on; and I close with saying, Preach sanctification, directly and indirectly, in every discourse. My love to all the brethren.

"I am, as ever, your father and friend,

"F. Asbury.

"I shall only observe, that Baltimore Conference has about eighteen thousand members of society; South Carolina twelve thousand. I doubt

if we shall be able to send out forty traveling preachers from the south. Baltimore has sixty, besides local men. We shall in the south meet, in time, the brethren in the west, and take South America, and all the Floridas, French and Spanish, if the work goes on. Farewell. F. A."

Brother Wells was more righteous than I; for he obeyed the call like an obedient son in the gospel, but I was disobedient. I had no money to pay my expenses, either by stage, packet, or on horseback; and my friends on the circuit refused either to advance or lend money to send me away; but the most "insurmountable" difficulty in my mind was, the being stationed in a city, where I should have charge of one thousand souls; and I wrote to the bishop that I could not come.

When conference came on, and my name was called, I retired as usual, but was kept out an unusually long time. My mind was never more tranquil and happy at any conference. When I was called in, brother Pitts stated to me that there was *something against me*. The bishop then stated what it was. I explained my reasons for not going. In substance, the bishop said, he did not wish what he said to have a bearing upon me as an individual; but wished it to be distinctly understood that the preachers must be prompt and obedient, or the work could not be filled up. This censure before the conference was the first and

only one that ever came to my knowledge; and it produced no unpleasant feelings toward the bishop. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR BROTHER,—I now have a few hours' leisure, and resume my narrative. Another very old stand for Methodist preaching was at Nichodemus Bond's. I do not know through whose instrumentality this aged convert to Methodism was awakened, for he had gone to his reward a few years before I came on this circuit; but he must have been brought to God under the labors of some of the first Methodist preachers, he being one of the oldest local preachers in the circuit. I preached several times in an old house on Chestnut Ridge, about twelve miles from Baltimore, where the good old man lived, and finished his course. There was then no society or regular preaching there; but one of his sons still lived in the house. Brother Bond went far and near to preach Christ crucified; and the Lord blessed his labors of love, by adding seals to his ministry. I heard of his preaching at Low's, near the Blue Ball, in Pennsylvania, where he formed a society. I believe some of his converts are still living, and holding on their way. I frequently heard the old Methodists speak of him with great affection and

respect. Methodism still lives in some of his descendants.

I must take notice of one more plain, worthy family, in Baltimore circuit. In 1806 I preached at Michael Emmart's, on the White Grounds, where I had some delightful meetings. Shortly after that, preaching was removed to his son William's, and they have had week-day preaching ever since. Brother Emmart's house has been like the house of Obed Edom, for he and his pious wife have been greatly blessed of the Lord in their circumstances, and blessed in their family. Their children have all become decidedly religious; perhaps one only excepted; and her morals are good enough to keep her within the pale of any Christian church. These good people have brought that neighborhood under great obligations for the pious example they have set them in bringing up their children, and the good they have done in various other ways. The education of their children was suitable to their circumstances, and their sons were brought up to business, by which they can honestly and honorably provide for themselves and those who are dependent upon them, and they maintain a useful and respectable standing in society. Not a stain rests upon the character of any one of their offspring. Some are already in heaven, and we have ground for hope that all will get there. Perhaps the secret lies here. Whoever heard William Emmart or his

wife repeat the faults of the members of the church before their children—saying, Such a one is a hypocrite; or, The other one has no religion? &c.; or finding fault with the preachers, or their preaching, before their children? If there was anything said on this subject, it was always in charity. Hence their children grew up in the fear of the Lord, and were taught to respect the preachers, and all good people.

Who can tell the mischief parents do by repeating the faults and blunders of professors of religion before their families, in such a way as to impress the tender mind with an idea that they take pleasure in it? No wonder that such children grow up with a dislike to religion and religious people, and suspect almost every one. Such parents are not always the most conscientious and consistent themselves; and it is an easy matter for children to see this, and persuade themselves that their parents have no more religion than other people, and are hypocrites as well as others; and that the restraints they impose upon them proceed from selfishness, and are a species of tyranny. The fatal consequences have been seen in such families. The children grow up with a dislike to all religion. At any rate, they are ashamed of the religion of their fathers; yea, sometimes they become persecutors and haters of God's people; and if ever they profess religion, they are apt to seek a home in some other church. However defective the

Romanists may be in other respects, in educating their children so as to give them a strong bias in favor of their own church they are not wanting.

I will here touch another subject which has been heavy upon my mind. How often do we hear religious parents speak, in presence of their children, of the follies and sinful pleasures they took delight in in their youth, and of the mischievous and wicked practices of their riper years! And this would do less harm if they did not do it in such a manner and spirit as to excite laughter, and leave an impression upon the minds of children and other youth, that it still affords these parents pleasure to think and speak of these things. Should the remembrance of a pardoned sinner's sins afford him any pleasure? Or should he speak of them so as to create mirth? As it respects myself, when I get but a glimpse of the holiness of God, the purity and requirements of his law, and the rigor of his justice, I cannot think of a single sinful act of my life without a degree of horror. The unguarded conduct of professors of religion in this thing has no doubt had a pernicious influence upon children and young people. Shortly after my conversion I was trying to persuade one of my schoolmates to turn to the Lord, and seek religion; but he excused himself by saying, "I am too young; my father was a very wild young man, and he is now a very good Christian." This young man was much more influenced by the wild

and wicked conduct of his father before his conversion, though he never saw it, than by the pious example now set before him.

Although William Emmart and his wife never had what may be called a refined education, they learned brotherly kindness and Christian refinement in the school of Christ; and their children have been educated in the same school, and follow their pious example. These good people's house has been a church for the neighborhood; and a very comfortable and quiet home for the preachers for many years. But brother Emmart has left his earthly habitation, and gone to his "house not made with hands." For years he was paralyzed from head to foot, and the last time I saw him he was just able to move across the room. He might be said to be faint, but still puruing his heavenly course. His heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. He was patient under affliction, and sweetly resigned to the will of Heaven. He died on the 6th of May, in great peace, and full assurance of everlasting rest. I had the privilege of attending his funeral. There was a large and solemn congregation; for a man so honest and conscientious in all his dealings, so upright in his walk, and so kind and benevolent in his disposition, must command respect. So lived and so died William Emmart, one of the very best men in Baltimore circuit.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Brother,—According to my best abilities, and the opportunities I have had, I have studied Methodism for more than fifty years, and made my observations on this great revival of religion, in different cities and states. And although I am not a bigot, yet I must say that Methodist doctrine and discipline carried out are "Christianity in earnest." And I must say that the Baltimore society, as a church, has presented one of the fairest and best samples of primitive Wesleyan Methodism. And this no one need wonder at when he reflects that Francis Asbury was their chief apostle, and he and his converts gave character and stability to Methodism there, that has hitherto resisted all attempts at dangerous innovations, or modern improvements of it. They have, in the main, held fast to that form of doctrine and discipline delivered to them by their first preachers. I believe the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences sent some of the first Methodist missionaries to the New-England states. They were plain, straight-forward men, and presented Methodism as it is; and not as the customs and prejudices of the people would have liked to have it. Perhaps Methodism had more prejudice and stubborn opposition to contend with in New-England, than in any other part of our highly favored

land. But the missionaries did not compromise either our doctrine or discipline, so as to suit the wishes or prejudices of the people, however singular or unpopular they might appear. Their whole reliance for success rested upon the soundness and purity of their doctrine, the excellence of their discipline, and the power of God, that always attends his word, when it is preached in simplicity and faith. Faith, I say—the word must be preached in faith—and much assurance, or it will seldom, if ever, reach the hearts of a prejudiced and opposing people, however true and excellent it may be in itself. I have not forgotten the affecting representations our venerable Asbury used to give us, in the Baltimore Conference, of the New-England preachers—their self-denying, cross-bearing, laborious, and enterprising spirit. But when he spoke of their zeal, their privations and hardships, and, above all, their "deep poverty," and the stern opposition they met with from almost every class of people, we were melted into tears. Once, however, the good old bishop had like to have given offense to some, when he told us of a good brother, and I think gave his name, who dined with his family on a blackberry pie, and nothing else. Some seemed to think that the bishop presented him as a model for married preachers. O how earnestly the bishop begged for our surplus funds for New-England, and how cheerfully they were voted!

The Baltimore Conference was then rich, and had a surplus. The bishop spoke with great affection and tenderness of his sons in the gospel in New-England, natives as well as others, and history records their success.

But who does not know that New-England is a land of improvements and invention, as well as "steady habits?" Improvements are made there in almost everything. And attempts have been made to remove the "old land-marks," and improve the gospel itself. Socinianism, Unitarianism, Arianism, Universalism, and other exploded errors, have taken deep root, and made fearful work in New-England. Even new systems of religion have been manufactured there. And it is also well known, that even the doctrine contained in "The Westminster Confession of Faith" has been ground over, and passed through the mill of improvement, and come out so new that the "old-school" Presbyterians and Congregationalists will not own it as their adopted child, and have expelled it as heretical. The learned divines of the new school hold that it is indeed the same child that was born, or perhaps adopted, at Westminster, England, in July, 1643; they have only brought it to maturity, and consequently it appears in a new and improved dress. But the old school still denounce it as an impostor, and a "damnable heresy." Some of the simple-hearted Methodists say it is Methodism; and it looks

and talks very much like it. Others, who are not so credulous, or perhaps have more sagacity, say it is like Methodism in appearance, and for special purposes, only; and the mistake is easily detected. Some of your correspondents have *more* than intimated that a revival "gotten up" on the plan of self-conversion cannot be of any lasting benefit to the church, or to the world. It is not at all strange that attempts should be made to improve Methodist usages in such a land of improvements and inventions. Indeed, some Yankee improvements are making their way to Baltimore. They cannot, however, claim a patent right for introducing pews and organs into our churches, for it is said the plan was imported from England. They have only adopted it. Attempts have been made to enlighten and reform that simple-hearted old Methodistical society or church in Baltimore, and just in proportion as they have listened to these fascinating and pretty plans, harmony has been disturbed, and the cords of union have been weakened. Methodism is a unit, and should, if possible, be the same everywhere.

That poor brother is to be pitied who is sent to a circuit or station with instructions not to "mend our rules, but to keep them," and finds few class meetings are kept up in any form, and where they are obliged to have open love-feasts, because the pew-holders are opposed to closed doors. And why have we had so little trouble in Baltimore, and

south of Baltimore, on these and some other subjects that have agitated and perplexed the north? I know of no better reason than this—the body of the Methodists glory in abiding by the same rule, and walking in the same spirit, as did their fathers who received Methodism as it was taught them by Wesley and his coadjutors. Methodism, in its simple principles, and plain, humble dress, has been good enough for them, and they have been more concerned to reform themselves by drinking into its spirit, and conforming to its rules, than to make improvements on it. They brought their prejudices and prepossessions to yield to superior light, and sacrificed them both for the sake of higher privileges, and more sacred enjoyments. And though they are dead, their example still speaks; and the spirit of the fathers still lives among their successors.

I take great pleasure in adding to those I have already noticed, the names of Philip Rogers, James M'Cannon, Jesse Hollingsworth, Isaac Burniston, Abner Neal, the Hawkinses, and Fishers, all of blessed memory, and a host of pious and devoted females, who were the salt of the earth, and ornaments of the church. Robert Fisher's house was my home in the spring of 1800, at the General Conference, and a comfortable home it was to me, after I had come through the wilderness from Scioto, and had to sleep in the woods for several nights. The dear old peo-

ple have both gone to their reward in heaven, long since, where I hope to meet them. These, and many more early Methodists, set an example worthy of imitation while the world stands. O highly favored and highly honored Baltimore! where the spirit of simplicity and brotherly love still abounds, your hospitality and liberality are almost proverbial: let not any of these fascinating, pretended improvements of Methodism, rob you of your crown. Hold fast that form of sound doctrine and wholesome discipline delivered to your fathers, and you will prosper yet more abundantly. But is it not to be feared that the great Head of the church has somewhat against us? Is not the spirit of plain, simple Methodism, departing from us? Is not the spirit of the world gaining ground upon us? Shortly after the new church was opened in Eutaw-street, I heard Bishop Asbury preach a plain, close sermon, in said church. I think it was the first time he preached in that church. His text was, "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech." The discourse was plain and powerful. He expressed a fear that the Baltimoreans were departing from the simplicity of the gospel. He reproved them in the spirit of a father, and raised his voice, and cried aloud, "Come back, come back, come back," raising his voice higher at every repetition. His looks are still imprinted on my mind, and the solemn words, "Come back, come back, come

back," still seem to sound in my ears. There, under that pulpit, rest in peace the ashes of the good old bishop. If he were to start into life again, and take that pulpit, would he not have cause to repeat the cry, "Come back," still louder? But it is not likely that those who will not hear Jesus and his apostles, would be persuaded though Asbury rose from the dead.

True, we do not as yet send our children to a dancing school to improve their manners and movements, and so prepare them to cut a figure in a gay and sinful world, without any regard to their salvation. We do not go to the theatre or balls ourselves. We only have large and expensive parties. The Methodists had parties too in former days; but they might be said to be *"feasts of love,"* for little, if any, of the spirit of the world was among them; and religion and Christian experience was the chief subject of conversation. Their hearts were made to burn within them while they talked of Jesus and his love, and compared their experience with the word of God, and the experience of each other. Their countenances were lighted up and expressed the purest joy. It cannot be denied that at some of those social parties, a glass of wine, or good cider, was sometimes handed about, (in this thing, at least, there is some improvement,) yet if there happened to be an humble mourner present, he did not lose his religious impressions, but was rather strengthened and

encouraged, for the conversation was holy and "meet to minister grace to those who heard it." If any of the unconverted were present, they were made to feel solemn; and if any were disposed to laugh and trifle, they could not do it in such company. Such parties were always delighted to have the preachers with them, and they were sure to spend a part of the time in singing hymns and spiritual songs, and prayer; and they sometimes rose from their knees in tears, or even "shouting happy." This was all the music they had at their parties. If it happened to be preaching night, the hour was not lost sight of, and the party attended the preachers to the house of God. But mostly the preachers excused themselves from going into company on preaching nights, by saying, "It is my night to preach;" for it was their choice to go from their study, and from their knees, to the pulpit. No one would presume to detain the preacher, much less persuade him not to go to his appointment. He was not obliged to start up from the table at an hour when he ought to be in the house of God, and break away from all the chaffy table talk, and hasten to the pulpit, and there deliver a short, perhaps dry, uninteresting lecture, and then hasten back, and join the company in their cheerful, but unprofitable conversation again, because he had left his family there. If I should be thought to exaggerate, I have a very good judge in you, my dear doctor, and you can

easily correct me, for I am sure you must have been at some of those old-fashioned Methodist parties. But I have got out of my track: I was going to say something about new-fashioned parties, but really I know so little about them, that I have to write what I hear from others, and sometimes guess at it.

Well, we have left the preacher and his family in the midst of a large party. The man of God has just returned from the sacred desk to spend an hour or two longer with his friends. *There* are the aged and the young; the serious, and the gay and thoughtless, the saint and sinner, spending a social evening together in cheerful conversation. But through the whole evening there is less said about the things of God than any other subject. The hour arrives for the company to retire; but, before they retire, a short prayer is said. They had had plenty of fine music, and they depart, mostly highly gratified. Says one, "What an agreeable and delightful party we had—what a well-set table, and how richly furnished—what a variety of good things!" "Yes," says a gay lady, "I enjoyed the evening very much indeed; really, I thought the Methodists were so religious that they would be constantly pestering us with their religious notions, so that we could not enjoy ourselves in their company." "O," says another, "how agreeably I was disappointed! I thought the Methodist preachers were so precise and demure, that there

could be nothing but gloom and melancholy where they are; but I find that some of them at least are very fine company, and enjoy a joke, and tell as amusing and entertaining anecdotes as any one." "O," says another, "I was delighted; we had everything but dancing to make one happy." "But," says a serious brother, "I did not enjoy that splendid party; there was too much costly parade and the spirit of the world for me. I think I shall go to no more, for I came away uncomfortable in mind." Says another, "I could have enjoyed everything, but I have a note to take up in bank to-morrow, and to make matters still worse, just as I left home a bill was handed me, and as matters are, I could not enjoy anything, for I could not shake off that 'bill fever.'" "To be sure," says a good sister to her husband, "what a splendid party Mrs. —— had! Suppose we have a party; I should be delighted to have such a party." "O, my dear," says the good man, "we cannot have such a party; I owe too much money, and we cannot afford it; we must be just toward our creditors, as well as sociable and friendly to our neighbors." "O, come now, my dear husband, it can't cost a great deal, and I should like to have a party." "My dear wife, it will cost more than we can afford. Besides, I do not think it is right to have such costly parade and extravagant displays in these hard times, when so many are suffering for the necessaries of life. And again, I do

not enjoy so much chaffy and unprofitable talk. I received no real benefit, and came away worse than I went." "I am sure," says the wife, "there can be no harm in it, for the preacher and his family were there, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any one else." "That may be, but it does not suit us." "Well, owe money or no money, suit or not suit, we must have a party. We might as well be out of the world, as be singular, or out of the fashion. We have children growing up, and they must go into company to learn how to behave themselves, and *I will* have a party." *Adam* was overcome by his *Eve*, even in paradise. A party is gotten up, and surely they must not be outdone by Mrs. ——.

It is now Saturday evening, and I have to preach here to-morrow, where I have preached nearly every other Sunday, and sometimes two, or even three Sundays in succession for more than eight years, and no sermon prepared yet; so, my dear brother, I must bid you farewell, till you hear from me again,

Your very affectionate and obliged friend and brother, HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR BROTHER,—I now sit down to give you some further account of my early days, and connection with the Methodist E. Church.

I was born near Frederick City, Maryland, April 23, 1769. My parents, Bartholomew and Catharine Smith, were both members of the German Reformed Church; in which church I was baptized.

When I was about four years of age, my father made a purchase of some land on the head of Long Marsh, Frederick county, Virginia. He came to this country, at the age of twenty-five; being a single man, and poor, but soon married; and being a brisk and industrious mechanic, (a blacksmith,) he soon saved money enough to purchase a good farm.

I was their first child; and was early sent to a German school, where I learned to read, and began to write, when the school broke up, and I went to German school no more. I, however, committed a part of the catechism to memory. I was afterward sent to an English school, where I learned to read, write, and made some progress in arithmetic; but having no taste for learning, and being of a wild, playful disposition, my mind was diverted from my book, and I got but little education.

I was naturally inclined to evil, and contracted many bad habits at school. My parents both feared the Lord, and restrained me from vice, and tried to keep me out of bad company; and I often thought that it was hard that I was not allowed to do as many other boys did.

When I was about thirteen years of age, my parents went to hear some Methodist preachers who came into our neighborhood, and spoke well of the preachers and their preaching. Among other things, they said, "Those men do not preach for money—they preach for souls." About this time I went to hear that holy man of God, William Jessop, one of our first American preachers. I wept much under the sermon, and thought he was the best man I had ever seen. There I first heard a loud responsive *amen*, by some Methodists, who were present. I thought they treated the man rudely, by saying amen before he was done praying; and wished him to stop, but he prayed the more fervently.

When I was in my fifteenth year, my dear mother died in peace, I trust. This was certainly the loudest call to repentance I had ever had; for she called me to her bedside, and exhorted me to turn to the Lord, and be a good boy. I promised, with many tears, that I would. My heart was much broken up; and when my youthful mind, for a moment, lost sight of the mournful occasion that gave rise to these impressions, it was soon revived when I came into the presence of my father, who was often in tears, and, with a broken heart, spoke to his children of their dear mother. No man could mourn more sincerely for the loss of a wife than he did. But, alas! I too soon forgot my solemn promise to a dying mother.

At the age of about sixteen I was instructed and confirmed, and, for the first time, took the sacrament. I was, at times, under deep conviction for sin. I mourned, I wept, and prayed before the Lord; but had no one to help me, and soon relapsed into sin, and became worse than ever. This was a great grief to my father. I, being the eldest son, and thought to be a smart boy, was early intrusted with a team, and sent out on the road with a wagon. Wagoners, in general, are profane and wicked now; but, if possible, they were worse then; and being thrown into such company, my morals became greatly corrupted.

Toward the fall of 1789, sister Connell, grandmother of Zachariah Connell, of the Ohio Conference, came from beyond the Alleghany Mountains, on a visit to her friends in our neighborhood. She felt seriously concerned for her friends, and the neighborhood in which she had been brought up, and applied to my father to let the Methodist preachers preach in his house. Although I was a wild and thoughtless youth, I had no objection to have preaching there. My father was then a converted man, having found the Lord at one of Mr. Otterbine's meetings, at Antietam, Maryland. Dear old father Newcomer used to say to me, "Your father was converted in my arms."

The first sermon preached by the Methodists at our house was by Lewis Chastine, a son of thun-

der. I was much wrought upon by the Spirit of God; but I strove against it, and tried to shake it off. Two weeks after that, under the preaching of Thomas Scott, (now Judge Scott, of Ohio,) I surrendered my heart to God, and, in the name of Jesus, resolved to be religious. I did it from principle, and a conviction of the necessity of it. There was a prayer meeting at my father's that night, and I was much encouraged. The next day I went with the preacher to his appointment. By the way I met with some of my old companions, and they seemed to be surprised to see me in the company of a Methodist preacher.

As I rode home that night I wept and prayed all the way. I prayed for deeper conviction, and clearer views of the love of God toward the chief of sinners; and I felt the cords of love about my burdened heart. Ignorant as I was about the things of God, I thought that a keen sense of my ingratitude toward the God of love, and a clear view of his forbearance, long-suffering, and loving kindness, toward me, the greatest of sinners, alone could subdue my rebellious heart. I had often resolved to reform, and do better, but never before in the name and strength of Jesus. I now was afraid to trust myself, and felt the need of divine aid. I was afraid of my wicked associates; and thought my only way to get rid of them would be to tell them what a great sinner I felt myself to be—and I knew they were no better than I was;

and that we should all go to hell together, if we did not repent, and turn to God. And I sometimes did this in tears. "They might," I said, "all do as they pleased, but I was determined to make my escape!" But few efforts were made to draw me back into sin; and I had no trouble to get rid of their company, for they soon shunned me.

Some, however, said I would not hold out six weeks; some gave me six months; and others a whole year. But, thank the Lord, fifty-three years have rolled away, and, by the grace of God, I am still holding on my way.

On points of doctrine I had no difficulty; for if I had any creed, it was Methodistical. I wept and mourned almost day and night.

On Christmas day, 1789, I went to a love-feast held at John Wright's, in a private room. I was afraid they would not admit me; but it was a very unfavorable morning, so they admitted all who came. It was a solemn time, and I wept bitterly, and felt strongly impressed to rise and tell the people what a great sinner I was, and beg them to pray for me; but did not. If it had been customary to call up the mourners then, I think I should have been among the first to go up. About a week after this, I went to hear preaching at the house of John Davenport, Esq., on the head of Bullskin; and, for the first time, staid in a class meeting, and offered myself to the church as

a probationer. I had not as yet obtained a sense of pardon. I was only a seeker, but thought it was best for me to take shelter in the church of God, and *sign the pledge at once*, that I would renounce the world and sin, and take my stand on the side of God and truth. I was afraid of a relapse, and needed all the guards and helps I could get. I went from the meeting to help a neighbor to husk out a large pile of corn. Many were there, and some as wicked as fiends. I said little to any one, for I had no inclination to talk. We finished, and had supper over, before it was quite dark. I stepped out to go home. In the yard I met Francis M'Cormick, who said to me, "What! going home already? Well," said he, "they tell me you joined church to-day"—a common saying among them. I do not know how the news got there. I told him I had. Said he, "And what made you do that?" I did not hesitate to tell him seriously my whole and sole object in joining church, as he called it. He professed to be a Universalist, and pled for the doctrine. I told him I had tried to believe it, but I found it would not do. I did not believe it was true. "Well," says he, "how do you feel, any how?" I said, "Bad enough," and tried to tell him my state as well as I could. He took me by the hand, and said, "Farewell, I expect I shall join too, after awhile," and went back into the house. He felt and looked serious; which was noticed by a play-

ful and mischievous fellow, who played a trick on him. This so enraged M'Cormick that he would have thrown the man head foremost into a large fire, (for he was a powerful man,) if he had not been prevented!

Strange to tell, both these men got converted shortly afer this. I think it was that day two weeks M'Cormick went to meeting, and got powerfully awakened, and joined society, and that night began to pray in his family. I was not present; I was out on the road with the wagon. The other was converted at my father's. M'Cormick became a leader of a class, an exhorter, and finally a local preacher, and was a pioneer in the west. In the fall of 1799 I found him on the banks of the Little Miami, opening the way for the traveling preachers. He became my constant companion and true yoke-fellow while I remained at home.

I was very ignorant of the plan of salvation; but I went on to seek the Lord in the best way I knew. One day, while Jephtha More, a young preacher, was preaching at my father's on this text, "And they went out, and preached that men should repent;" while he was showing the necessity, nature, and fruits of repentance, I felt much; but when he came to show that a sinner is saved by grace through faith—justified by faith alone—the word was applied to my heart, and I felt what I had never felt before. Love and joy

sprang up in my soul, and I praised God aloud, and began to exhort my friends to seek the Lord, hardly knowing what I said or did. The thought then came into my mind, "Can this be conversion?" I doubted; and, Peter like, sunk into a sea of distress again, fearing I had acted the hypocrite, and laid a stumbling-block before others. I had formed an idea of conversion, but it was an unscriptural one. But the Lord "led me in a way I knew not, and in paths I had not known." From that time I went mourning, because I could not mourn as I had done before, and felt deeply distressed; for I now feared my conviction and my burden were gone, and I should not get the blessing. Hardness of heart ensued; and I sometimes feared the Lord had forsaken me. I spent much time in prayer; sometimes, a great part of the night.

Some, who may read this, may have passed through the same conflict, and know what I mean. My dear father took notice of my distress, and took an opportunity of saying to me, one day when we were alone, "My son, what is the cause of your distress of mind?" for he saw the change in my conduct, and had reason to believe that I had experienced a change of heart. I told him, I wanted the Lord to convert my soul. He asked me, if I knew what conversion was, and how it was obtained; and explained to me, that a sinner is justified by grace through faith, and through

faith alone. While he was preaching faith to me, the glorious plan of salvation was opened to my mind; a plan so well suited to my condition. I believed with the heart unto righteousness, and stepped into the liberty of the children of God. My distress gave way, and love and joy flowed into my soul. I believed God was reconciled to me in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The next class meeting I went to, I told how great things God had done for my soul. After I had reason to believe I had found peace with God, I felt a love to all the world, and wished everybody to be a partaker of the same love I enjoyed. Hence I recommended religion to every one I had access to. I felt myself very weak and ignorant, but wished to be useful to my fellow-men; and often thought if the Lord would be pleased to favor me with a small gift in prayer, so that I could pray with my friends and neighbors, I might be useful in this way. In this thing I was heard, and was soon called upon to pray at prayer meetings.

I tried to make myself useful by visiting families, and talking to them about religion; mostly the poor, for they would listen to me. After my day's labor was done, I mounted my horse, and rode three or four miles on such visits. Before my conversion I could not sing a single tune of any kind; but I had now learned by ear a few hymn tunes. Sometimes serious persons would

be invited when they knew I was coming. One evening when I was on one of these visits, I found the house nearly full of people. I was much alarmed, and knew not what to do. However, as they all seemed serious, I talked to them, sung and prayed with them, and talked again, and wept over them; and we had a weeping time, and I believe serious impressions were made on the minds of the most of them.

Thus, with almost no intention on my part, I was led to exhort, and some time after this a permit was given me to do so. Our class was divided, and I was appointed leader of a part. This was a cross indeed. Farewell.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR BROTHER,—After I had received a permit to exhort, I felt as if there was no backing out. Now a necessity was laid upon me, and I must go forward. But the Lord only knows the deep exercises I passed through about this time. The important work of saving souls was always on my mind, waking or sleeping. I sometimes saw in my dreams crowds around me, and falling under the mighty power of God, while I was exhorting them to flee the wrath to come. Though laboring in a small way, I was not idle. I was

naturally bashful and timid, especially among strangers, which made public speaking a great cross, and subjected me to embarrassments. I was now at the beck and call of preachers and people, willing to do anything and everything I could to promote the cause of Christ.

I will here give you an instance of my great simplicity, and submission to the preachers. My father sent me about thirty miles on business. When I got near the widow Roszel's, about fifteen miles from home, there came up a heavy shower. I took shelter in the porch of an old house contiguous to the one she lived in. While there, I was seen by one of the family, who told Mrs. Roszel that there was a young man in the old porch, and he looked like a Methodist. She soon had me invited into the house, and challenged me for a Methodist; for Methodists were more easily known then than now. Then, and in this way, commenced my acquaintance with that excellent mother in Israel. The next day, in the evening, her son, Stephen George, and Thomas Scott, my spiritual father, had an appointment to hold a watch meeting there. I went on, and did my business, and took the meeting on my way home. They got me up to exhort that night, and then beset me to take brother Scott's appointments for four or five days, until he returned from a quarterly meeting he wished to attend. I remonstrated with all my might, and told them that

I was unfit for such a work, and had not with me a change of linen. I stated, moreover, I was out on business, and my father would expect me home next day, and would be very unhappy if I did not return at the time appointed. My objections were met, and I was furnished with everything I needed, and a promise was made to let my father know where I was, which for some reasons was never done.

I was thus, against all fitness and propriety, hastily pressed into the ranks of a traveling preacher. I went on, in the simplicity of my heart, and had some good meetings. But my poor father was greatly distressed at home, and actually went after me as far as Mrs. Roszel's, where he heard of me. This was really too bad. When I returned, my dear father met me with tears, and was so glad to see me that he did not even chide me for my indiscretion.

This incident in my life will, however, lead me to enrich my poor narrative with the name of *Sarah Roszel;* a woman of a strong mind, and deeply experienced in religious matters, and wholly devoted to God; a lover of hospitality, and a mother to the preachers. Her house must have been the preachers' home for more than sixty years, and a house of God for the neighborhood. I always felt myself as a mere child in the presence of this mother in our Israel. The great amount of good that this primitive Method-

ist, and most excellent woman, has done, in various ways, will not be known in time; but when the Lord shall come to make up his jewels, and reward his followers, it will be seen and read of all men.

About this time I went one evening, in company with my brother M'Cormick, to what was called Davenport's Meeting-house, head of Bullskin, to hold a meeting. When we came there we found the lower part of the house full of people, and some in the gallery. There was no light but on the pulpit, and that was high; so we had to ascend the pulpit to see how to read a hymn. It was a trembling time with me, and no better with my companion. I opened the meeting. One poor sinner cried out for mercy under the prayer. I tried to exhort, but was, as I thought, amazingly embarrassed, and sat down in great confusion and distress of mind; for I felt as if I had done more harm than I should ever do good, and prayed to the Lord to forgive my presumption, and I never would do the like again. The poor woman was still crying for mercy. Brother M'Cormick gave a lively exhortation, and seemed to have great liberty, and concluded with singing and prayer. I was still so mortified that I wished to get out of the meeting-house, and hide myself. But the people all seemed to be serious, and sat down, and some looked at the woman in distress. Presently brother M'Cormick began

to sing, "Come on, my partners in distress," in great spirit, for he was a fine singer, and the soul-melting power of the Lord came down upon us, and it was felt through all the house. My mind was relieved in a moment, and I soon found myself on a bench exhorting the people; and we had a most glorious time. This was a log meeting-house, and I had hauled the first log to it; and this was the first pulpit I ever opened my mouth in. Afterward my first attempt to preach was in this pulpit. It was then thought to be a very fine house; but now it would be considered a very poor thing, even in a country place.

The time and place of my receiving license to preach I have given in a former letter. Shortly after I received this authority from the church, I had an appointment one evening at John Jefferson's, near Charlestown, Virginia. He lived in a large house, once the property and residence of one of the Washington family. I had held meetings there before. In that neighborhood there lived a family, who had got dreadfully offended at me, and persecuted me; but still they would come to my meetings. The old man was a drunkard; and, in those days, I seldom failed to give the drunkard his portion, and we had plenty of them. While I was preaching, the Spirit of the Lord sent his word to the heart of one of the daughters. She trembled and cried out; but the mother and another daughter soon took her away.

I was once unexpectedly called upon to preach at the burial of a man who came to an untimely end. It being Sunday, many were present. I stood on a wagon at the grave-yard, near Smithfield, and gave out, "These shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." I had not spoken long before I was interrupted and contradicted by one of the crowd. I paid no attention to him, and proceeded. Presently he cried out again, "It is false doctrine; you preach lies." I then entreated him to let me alone, until I finished my discourse, and promised I would then talk with him on the subject. He said, "Go on, then." So after service I found him, and asked what objections he had to what I had said. Nearly all the people crowded round us. He said, "You preach that men can save themselves, of themselves." I, of course, denied preaching any such doctrine, and appealed to those who heard me; but he insisted that I preached salvation by works, and I ought to be put in jail. I told him I was ready to go if he could put me there. A good sister pressed through the crowd, took me by the arm, and said, "Brother, come away from among them; the Scripture tells us to come out from among the wicked;" and so led me away. This man was sober, and I believe a professor of religion; and in other respects respectable, so far as I knew. I record these occurrences merely to

show what ignorance, prejudice, and opposition, we had to contend with in early times.

I now return to my narrative in regular order, and shall hasten to the end. In the spring of 1807 I was appointed to Fell's Point, now Great Falls, circuit, until August, and then to relieve Thomas Budd, at Fell's Point station. I entered into my work with great simplicity of heart and purity of intention. I took down the names of all the members in a book, as I found them on the class papers, which now lies before me. I will hastily travel once more round this old circuit, as it then was. I began at Gatch's Meeting-house, five miles from Baltimore. Thence to Gray's school-house, near North Point, where the British landed in the late war. Then back to Patapsco Meeting-house. This house was converted into a hospital by the British, where poor wounded soldiers of both armies were stretched, side by side, and received surgical aid; I was there a few days after the battle. The meeting-house was pierced by a bullet, and one or two through the pulpit. It looked more like a slaughter-house than a house of worship. We went afterward to Oram's Meeting-house, Back River Neck. Then to Presbury's Meeting-house—to Isaac Watter's, Ridgely's wood cuttings —then to Perry Hall. Thence to the Fork Meeting-house—and in the afternoon to the widow Bond's. Sister Bond was a child

of affliction, but an humble, meek-spirited Christian.

There I found John Wesley Bond, not yet a man, but a very fine boy. He afterward became a preacher, and entered the itinerant work; and it is well known to thousands that he was, for many years, Bishop Asbury's faithful traveling companion. The bishop passed no empty compliments on any man; but he always meant what he said, when he spoke in the highest terms of his beloved son, "Johnny;" and expressed great gratitude to God, and the Baltimore Conference, for giving him such aid. He sometimes said, "Can such another be found?" Dear brother John had the mournful honor of kneeling by the bedside of that great and good man, and commending his spirit to God, and with his own hand closing the eyes of his beloved father Asbury. They have long since met, where they have no more rugged mountains and rapid streams to cross. They no longer press through the wilderness and sleep in the woods. They no longer endure heat and cold, hunger and thirst, sickness and pain; spending restless nights in a filthy cabin, on a dirt floor, after a long day's ride.

We went afterward to John K. Wilson's, and then to Galloway's, near Cromwell's Bridge. Then to Spindler's; and on Sunday to Foster's Meeting-house, and James Bosley's. Monday to Lesourd's; then to the Union Meeting-house, and

to Wyley's. Thence to the widow Vaughan's, near Cox's town. Then to Major's—to John Alghier's. The old gentleman was not a member, but his wife, three daughters, and a son, all at home, were zealous Methodists. The second time I went there the old man met me when I dismounted; looked serious, and said, "I have had a dream I want to tell after you are done preaching." It struck me, whatever it might be, I could make some good use of it, and I encouraged him. After preaching, I said, Father Algheir, now tell your dream. He rose, and with quivering lips began; but this was something so unexpected to the family that they all burst into tears, and soon into a loud cry, and presently had the old father round the neck, and prevented him from telling his dream; and "O there was shouting, shouting," indeed! He was, however, fully broken up that day, and joined the church, and was a steady member to the day of his death.

Saturday we went to Cullison's, and Sunday to Cole's Meeting-house, and Charles Gorsuch's, near where Jessop's Meeting-house now stands. Twenty-three regular appointments, where we had classes, besides occasional meetings. So farewell for the present. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXX.

Dear Brother,—About the 10th of August, 1807, as directed by Bishop Asbury, I went to Fell's Point station, and brother Budd took my place on the circuit. I boarded with Frederick Shaeffer, Esq. I did not like to be cooped up in a city, but was resigned to the will of God. My home was very agreeable, and I had everything to make me comfortable. Shaeffer and his pious wife were both leaders of classes: sister S. had the largest female class in the station; it increased to overflowing, and it was necessary to divide it, which was a great trial to them all, for they were very much attached to her. And no wonder, for she was one of the most devoted and faithful leaders I ever knew. If any of her class were absent once or twice, she was sure to look after them. Or if any were sick, or in distress, she went through all kinds of weather to visit them.

The Wilk-street Church had been recently built, but no parsonage. The old church in Strawberry-alley was occupied by the colored congregation. Sister Shaeffer has long since gone to her reward in heaven. Brother S. is still living, but weighed down with many infirmities. Lord bless him, and support him to the end. Ourconference in the spring of 1808 sat in Georgetown, D. C. From thence I went to Alleghany

circuit. Eli Henkle was my colleague. We found a six weeks' circuit, but by the urgent advice of Jacob Gruber, our presiding elder, the whole work of six weeks was compressed into four weeks. We only left out one or two unimportant appointments. This gave us pretty hard riding, and plenty of work. Upon the whole, it was a profitable year to me, and I hope to others also. We had a most delightful camp meeting in August, near Cresopstown. On Patterson's Creek I met with James M. Hanson, for many years of the Baltimore Conference. He had just begun to speak in public, and was well spoken of by the society, so I gave him license to exhort, and encouraged him to improve his mind by reading and study, and make good use of the gifts God had given him. Toward the close of the year he was licensed to preach, and also recommended to conference. Near the mouth of the South Branch I found William Munroe, and we gave him license to exhort, and he was the following year recommended to conference. These men were then boys, but now they are gray headed. Methodism had been planted in very early times in many neighborhoods within the bounds of this circuit; and I found old established Methodists there who could tell us something about the oldest Methodist preachers. I was frequently at the house of John Jeremiah Jacobs, commonly called Captain Jacobs, for he had served as a captain in

the revolutionary war, but was then serving under the Captain of his salvation, as an acceptable and useful local preacher. With this good man and his pious wife I had sweet fellowship. I found him to be a pleasant and profitable companion, and a good and safe counselor. He always took great interest in the affairs of the circuit, traveled extensively, and labored successfully.

I here insert a few things respecting my personal experience, as they stand written in my book. Perhaps some one may profit by them.

"For some months past I have often felt as if my soul were declining in grace, for I had measurably lost the sweet spirit of recollection and inward watchfulness, for the want of which I was much exposed and harassed. I could not so sensibly feel the presence of God, and walk and talk as in his sight. I often mourned on account of a wandering mind and a hard heart, and insensibility of soul. I resolved, and resolved, but still the clouds overspread my mind, and I could not always rejoice. I did not enjoy such sweet communion with God, and divine sweetness in the means of grace as I had done, which at times gave me great pain. I saw, I felt, that I was in danger of being swept away. My mind began to be more light and unhappy. My conversation was not always seasoned with grace. On the 22d of January, 1809, I preached at Cresopstown, and had not much liberty in speaking. In class I was

led to tell a little of my experience, and then sat down to hear my brethren speak. The Lord melted my poor heart, and poured out such a blessing upon my soul that I again felt as if I could confidently claim Jesus as all my own, and that I was wholly his. It has been a sifting time with me, and I have not stood my ground, and honored my God, and adorned my profession, as I ought to have done. But as the Lord has been so indulgent toward me as to bear with me, and so good to me as to manifest himself afresh to my soul, and fill me once more with a sense of perfect love, I have learned experience from the things I have suffered. I hope to be more upon my guard. Glory be to God for all his goodness to me! I now feel the holy fire burning within my soul, and hope to keep it burning. Lord, help me; and when in company arm me against levity and unprofitable conversation; and, when alone, against vain and foolish thoughts and reasonings. O Lord, help me in all things to do thy will, for I am vile, weak, and helpless!"

Our quarterly meeting was held at Cumberland, February 11th and 12th, 1809. The meeting was continued on Monday. The quarterly meeting conference met in the morning to finish some business. "In conference I gave way to my besetting sin, and spoke hastily and unguardedly with my lips. I in a moment felt sorrow of heart, and was deeply humbled. In a very little while

I had to preach. I felt little and mean, and rose under a cloud; but the good Lord was so good to me as to stand by me and assist me in rather an extraordinary manner; and I can truly say, I never had greater liberty in speaking. The people were melted down into tears on every side, and some overpowered with a sense of the divine presence, so that they seemed to be lost in God. O, glory to God, it was a time of power and love to many souls. Some will no doubt remember this meeting in eternity." After that I had several more good meetings in different parts of the circuit. Upon the whole, it was a year of labor and toil, and some trials; but, also, a year of many mercies, and undeserved blessings. On the 27th of February I left the circuit for conference in Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia. Our conference was opened on the 2d day of March. Both our bishops were present; and, what was still better, the great Head of the church was in our midst, and we had peace and harmony. March the 8th our conference closed, and my appointment was read out for Annapolis, the metropolis of Maryland. I was much worn down by the labors of the last year; yet on the 25th I arrived at Annapolis, though still very feeble; but my soul was greatly refreshed, for the friends received me very kindly indeed. My soul was humbled, and sometimes overflowed with gratitude. Here I found a gracious revival of religion in progress.

After brother James Smith, who had preceded me, had left for conference, the work broke out at prayer and other meetings, and a number were converted. On Sunday, the 26th, I received twenty-one white persons and ten colored into the church, I believe all happy in the Lord; and many more were added to the Lord afterward. Mr. R. Williston had been there a few years before, and proclaimed war against shouting, and some of the most influential members sided with the preacher. This created unhappy divisions in the society; confidence was shaken, and brotherly love had grown cold. Many wounds had not yet healed when I came on. But the Lord highly favored us. I prevailed on a number of the most zealous of our members to be formed into bands. We had about fifty in bands; and our general band meetings were seasons of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. A great concern was waked up in the minds of many for a deeper work of grace; and holiness was our theme. I have no doubt but some of the greatest shouters were made more than shouting happy—if jumping is shouting. The anti-shouters were warmed up, and we met and harmonized. Here I met with the Rev. Joseph Wyatt, who had been a traveling preacher in early times; but he married a second wife in Annapolis, and located. He was a very nice and sensible man, and an excellent preacher, and for many years chaplain to the legislature,

He unfortunately was of Mr. Williston's party, which injured his influence and usefulness with some of the members; but we worked very well together, although we sometimes made a little too much noise for the old gentleman. I boarded with Sammy Peaco. Sister Peaco was one of the excellent of the earth, and brother Peaco was all kindness and attention to me, and I had a pleasant year of it. Upon the whole, this was, perhaps, the pleasantest year of my ministry. Bishop Asbury paid us a visit in the spring of 1810, and was much refreshed among us; the brethren begged him to let me stay another year and help them to build a new meeting-house. This, however, was not granted. But no matter; they were better provided for. Our beloved John Pitts, of precious memory, succeeded me.

After I left there, I received many letters from old and young converts. A young man, who joined the church the first Sunday I was there, wrote to me; and, among many other things, said, "I love my God, and next to my God I love my Bible." That young man was Thomas Basford, who has been for many years a respectable and useful local preacher in Baltimore. He is not young now; but I have reason to believe that he loves his God and his Bible better than ever.

If I had then thought of it I might have collected good materials for a history of the introduction and progress of Methodism in Annapolis;

and the city is worthy of such a sketch; for I am fully persuaded that more souls have been converted in Annapolis than any town or city in the United States, of its population. It is not a place of much business, but its converts are scattered all over the country. Our good brother Meriken, now stationed there, [1842,] might yet do something in this thing, for a few of the old members are still living—sister Ridgely, brother Peaco, sister Munroe, and perhaps others.

My health was very bad, and I intended to apply to the conference for a supernumerary relation; or, at any rate, some respite from hard labor and responsibility. I attended the bishop to Baltimore, the seat of conference that spring, and he stopped a night with his old friend, the venerable and Rev. Mr. Otterbine. During the conference the bishop invited me to his room, and told me he wished me to go to Fredericksburg. The society there was disturbed by an unhappy division of opinion on account of one of the oldest members in the society, who thought it his duty to preach. The most enlightened part of the society thought he had mistook his call, and would not agree to give him license. I was disposed to remonstrate, or beg off; but the bishop said I was the man, and must not say nay. I must go to heal if I could; and if I could not, to dismember, according to discipline. My health was wretchedly bad, yet I went on as soon as I

could get ready, and found things bad enough. But, as I soon got the confidence of the contending parties, I had hopes that I could reconcile matters, and make peace. But, after all that I could in justice do, the poor old man, who had the preaching fever, went off, and drew a small party after him, and we had peace. I was there in 1810 and 1811, and was much afflicted in body, and often sorrowful in mind, and also had some persecution from the old preacher and his party; but, under all, the gracious Lord sustained me. The poor old man and some of his adherents afterward joined Wm. Guery, and he immersed them. Bless the Lord, I had some success in town and country, for souls were converted and added to the Lord. Some of the converts had never been baptized, and immersion appeared to be the doctrine of the day: that was the right way, and the only way; and there was no other way that was right. So I was compelled to come out once more on the subject of baptism. Surely the hand of the Lord was in this thing, for I do not recollect that we lost one of our members, or any of our converts. I boarded with a very nice and kind family, that of Timothy Green, Esq., where I felt myself at home. Brother Green was my best earthly friend, though I had many friends. He is yet living. I have thought of him a thousand times, and prayed for him; and I believe he will be rewarded in heaven for all his disinter-

ested kindness. The second year I was on that station I made a change with Richard Tydings, then on Stafford circuit, for a few rounds. Such a change, it was thought, would recruit my strength. There I became acquainted with Doctor Thornton, of Dumfries. His son Thomas was the first of the family who embraced religion, though but a boy. Through his instrumentality the rest of the family were brought in. The doctor was then a young and zealous convert. He put Thomas under my care, and I took him round the circuit with me, and heard him give his first public exhortation. He certainly was a very fine boy, and promised to make a preacher; but little did I then think that I was giving the first training to one that would be a doctor of divinity and president of a college. Your obliged friend and brother, HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have a few more communications to make, which I am preparing as fast as health and circumstances will permit.

In the spring of 1812 Bishop Asbury came through Fredericksburg, and I traveled with him to Leesburg, the seat of our conference. He preached several times by the way, and I was much profited by his preaching and conversation.

At our conference in Leesburg the delegates to the General Conference were chosen. The General Conference met in New-York on the first day of May. Christopher Frye, William Ryland, and myself, were entertained at the house of Abraham Russell, Esq. His was a very hospitable and kind family indeed.

In 1812 and 1813 I traveled on Calvert circuit, as I have already stated. The war was then raging, and the British were in the bay. These were times of trouble, but I did not labor in vain. Some of the fruit is safely housed in heaven, and some is still ripening for glory. I could write much here, but I must forbear. In 1814, in Great Falls circuit again—1815, in Baltimore circuit—1816, Severn—1817, Prince George's and St. Mary's—all in Maryland. In 1818 I returned to Great Falls circuit once more. Our third quarterly meeting was held at the Fork Meeting-house, January the 2d and 3d, 1819, where I received a letter from my brother-in-law, informing me that my father was very ill, and wished to see me before he went hence, and urging me to hasten home or I should not find him alive. I went as far as Baltimore, Sunday evening, and got home Tuesday, the 5th, about noon, and found my father still living, but very ill indeed. He said, "I wished to see you once more before I died. I have made my will, and set my servants all free, (they were all young,) the boys at twenty-five years of

age, and the girls at twenty-one; and I have appointed you and your brother Michael to execute my will. And now that I see you again I am ready to go, whenever it shall please the Lord to call me." He rejoiced abundantly in the Lord, and sometimes seemed as though he would take wings and go at once. On the 28th he left a world of pain and sorrow, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, while I was kneeling by his bedside, commending his redeemed spirit to God who gave it. I was with him by day and night, (except a few hours in the latter part of the night,) from the time I went home until he died—I hardly ever left him. Though much worn down by sorrow, fatigue, and loss of rest, yet it afforded me high gratification to have the privilege of waiting on and nursing such a father. My father had good common sense, was industrious, and possessed a business turn of mind. He was a pretty good German scholar. I have often wished that I had as much mind as my father. After he came to America, he soon learned to read English, and studied hard to understand what he read. He was remarkably fond of reading, and toward the latter part of his life read scarcely anything but English. He had preaching at his house for many years, but did not formally attach himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church till after I had entered the traveling connection. When he took in preaching some of his neighbors seemed to pity

him, and said, the Methodists would soon eat him out of house and home. But, thanks to the Lord, he always had bread enough, and some to spare. My father had his difficulties and trials in life, but he was a man of God, and bore up under them, and endured to the end. The prospect of meeting him in heaven gives me great pleasure. I believe he was beloved by a Christian people who knew him, and had the confidence of all his neighbors—both saints and sinners.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to give a short history of his colored people. My father could not conscientiously leave them in bondage, or entail them on his children. I was delighted. But few people in the free states can have an idea of the difficulties attending the emancipation of slaves in Virginia. The law forbids their staying in the state more than one year after they are free. If found there after one year, they are liable to be taken up and sold as slaves. There were nine of them, all healthy and young; and I took care that they were set free so soon as their term of service expired; but how much their condition was bettered let others judge. An able-bodied young man, and a first-rate farm hand, went with a family who owned a woman that he wished to have as a wife, high up in Virginia, where he was sold into slavery; but, driving a team down to Winchester, (as I have been informed,) where he was known, he was again set at liberty. One followed

her husband into Maryland, and I believe is protected by the family who owns her husband. Two others have slave husbands, and are doing very poorly indeed—but still hanging about in Virginia. Another went with my brother-in-law to Ohio. Another, a very nice woman, was about to be taken up and sold, and had to leave her husband, (a slave,) and got to Pittsburg, I believe. Another, a very healthy, strong young man, wandered about from place to place, after he got free, and has served five years in the penitentiary. And another, also a young, strong man, left Virginia with the intention of coming to me, but was taken up as a runaway, and put in Frederick jail. I had him released; and when he came to me I promised him a home and protection, as far as I could go, and to get him good places to live, and see that he had justice done him, if he would take advice and behave himself; but he soon left the place I got him, just in the commencement of harvest, and hired himself to another man, and, after some time, left that place, and went to Baltimore, where he got into bad company, and was taken up and put into jail for stealing, and sold, I know not where. Now these people were all strongly advised to form no connection with slaves, that when they got free they could go to some free state, &c.

In the spring of 1819 I was indulged with another appointment on Winchester circuit. Brother

Tobias Riley was my colleague. At my particular request I was released from having charge of the circuit, as I should have to attend to some worldly business, which was a great burden to me. It, however, had this good effect—it led me to sympathize with good men, who are obliged to be engaged from day to day in worldly business, and have almost every sort of men to deal with. This year we had some prosperity, and also some trials.

In the spring of 1830 our conference met in Georgetown, where the delegates to the General Conference were elected. The presiding elder question was then agitated, particularly in the northern and eastern conferences. Most, if not all of these conferences, voted with reference to measures as well as for men. Our conference was easy on the subject, and sent a mixed delegation. I was not a delegate, and consequently do not know much of the acts and doings of that conference, though I was frequently present as a spectator, being that year appointed to Fell's Point station, with brother Beverly Waugh, who had been there the year before. I was at my post in time. There was, however, some difficulty in getting board for me. It was very inconvenient for brother Waugh to board me; but he kindly took me in without fee or reward, till a permanent home could be provided for me. Brother Metzger afterward took me in for a few weeks

longer, till some time in June; but I did not think it right to be sponging on kind families in this way; still the stewards could get no place to board me in the station, for love or money. There was no misunderstanding between me and the stewards, or any of the members, that I knew of; but I could not help thinking that things looked a little squally, and I began to feel a little *unpop-lar*. My good friend, Mrs. Gough, would have boarded me without any reward, but she lived out of the station when in town, and out of the city in the summer, and I knew that would not do. Bishop M'Kendree was still in the city, (sometimes at Dr. Wilkins's,) in bad health and poor spirits. He wished to travel, but could not, for the want of a traveling companion to help him along. I had known him for many years, and he knew me. I really pitied him, and, meeting him at Mrs. Gough's, I offered myself to him as his aid; he seemed quite pleased, and readily accepted my offer, provided the station could be provided for. The local preachers in the station and city agreed to supply my place in the pulpit, and brother Waugh was left to do all the pastoral work himself. This was hard; but he was young, and strong, and willing to work. You know, doctor, the local preachers work for nothing, and board themselves. [Yes, brother Smith, and some of us are thought dear at that.—*Ed. of Ch. Ad. & Jour.*] For nothing, did I say? No, rather, they are like the sainted

Valentine Cook. When a gentleman, with great simplicity, inquired, "Mr. Cook, what do you get for preaching?" the reply was, "Only a crown, sir." "A crown!" "Yes, sir, and I trust for *that* till the day of judgment."

On the 19th of June, I sat out from Dr. Wilkins's with Bishop M'Kendree; and we visited churches and families on our way to Frederick City —namely, Ward's, Bennett's, Elliott's, and Gore's, and then A. Warfield's. In every place the bishop was able to preach, to the edification of the church, and left a blessing in every neighborhood and family. Thence to Liberty, Winstead's, Willis's, and Frederick; then to Samuel Phillips's; thence to Thomas Keys's. In Jefferson county, Virginia, I became acquainted with this good brother, when he was under conviction, and seeking the Lord. His convictions were deep, and his sufferings great, and he was driven from his father's house on account of his religion; but he was powerfully and soundly converted, and was well prepared to endure persecution, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He became a useful local preacher. His house became a church for the neighborhood, and a very quiet and pleasant home for the preachers, where they were always made welcome and happy by him and his pious wife. We have more than once taken sweet counsel together in our youth, and in the simplicity of our first love. But dear Tommy Keys

has also left me, has gone ahead of me, and is now reaping his reward on high. Well, we shall soon meet again. The bishop preached in Charlestown, Brucetown, Thomas Baldwin's, Winchester, Stephensburg, Crum's Meeting-house, the White House, Sharpsburg, and in other places, besides many exhortations in families and private companies. In every place he was received as an angel of God, and his labors were greatly blessed to the people. He made use of the Shannondale and Sulphur Spring waters, and also those of Balinda Springs, near Sharpsburg, and gained strength.

On our return to Baltimore we attended a camp meeting on Frederick circuit. The bishop's preaching put me in mind of former days, when he went forth in the vigor of his strength, and preached in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. Our visit to Virginia did not only improve the bishop's health, but was attended with great good to others. We soon returned to Baltimore, and about the last of September left that city for the south, and moved on slowly, visiting the churches in the following places, namely, Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, Dumfries, Fredericksburg, and many neighborhoods, on our way to Williamsburg. From thence to Hampton, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Suffolk, Summerton, Murfreesburg, and through Tarborough to Newburn, in North Carolina. From thence to Wilmington, and Georgetown, and so on to Charleston, preaching in many country places,

as well as in cities and towns. We entered Charleston a few days before Christmas, and had summer's heat. The gardens and everything looked "gay and green"—green peas in full bloom, and fine lettuce in abundance. But before we left there, about the first of January, 1821, we had a heavy frost; and on our way to Columbia (where the South Carolina Conference was to meet) we had snow, rain, sleet, and ice an inch thick. It was disagreeably cold; and great were the sufferings of the people, white as well as colored. The houses were generally open, and the people thinly clad, and not prepared for such a change. Some of the oldest people said they never saw such a winter. There is something very chilling and disagreeable in a southern winter's air. In Columbia we met the conference. Bishop George presided; and a body of more holy, loving, and zealous ministers of Jesus Christ, I never saw. I never saw more strictness observed in the examination of characters, in any conference. Plain, humble, cross-bearing men, as ready to wait on themselves as any other Methodist preachers, and remarkably kind and friendly to servants. From Columbia we came through Camden, Darlington, Marion, Lumberton, and so on to Fayetteville. From thence to Raleigh, North Carolina, where the Virginia Conference met. As I had some business to attend to before the Baltimore Conference came on, I left the bishop in the last of

February in charge of brother Lewis Skidmore, and came on alone. Bishop George met me at Richmond, by stage. Perhaps in no part of my life did I serve the church more faithfully and more usefully than while I was helping along our aged and afflicted superintendent.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR BROTHER,—The conference met in Baltimore early in March, 1821. At the close of this conference I heard read out, "Northumberland district, H. Smith, P. E." This was the first time such an appointment was announced to me. I never once thought that I was qualified for such an office, and consequently never desired it. At that time it was not an enviable appointment, when "bishops' men" were looked upon with a suspicious eye. I feared this would be a harder appointment than I had ever had, and went with fear and trembling. A part of the district had just been transferred from the Genesee to the Baltimore Conference. I resolved, in the name of the Lord, to do the very best I could, and if I fell, to fall at my post preaching Jesus, and cheering my brethren on in this arduous work.

The first quarterly meeting we held in William Morrison's barn, on Juniatta, Auckwick circuit. I

was graciously assisted in my first effort, and the word took hold of the people's hearts, though we preached among the straw. Little or nothing had been done toward making provision for the preachers' families, and what little was contributed was given in produce, collected by the preachers from the different societies, and carried home in their saddlebags, or carryalls, or, in winter, in their yankee jumpers. We appointed the first provisional estimating committee. They went out and talked, and I believe calculated too, and brought in their report, thirty dollars, in addition to quarterage, (if he could get it,) for the preacher, his wife, and child. This was a poor beginning indeed. But we were resolved to persevere, and, if possible, carry the rule into effect. I found great prejudice in the district against making provision for a preacher's family. But being a bachelor myself, I could approach the subject with boldness, and advocate the cause of God and my poor suffering brethren. I talked in quarterly meeting conferences, and with the stewards, leaders, and private members, wherever I had an opportunity. The half I said would fill a volume; for if ever I was in earnest to save my soul, I was in earnest to have better provision made for the families of my dear brethren. After repeated efforts I got the ear, and then found way to the hearts, of the people. I told them that men of talents and usefulness were nearly all married, or

would marry, and we had no right to forbid them, and they would be sent where the people would be willing to support them, and their district would always be supplied with worn-out bachelors, and inexperienced boys, &c. I thought the Northumberland district might rise, so as to stand on the first list in the Baltimore Conference; and this would be the case, if they would do their duty in making provision for the preachers' families, and there was no lack of means. All that was wanting was system, and a good will, and they would always have an able and experienced ministry. This took with some, and something was done; but we moved on very slowly. I do not recollect whether there was any parsonage on the district. It was thought that our camp meetings improved very much, and that great good was done at them. We also did something in the missionary and Sunday-school causes. My rides were long, and my labors hard, for one of my strength, and I suffered a little at times, but had no wife or children to suffer with me, on account of my being an itinerant preacher. I could write much, but must look to a close.

During four years the harmony in our itinerant ranks was interrupted in one case only, and that was a serious one. Our proceedings in that case were founded in charity. The conference, however, set aside the decision of the committee, and expelled the poor fellow from our

ranks. This happened in the commencement of the first year. We labored together the balance of my term in great peace and harmony. In the spring of 1825 we parted. The most of the preachers came in a body to my room, at brother Dryden's, in Baltimore. We prayed together, and fell upon each other's necks, and wept, and so parted to labor in different parts of the Lord's vineyard.

My dear doctor, I really think I might say something on a subject that greatly agitated the M. E. Church for many years. At least I may speak of so much of it as came under my observation. I mean the bishops' power, particularly in the appointment of the presiding elders. The exterior parts of our work had long felt the necessity of a more equal representation in our General Conference, and additional strength to the episcopacy. The subject of a delegated General Conference was discussed, and the necessity of such an improvement in our economy was keenly felt. In May, 1808, the General Conference met in Baltimore. The distant conferences did what they could toward having an able representation in that conference. They came on, full of the subject of a delegated General Conference, &c. I had been but a few years from the west, and well knew the state of things there. I had traveled in deacon's orders four years and six months, mostly where my services as an elder were greatly needed. And

why was this so? Not because I had not been elected in due time, but because I could not meet with a bishop. Our good old bishops did what they could, and more than almost any other men in their circumstances would have done, but it was impossible for them to meet the wants of the church. At the General Conference an able committee of two members from each annual conference was appointed to take into consideration the subject of a delegated General Conference, &c. They brought in their report in favor of a delegated General Conference, and additional strength to episcopacy; first settling and securing our standard doctrines, general rules, episcopacy, and a general superintendency. This report was ably debated, and always in full view of all the prerogatives the superintendents were vested with. An abridgment of the bishops' power was desired by many, particularly in that of appointing the presiding elders. Had it not been for this bone of contention the report would no doubt (with a little modification) have passed. Much was said on both sides of the question. Yea, so ingeniously, honestly, and ably, was the subject debated, that I have heard or read very little that was really new on that subject since. It was strongly argued that if the restrictive rules stood in the way of a delegated General Conference, the bishops' power could never be touched but with the greatest difficulty, &c., &c. The whole report was

finally voted down. This greatly afflicted the preachers from the different conferences, particularly those from the west. Burke's brow gathered a solemn frown; Sale and others looked sad; as for poor Lakin, he wept like a child. And they immediately said we might now as well go home, for we can do nothing here, the central conferences carry everything as they please. Our venerable Asbury, who presided alone in that conference, also trembled for the ark. This was a solemn and serious moment with the Methodist Episcopal Church, for unity and harmony were in jeopardy. But after consideration and consultation were had, the subject of a delegated General Conference was again brought up, I have forgotten by whom, and the restrictive articles, as published in our form of Discipline, were passed separately. The motions, or resolutions, as we now call them, were made by different members. There was very little further opposition, and it passed by a large majority. This was strange. In this, however, and in the election of William M'Kendree to the office of a superintendent, I have seen the hand of the Lord. Surely the Lord presided over our deliberations, and directed our course. Perhaps there was not a man among us who had sifted and analyzed our church government as did William M'Kendree, and no man understood its principles and bearings in its various parts better than he did. He was pointed out to us by kind

Providence just when we needed such a man. We really thought the presiding elder question was now settled, and all further attempts to curtail the bishops' power at an end; especially as the General Conference still had them so completely in their power as to be authorized "to expel them for improper conduct," and that without the privilege of appeal. Such a power no society, quarterly meeting conference, or annual conference, has over any of its members. But at the General Conference at New-York, May, 1812, these subjects were again as freely and warmly debated as ever. And the arguments of some of the speakers seemed to indicate that our constitution and our restrictive rules were mere cobwebs. A resolution making the presiding elders elective by the annual conferences was lost by a majority of three votes only, (so say my notes.) It seems that some conferences kept this thing alive, and were wide awake; but our conference, as well as some others, slept quite securely on this subject.

At the General Conference in Baltimore, May, 1816, the subject was again brought up, and debated with great ability. Some of the delegates came up with a determination to carry it through the conference at this time. But as we had just lost our beloved Asbury, and his remains were deposited by the General Conference under the pulpit of the church in Eutaw-street, moderation prevailed. One of the two bishops elected and

set apart at conference, was, however, said to favor the proposed alteration of the Discipline. After this conference the presiding elder question was not only kept alive among the preachers, but it spread out among the local ministry and membership, and this mischievous thing respecting the appointment of the presiding elders was agitated for four years longer, and reform (so called) was gaining ground.

In the spring of 1820 the General Conference sat again in Baltimore. The preachers in our conference had had much conversation on the subject of the reform that was contemplated; especially as it was known that the northern and eastern conferences had elected, or would elect, their delegates with a view to carry their point. But our conference voted, some for men and measures, and others for men, without any regard to measures. So our conference has again a mixed delegation, though there was still a majority for "old rules," as brother J. Frye used to say. This exciting subject, as it then began to be, was again brought up; (but greatly modified by compromise;) and finally the compromise resolutions were adopted. But after Bishop M'Kendree had entered his objections to the rule as passed, because he thought it unconstitutional, &c., and Rev. Joshua Soule, bishop elect, had sent in his resignation, not (as I always understood) because he was elected under the old rule, but because he conscientiously believed it to

be an infringement on our restrictive rules, and he could not act under the new rule, as passed by the conference—these resolutions were suspended, by a respectable majority, for four years. From this time the subject was fully before the church, and also before the world. Strong and good men were engaged on both sides of the question, and much was said; and some things were written and published, and not always in the language and spirit of brotherly kindness. Indeed, much was said that ought never to have been said by brothers in Christ; for confidence was shaken, and brotherly love began to wax cold.

In August, 1823, our worthy Bishop George came from the north, through the Northumberland district. He was much alarmed at the state of things, and had strong fears that there would be a split in the church, unless this little thing was ceded by the old side as a peace measure. I was sorry to differ in opinion from my good old friend and bishop. I really thought this would be purchasing peace at too dear a rate; for if there was not an important principle involved in this "little thing," why did sensible men contend so earnestly and perseveringly for it? And why did others, who understood it as well, so strenuously oppose the passage of such a rule? The old side stood entirely on the defensive, and contended for what they conceived to be the commencement of innovation, and an inlet to other evils. I had, for my

own satisfaction, opened a correspondence with preachers on every district in our conference, and had ascertained, to my entire satisfaction, that a majority of our conference went against any change in our government. I also communicated with Joshua Soule; but he was cautious, for the time had nearly come when it might be said, "Trust ye not in any brother" on church government.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR BROTHER,—I must trouble you with another letter. I do not wish to revive unpleasant feelings in any mind; but I took an honest and lively interest in the controversy alluded to in my last, and whether I was right or wrong, it makes an important part of my narrative. In the fall I went to Virginia, to see my friends and attend to some business. I called to see brother Roszel in Loudon; and although not easily discouraged, I found him so on the presiding elder question. We took the Minutes, and I put my finger upon every man's name that I had reason to believe was firm on the old side, and casting all doubtful cases in the opposite scale, we still had a majority, and we plainly saw that if we acted in concert we could send a delegation of old-side men to the General Conference. A short time

before the conference in Winchester, Bishop George came to see me at my brother's. I always loved him very much, and was glad to see him. We had much conversation on the exciting subject, and agreed in one thing at least, that the Baltimore Conference would decide the presiding elder question; only he believed a majority would go for the suspended resolutions, and I had good reason to believe otherwise. The conference met in Winchester, according to appointment, and it looked a little like making preparations for a decisive battle, on which much depended. One of our worthy young men said, "We intend to call a meeting, make out our ticket, and send all old-side men of the right stamp." I called on brother Soule, and communicated to him what was upon hand. He, as well as myself, was opposed to any such meeting, but he thought that circumstances justified a meeting where brethren might freely interchange thoughts, and fix upon the men to represent them in the General Conference. Brother Soule, however, despaired of success, and seemed to think it would be labor lost. A meeting was, however, called. Dr. Cook gave us the use of his room. John Bear, then one of our young men, was called to the chair, and the business of the meeting brought up; and, after some conversation on the subject, a ticket was made out by ballot, which was afterward carried in conference on the first balloting. Our brethren who favored the

change had a meeting the same night, and claimed the weight of talent; but our side claimed the weight of age and experience, as well as numbers. At this decision of the Baltimore Conference many rejoiced, and others were disappointed and deeply mortified. The Rev. Richard Reece, the British delegate, was present at this conference, and saw Joshua Soule and John Emory, two of our strong men, take opposite sides on the subject of reform, (rather incidentally brought on,) and put forth all their strength.

The General Conference, in 1824, suspended the "suspended resolutions" four years longer, and the General Conference, in 1828, repealed them altogether. My dear doctor, I look back with great satisfaction upon the decisive part which the Baltimore Annual Conference took at this critical moment; and it should be set down to the credit of the young men who so nobly came forward to the aid of a few old men, to save the church in time of danger. For had the Baltimore Conference sent a mixed delegation, as they always had done—though a majority of the preachers, and a large majority of the people, were always opposed to the proposed change—a change would have taken place; or had the Northumberland district been divided, as some other districts were, the young men could not have carried their ticket entire for old-side men; and there would, in all probability, have been a change in our govern-

ment. I do not mean to say that Methodism would have been ruined if the suspended resolutions had been carried into effect: I only mean to say that, in my humble opinion, the whole itinerant machine would have been clogged, and more difficulties, and less satisfaction, would have attended the stationing of the preachers than ever. And, besides, it would have opened the door to worse innovations instead of being an improvement.

Events that took place between 1824 and 1828 plainly showed that some traveling preachers, aided by some local preachers and lay members, wanted much more than to transfer the appointment of the presiding elders from the bishops to the annual conferences. I always did believe that a large majority of the preachers wanted nothing more than to make the presiding elders elective, and as soon as they saw what was growing out of this controversy, they, like honest men, and lovers of our government, gave it up. The preachers soon found that the very arguments they made use of against the bishops' power in the appointment of presiding elders, and the power of "bishops' men," were employed by local preachers and lay members against *them*. So warm was the contest, yea, so hot was the battle, that you, dear doctor, (radical, as they called you,) were called into the field of controversy to contend manfully, through the "Itinerant," against innovation, [nay, but against revolution—EDIT.] and as a commen-

tator on the discipline, government, and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I need not tell how the battle went on. Since that time Providence has called you to a more elevated station on the walls of our Zion; and I must allow, you are a vigilant watchman. You can descry enemies in disguise, as well as those who are avowedly so, and expose their insidious attacks upon the Methodist Episcopal Church, not only by argument, but by ridicule. Defending the government and usages of the church of your choice seems to be amusement, instead of hard labor. May your trumpet always give a certain sound!

Much evil was certainly done by the intemperate discussion of the presiding elder question, and other things that grew out of it. But the great Head of the church overruled everything for good, so as to bring good out of evil. After our church government has gone through such an ordeal, its principles are better understood, and the utility of its usages are more clearly seen, and consequently more highly and understandingly appreciated, than ever.

In the spring of 1825 I was appointed to Berkley circuit again, where I traveled over some of my old ground; but nearly all my old friends were either dead or removed. James Riley was my colleague. At my last visit to brother Riley's father's house, James was but a lad, and Tobias, his brother, a chubby, red-faced boy. Neither of

them had been converted; but now brother James has finished his course in the ministry, and gone before me. Tobias, who also entered the itinerant connection, it is reported, (and I am afraid it is true,) has recently been deprived of sight.* Mysterious providence! and I am permitted to live and write this on a dark day without glasses. Although objects at a distance are indistinct, and rather confused to my vision, and I am quite near-sighted, yet I can see to nib a pen better than I could ten years ago with the use of glasses. Martinsburg was the principal appointment in the circuit, where I found three promising young men, who afterward became preachers. George Hildt and John Poisal were licensed to exhort, and that year recommended to the district conference for license to preach, and to the annual conference for admission into the traveling connection. And lest that honorable body should refuse to recommend brother Poisal, on account of his youth, I wrote to the president, that I thought his youth ought to be no objection, as he had stability, and other qualifications. They, however, refused to recommend him, because he was but a lad. He was, however, employed by the presiding elder on the Harford circuit a part of the year.

Charles Kalbfus was afterward licensed to preach, recommended to the conference, and en-

* Brother Tobias Riley, since this was written, has, also, gone to the rest that remains for the people of God.

tered into the traveling connection. These three brethren have for many years been before the public as ministers of Jesus Christ, and are well known to thousands.

In 1826 and 1827 I traveled on Loudon circuit. In the spring of 1828 I was so far worn down with labor, and withal much afflicted with dyspepsia, that I thought it would be wrong for me to undertake to do effective work; and I applied to the conference for a respite from hard labor and responsibility for one year, in hopes of recovering my health and strength. The conference was pleased to indulge me. When I returned from the General Conference, held in Pittsburg, I went to my brother's, in Frederick county, Va., at the commencement of the harvest. The second day after I got home I rode into the harvest field, for I was so weak I did not feel able to walk that distance. The third day I walked, and soon began to lay my hands to such things as I could do, and gathered strength, and my appetite increased every day. The last day of harvest I undertook to rake after a cradler half a day, but was released by a neighbor who came into the field. I was out almost every day while they were getting in their harvest. Now I was found pitching sheaves, then on the stack laying them, &c. It was my choice to do so, for I gathered strength every day. After this kind of exercise for six weeks, or two months, I recovered so far as to be able to do effective

service. There was a vacancy in Fairfax circuit, so I turned in with brother John G. Watt, and we had some gracious displays of the power of God in the conversion of sinners.

Early in March, 1829, I came down to Baltimore county, and went to see Rebecca Bosley, my intended bride, to whom I stood pledged, and on the 12th we were "well married," at least I think so, and I believe some others think so too. I shall assign no reasons for changing my state so late in life. I have been a child of Providence, and I own the hand of the Lord in this, as well as in a thousand other things. I do not say that I am an example in this thing to others; but if any man has received this gift, and can serve God and his church as contented and happy as I did in single life, well; if not, let him marry in the Lord.

I was next appointed to York circuit, Penn., and lived in the parsonage in York, where I had a good garden, and worked it myself, and under God it was a means of keeping up my health and strength. In 1830 I was stationed in York. We spent two pleasant years there, and had some refreshing seasons, and many warm friends. In 1831 and 1832 I traveled in Hagerstown circuit with my beloved brother, R. S. Vinton. He treated me as an affectionate son would a father, always ready to take hold of the heavy end of the work, and favor me. We lived in Hagerstown, where we had many friends. In this circuit we had some

prosperity, and also some difficulties and trials. In 1833 I was again appointed to Baltimore circuit. Brother T. B. Sargent was my affectionate colleague. I lived in the parsonage in Hookstown. I was truly glad to meet with many old friends, some of whom I had known for nearly thirty years, yet had no intention of driving down my stake here. But my next neighbor got into the spirit of moving, and offered his property for sale. I had laid up nothing, for I took little thought for to-morrow; but I had fallen heir to a little money from my father's estate, and my wife had a little more coming to her from her father's estate, so we had it in our power to make the purchase, and secure a home. I knew that I could not get along much, if any, further. An old worn-out man to be palmed on a circuit, to do effective service, when he as well as the people know he cannot do it, is an affecting sight. True, it may be said, He has done much, and done it long; but the people are apt to give the old man credit for what he has done, and say they love him very much, but they want some one that can push the work now. If the work is not pushed it will run down in any circuit. To be placed in such circumstances I dreaded more than death itself. We made it a matter of prayer, and consulted our friends. They thought the property was reasonable enough, and it seemed as if Providence had thrown it in our way. We soon closed the bargain. In 1834 I

took possession of the house and lot, and on reflecting that the Lord had provided a home for me, after many years' wanderings, without house or home, and just at the very nick of time when I must change my relation to the conference—for I plainly saw that I could no longer do effective work—I felt grateful to him for all his tender mercies over me, and called my home, "Pilgrim's Rest;" perhaps Pilgrim's Lodge would have been a more appropriate name, for this is not yet *my rest*. Circumstances have hitherto justified a belief that this is the very place pointed out by Providence to call a halt. I own but one acre of land, which I mostly work with my own hands. My hands have often been blistered, and are as hard and sun-burned as any gardener's, and I have been weary nigh unto fainting, when I rested awhile, and then up and at it again. And what of all this, when I enjoy as good health as I could expect, have a good appetite, have peace of mind, and sleep sound! I do believe if some of our supernumerary, or even superannuated preachers, would seek some healthy country place, or village, and use more exercise in open and free air, they would do better than to be stewed in a city, or some large town, especially those who have been accustomed to hardy exercises in a free air in early life. I could say more on this subject. I am now in my seventy-third year, and have seen much affliction, and passed through some hard-

ships, and, with the exception of the infirmities, aches, and pains of age, I enjoy better health now than I did thirty years ago. And this I attribute, under God, to constant exercise. I sometimes sit about the house till I feel an inclination to groan with every breath. I then go out into the wood-yard, garden, or stable, and I always find something to do, and soon get into a perspiration, and return to the house much relieved. I still do a little in the Lord's vineyard, but often think I might, and ought to do more.

And now, my dear brother Bond, I will bring my poor narrative to a close. I have already taken up too much room in your excellent Advocate. I retire the more cheerfully as I see two able veterans in your paper entertaining and edifying us with anecdotes of "olden times." May God bless them, and crown their labors with success! I may humbly say, in drawing up my narrative, my eye has been single. But I have labored under great disadvantage, such as no one but myself could feel. I say it to my shame, I have paid too little attention to the right use of language and composition in my early days, and never was fond of writing; never wrote a sermon in my life. I met with hundreds of interruptions, and misgivings, and discouragements. I have often been startled when it occurred to my mind that I was presuming to write for the Christian Advocate and Journal; and had not you and

others encouraged me, I should have made short work of it. If I have done any good by my scribblings, to God be all the glory. To me it is so much clear gain, for I little expected that I could be useful in this way. In retrospecting my life I have seen much that calls for increased gratitude to God, and also much to be ashamed of. If I never repented for my many faults before, I have since I have been writing this narrative. So you see while I have taken some notice of the faults of others, I have never been allowed to lose sight of my own. But I have now done, and if it were not done, it is not likely that it ever would or could be done.

I beg leave to subscribe myself, once more, your very unworthy, but affectionate, and much obliged, friend and brother, HENRY SMITH.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR BROTHER,—Is it so, that our beloved John Kobler is no more? Or rather, has he fallen asleep in Jesus? Yes, you have published it to the world. Blessed man of God! he has got the start of me, and is now reaping the reward of all his labors, privations, and toils. He was always ahead of me, and it was meet that he should first cease from labors and enter into his rest. "To die is gain." As there is not a man in the

Baltimore Conference, and but a few elsewhere, who knew him longer and better than I did, I take pleasure in recording a few recollections of him. He was a few years older in the ministry than myself, and was one of the pioneers in the western parts of Virginia, what we then called Holston district, including a part of Tennessee. I first saw him at the conference held at Bethel, Kentucky, April, 1797. He was appointed by Bishop Asbury to take charge of the Kentucky district. In 1798, he volunteered to be the first missionary to the north-western territory; and as I had the honor to succeed him, I knew something of his hardships, his labors, and his success, and of the high estimation in which he was held by the people there. A few years after this he returned with a broken constitution and a shrieking voice; and, as was common in those days, took a location, and retired to the place of his nativity, in Culpepper county, Va. As he was disqualified for itinerant work, he married, and became a farmer, and used much manual exercise, for he could not be idle. He sustained the relation of local preacher for many years, for he was too modest to express a wish to be readmitted into the traveling connection when he could not do effective service. But a few years ago the Baltimore Conference took him up. And although he was but little known in that conference, he had many friends, and they gave him a hearty welcome and a cordial readmission, and placed

him on the superannuated list. This was the more cheerfully done, as the conference were fully satisfied that he would do honor to that class of ministers, and make no demands on the funds of the conference.

After I became intimately acquainted with that excellent man, I felt as if I should be entirely safe in making him my confidant, and taking him for my pattern and guide under Christ. He was greatly my superior in gifts and grace, but he condescended to take me to his bosom, and became my friend, and we were closely united. I never knew a man more uniformly and entirely devoted to God. Company, time, place, circumstances, made no visible change in John Kobler. He was always and everywhere the same humble, unassuming, sweet-spirited, heavenly-minded man. O how often have we retired together from some log-cabin to a lonely place for private prayer, and embraced, and wept over each other's necks, and sometimes shouted aloud for joy, that we were accounted worthy to suffer a little in the cause of Christ! I have known many of the excellent of the earth, both among the preachers and membership, but a more humble, guileless, holy man, I never saw than my friend John Kobler. He was a great Bible reader, and also had read all our standard works, that were within his reach; and in doctrine he was sound. No man disliked religious disputes or controversy more than he

did. He preached what he found in his Bible and firmly believed, and but seldom meddled with other people's "isms." Experimental and practical religion was his theme. The entire depravity of human nature, redemption by Christ, repentance toward God, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, entire sanctification, and holiness of life, were prominent subjects with him, and were ever before him. In description he was excellent—sometimes grand—and would carry a whole congregation with him. In his person he was prepossessing, and always neat in his dress, even in a log-cabin. In the pulpit he was always solemn and dignified. His action was natural and graceful. His voice was excellent; and when his heart was warmed with his subject (and when was it otherwise?) his noble voice was employed to purpose, and the effects were surprising. This is something like John Kobler in his best days.

Many years after I parted with him in the west I met with him again in Fredericksburg; but O what a change! His voice was broken, and gave an unnatural sound. It produced some painful sensations in my mind, for I recollected how often I had been charmed by his voice, as well as profited by his ministry. A man so holy and so entirely devoted to his work, and so exemplary in his life, could not fail to be useful anywhere, for he was always preaching. His very look was preaching to some people. No wonder he com-

manded respect from all, and was so highly esteemed by his own church. In our beloved brother we saw gravity without gloom, and cheerfulness without levity. In him we saw the graces of the Spirit brought to maturity, and shining forth resplendently. Forty-six years have rolled away since I first saw that worthy minister of Jesus Christ, and during that time nothing has occurred to weaken my confidence in him, or to slacken the cords of love that first bound me to him.

I saw him when he was going on his begging expedition for the church at Fredericksburg, and obtained a promise of a visit from him on his return. We met rejoicing, as we had often done, and parted commending each other to God by prayer; but on his return circumstances deprived me of the privilege and pleasure of introducing him to my family and friends. I regretted the disappointment, but did not blame him, as he had been long from his beloved family. Well, it makes very little difference now, for we shall soon meet where tears shall be wiped away, and be reunited "where parting will be no more."

And now, my dear doctor, I hope you will publish this humble testimony, and feeble, but sincere, tribute of respect to a departed friend. And while my heart is warmed up by reflection on past events, and pleasing anticipation of future bliss, I will write a little more about old Prince George's and St. Mary's.

St. Mary's had been a separate circuit for years, but was now reunited to Prince George's. Brother James Sewell was my colleague. We had twenty-eight regular preaching places, besides occasional appointments, and a pretty large tract of country to ride over; in one place twenty-five miles before preaching at eleven o'clock. The outlines of the circuit were as follows:—Sunday at the African meeting-house in the old fields, not far from Bladensburg, were we had a large society of colored people, converted and collected through the instrumentality of a few colored men in that neighborhood. They were Methodistical in doctrine and in discipline, with the exception of a few rules peculiar to themselves. As they were mostly slaves, they administered corporeal punishment for some offenses, and in some other cases they would not suffer them to come into the congregation, but sit or stand at the door for a season. I inquired of one of the old leaders if these things were so. He said, "Yes," and that it answered a very good purpose too. They were then taken charge of by the preachers. I understood one of the old men said, "The preachers take off the bridle, and we cannot manage them so well now," for the society was regulated agreeably to Methodist rules. This was upon the whole a simple-hearted, devoted people. Thence to Oxin Hill, Piscataway, Col. Beal's in Clark's county, and so on to Chickamuxen, on Sunday.

Thence through Port Tobacco and on toward Leonardstown; thence to Hewitt's, on St. George's River, a Sunday appointment; from Hewitt's to St. Mary's River; thence to point Look Out, on the bay, and then up the Patuxunt River to Smith's Meeting-house, another Sunday appointment; thence on toward Nottingham, and then through Upper Marlborough toward Miss Betsey Gant's, and so on to the beginning, including three counties, and perhaps a small part of Ann Arundel. It is well known that the Roman Catholic pilgrims first landed at St. Mary's River, and thence spread over that country. But still the Protestants were numerous. I was informed by an intelligent gentleman that, some years before I came on, the strength of the two parties had been pretty fairly tried at an election, and the Protestants had a majority. But as there was but one denomination of Protestants there, and their preachers few, and greatly deficient in evangelical views of gospel truth, and wanting in zeal for the cause of God, the Papists made many proselytes. This was the state of things when the Methodist preachers first went down to that country. I am not able to say who were their first preachers; but I frequently heard the people speak of N. Willis, T. Currin, and A. Hemphill. The priests became alarmed, and forbid their people to hear the Methodists; but so great was their curiosity, so strong their desire to hear for them-

selves, that all the threats of the priests, and even the curses denounced against them, could not prevent some from hearing these strange men. And although their success among the Roman Catholics was not great, yet some believed and turned to the Lord, and became zealous and valuable members of our church; among whom was Benedict Wemsett. He lived near a cove on the Patuxunt River. Although addicted to dissipation, he was a zealous Catholic; but he bought a family Bible, (I think at a sale,) and read it. Light was poured into his understanding, and a conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin was brought home to his heart. He became greatly alarmed, and in deep distress of mind sought relief in the use of the ceremonies of his church, but found no rest to his soul. He read the Bible, wept, and sought the Lord in the best way he knew. His father and mother, and all his friends, yea, his own wife, rose up against him. His wife had been a nominal Protestant, but was a proselyte to the Romish faith, and as violently opposed to him as any of them. I think it was on Easter Monday a Methodist preacher had an appointment to preach in that neighborhood. Poor Benedict wished to go and hear for himself, but his wife opposed him. He, however, gave her the slip, and went to meeting. When he was missed, she suspected where he had gone, and followed him, and remained during the sermon.

When class meeting was proposed, she rose to go out, but when she got to the door she looked back, and saw her husband keep his seat. She determined not to leave him, and turned back, but before she got to a seat she was powerfully arrested by the Spirit of God, and fell to the floor, and cried aloud for mercy. She was soon surrounded by a few praying people, who pointed her to Jesus Christ, and exhorted her to go at once to the sinner's Friend, and to go just as she was and confess to him. She did so, and, thank God, she soon found that she did not confess in vain, for he wrote pardon on her heart, and sent forth the Spirit of adoption, enabling her to cry, Abba, Father, and she went home rejoicing in the Lord. But poor Benedict went home a burdened, heavy-laden sinner. Although he rejoiced in the happy conversion of his wife, (for now one great obstacle was removed out of his way,) his conviction was deepened, his sorrow for sin increased, and his distress was great. After a deep and painful travail of soul, he also found the Lord in the pardon of his sins. And so great was the change, and so entirely satisfactory was the witness he had in himself that the work was of God, that he went rejoicing all the day long, and never once doubted of his conversion. He once said to me, "The Lord knew what I would have to encounter, and he made it so plain to me that I could not doubt." Poor fellow, he had much to contend with. Fa-

ther and mother, priest, and all, were now dreadfully enraged. While he was an open and notorious sinner they could put up with him, but now it seemed as though his nearest friends could stand by and see him burned alive. The principles and persecuting spirit of Popery are the same in this country as elsewhere; but, thank God, they cannot break out as where it has entire sway. But Wemsett read his Bible, and having a pretty ready apprehension, and a retentive memory, he was soon more than a match for all his adversaries in argument. The Bible, the blessed book of God, was his strong fort. And it was truly astonishing what a knowledge of the Scriptures he soon acquired.

Mrs. Wemsett being so powerfully converted, she could pray without her beads, and gave them to Sealy, their servant woman; but it was not long before Sealy got converted also, and I do not know what became of the beads. This man and his little family were now happy all the day long. So great was the change in the man, and so evidently were his circumstances improved, that open opposition had measurably subsided when I knew him. Although he was not rich, yet he could treat the preachers when they came to see him with a dish of as fine oysters, fresh out of his cove, as I ever saw, and did it as cheerfully. He afterward became a local preacher.

In Nottingham (the upper part of our circuit) we preached at the house of Capt. Griffith. One night, while I was preaching there, the spirit of solemnity fell upon the congregation, and the hearts of the people appeared to be impressed. After preaching I was induced to leave the stand, and move through the congregation, talking to them as I went. I fixed my eye on a lad in the further part of the house. When I came to him I laid my hand on his head, and spoke to him, and also asked him questions. I think he wept, and trembled too. I do not recollect what he said, or whether he said anything; but one thing I know, he set out from that hour to seek the Lord in earnest. The boy was Chas. B. Tippett, for many years past an enterprising, laborious, and successful member of the Baltimore Conference. Poor Charles had a pretty hard time of it, for he lived with an uncle who kept a tavern, where he was surrounded by many snares and temptations; but Charles stood his ground, more like a man than a boy. Whenever I was at Capt. Griffith's, Charles (if he could get off) would come and spend part of the evening with me, to hear me talk, and inquire about the good way. Though he had so few advantages, and many discouragements, he persevered, and happily found the Lord when alone in his room. In former days it was more common for people to get converted in

this way than in these latter days; but no matter whether it is at the "mourners' bench," on an "anxious seat," in the woods, or in a room alone, so that it is done by the Lord—then it will be well done. Charles has given pretty good evidence that he was converted by the Lord. Now if I should have done no other good while on that circuit than been in any degree an instrument in the conversion of Charles B. Tippett, I shall have done good service to the church; for while I am laid by as a broken reed, my son in the gospel is driving on courageously and successfully, and has never yet learned the art of sparing himself in the work of the Lord. Go on, my son, and do still more valiantly for the truth.

My dear doctor, if this savors a little of vanity, I hope your readers will pardon me, for we old people have little to cheer us but the consolations of religion, reflection on some past events, and a pleasing prospect of future happiness.

While on this circuit a camp meeting was appointed to be held some time in August, 1816, at Hallowing Point, (generally called Hallin Point,) Calvert circuit. This was the first meeting of the kind that was held in that section of country. Everything was new to the people, and thousands attended. And being contiguous to our circuit, my colleague and I both attended. The ground was flat, but pleasantly situated for a dry

camp meeting. The Lord was very present at this meeting, and many converts were made to camp meetings, and many were added to the Lord. We had no rain, and it was a pleasant season throughout. O how many of the preachers, as well as people, who were at that meeting are now in another world! A favorable report went abroad from this camp meeting, and the following August they must needs have another on the same ground. We had much rain, so as to produce a flood. Bridges were washed away, and the roads were much torn up. Our ground was flat, so that the water could not run off, and consequently it was literally covered with water. The people were so anxious to come to the meeting that some infirm and sick people were brought there. Nearly all the tents were badly constructed, for few knew how to put up a tent so as to turn rain. This meeting was rather the reverse of the former, for while the other was attended with uninterrupted delight and almost enthusiastic joy, at this we heard lamentation and wo. But the great Head of the church was better to us than all our fears, and good was done under all these disadvantages. We had no death in our camp, and I heard of none who received any serious injury; so far from it, that some of our sick were better after they returned to their homes than when they left them. I could relate some remarkable cases. The lower

part of our circuit was sickly, but my young colleague and myself enjoyed common health, and labored harmoniously together, and had a pleasant year with that simple-hearted and loving people.

I am again permitted to subscribe myself your affectionate and obliged friend and brother,

HENRY SMITH.

Letters Originally Published

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RECOLLECTIONS, ETC.

LETTER I.

TO REV. WILLIAM BURKE.

DEAR BROTHER,—On September 14, 1799, I preached my first sermon, at the house of my old friend and brother, Francis M'Cormick, on the Little Miami; and I can assure you we had a very interesting meeting. We embraced religion, and began to exhort about the same time; and went far and near to hold meetings together. We were often opposed, mocked, and derided; but all this led us into closer union with God and with each other. Our songs and prayers were turned into ridicule; and some said, if they could pray no better than we did, they would not attempt it. One of M'Cormick's old associates, returning one night from one of his frolics, was amusing himself about our religious exercises, particularly our songs and prayers; but in a moment he saw (or thought he saw) the Lord Jesus Christ hanging on the cross. His mirth was soon turned into mourning, and his levity gave way to tears. He rode by his lodging to brother M'Cormick's: the family had retired to rest, for it was very late. He rapped at the door, and called. As soon as the door was opened, he

stepped in, and fell upon his knees, and begged brother M'Cormick to pray for him. At first they thought he was intoxicated, and in jest, but soon found that he was sober, and in earnest. He was a man naturally of a strong mind, had read much, and was well informed. He continued in deep distress for several weeks; when he was happily converted under the pathetic and powerful preaching of Doctor Tiffen. The congregation was large, and assembled under the open heavens. Many of this man's friends were there, and all the congregation knew him. When he shouted aloud the praise of God, the whole assembly was deeply affected. He went into class meeting with us. The class was met in an upper room. So great was the curiosity to see and hear what was done in class meeting, that the stair steps were crowded, and some got upon the trees that stood round the house, to look through the windows. One daring sinner, the bully of the neighborhood, swore he would see, and forced his way up stairs. Our new convert met him; his heart burned with love, and he took him by the hand, and began to talk to him, and exhort him to turn from the evil of his ways. The poor fellow made several efforts to say something, but could not get a word out: he looked confounded, and felt confused, and could say nothing; but, as he retreated, (which he did very soon,) he said to our friend, "I wish you well"—and so left us to hold our happy meeting without fur-

ther interruption. This was a high day with us poor persecuted Methodists.

At another time, brother M'Cormick and myself had a meeting appointed about four miles from home. When we got near the place we met two females, who begged us with tears not to go further, "for," said they, "there is a gang there, who are determined to mob you." It was my friend's turn to open the meeting. We had a little conversation, and determined in the name of Jesus, our good Master, to go forward. My friend begged that I would take the lead, as I appeared to be inspired with more courage that evening than he had—some of his near relations being among the persecutors. We held our meeting in peace, for the Lord was on our side, and also the greater part of the congregation, who were determined to defend us, if any one molested us; so Satan was defeated, and good was done. After the meeting was concluded, we went through the crowd, but none said a word to us.

These are only a few cases among many. Having such a training, we were somewhat prepared to endure hardness, and face rough people in the western wilderness. Pardon this digression, as it has some connection with the history of the pioneers of Methodism in Ohio. It was my strong attachment to my old friend, together with his repeated and earnest solicitations, and also the advice of my friend Kobler, that led me the more

cheerfully to consent to go to Ohio. In my mind I now see my dear brother Kobler standing before me, and saying, "Go, brother Smith; do go over and help them—they want you." I am, as ever, your friend and brother, HENRY SMITH.

LETTER II.

TO SAMUEL WILLIAMS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—As I have been solicited by several of my brethren in the west to write something for your society, I ventured to make a beginning in a letter to my old friend, the Rev. William Burke. What I do in this way must be done quickly. I am the more encouraged to write, as your society gives great latitude, and seems disposed to exercise indulgence.

Lewis Hunt, a young man from Kentucky, was appointed to travel the Miami circuit, in the year 1799, by the presiding elder. We had heard that he was broken down, and I was sent to take his place. On the 15th of September I sat out in company with brother F. M'Cormick, to meet brother Hunt on Mad River. We met him at brother Hamor's, and found him so far recovered as to be able to go on in his work. My instructions were, that if he should be able to continue in the work, to go up to Scioto, and form a circuit there. We consulted our friends, and formed the

plan of uniting Scioto to Miami, and making a six weeks' circuit of it. This plan was, however, abandoned, on account of the great distance between the circuits, and the dismal swamp we would have have had to pass through every round. On the 18th I left brother Hunt, and returned to brother M'Cormick's. On Sunday, the 22d, for the first time, I heard the Rev. Philip Gatch. He was truly a very fine sample of the first American Methodist preachers. He was born in Baltimore county, and was among the first-fruits of Methodism in Maryland. He was a plain and simple, but powerful preacher. His reliance for success appeared to be upon power from above, and it was given. I found him to be a meek-spirited, agreeable young man; zealous in the cause, and always willing to give counsel when asked, but never intruding. The old veteran is gone to his reward, and I trust his praise is still in the western churches. I had the priviledge of giving an exhortation after him, and the Lord was truly with us in the congregation; and in our class meeting some were much refreshed, and my own soul among others. Monday, 23d, I was unwell, but rode about ten miles on my way to my new field of labor, and lodged with a poor but pious Methodist family. Tuesday, 24th, I pursued my journey up the Ohio River, and put up with James Sargent, Esq., an old Methodist friend from Maryland, who received and treated

me with all the kindness and hospitality of an old Maryland Methodist. Here I left two appointments for my next round, which he promised to publish for me. Wednesday, 25th, I still pursued my course up the Ohio River. Sometimes I had a very intricate path, and sometimes none at all. But, by the aid of the Lord, in the evening I reached the house of a kind Presbyterian family. We spent the evening in conversation on the subject of religion. The old gentleman, the head of the family, invited me to pray with them in the evening, and again in the morning, and, also, kindly invited me to call again when I came that way. I thanked them for their hospitality, but never had another opportunity of calling upon them.

Thursday, 26th, I left this kind family at the mouth of Red Oak, and started for Eagle Creek, and began to inquire for Methodists, as I had understood that some were living there; but could hear of none. I took up Eagle Creek, and being directed to a family where I could get information, I rode up to the house, and asked the good man of the house if he could tell me where any of the people called Methodists lived. He said he could not; but he told me that his wife had formerly belonged to that society, and invited me to alight, and come in. While my horse was eating, I told them who I was, and my business—entered into conversation with them on spiritual things; and

requested the man to call his family together. I prayed with them, and for them, and was much drawn out in prayer. I gave them a short exhortation, and left them all in tears. I rode about eight or nine miles, and inquired again for Methodists, and was directed to a poor man's cabin. I found the man and his wife in the corn-field. I called to him, and inquired if he could tell me where I could find any of the people called Methodists. He leaped over the fence, and ran to me, and took me by the hand with all the cordiality of an Irishman. I told him my name and business; and he received me with every expression of joy. He called to his wife, Jane, and conducted me in triumph to his cabin. Jane soon came home, in corn-field habiliments, it is true; but she soon washed herself, and changed her dress, and made me as welcome to their cabin as her husband: such a reception was worth a day's ride. If I was but poorly qualified for a missionary in every other respect, I was not in *one thing;* for I had long since conquered my foolish prejudice about eating, drinking, and lodging. I could submit to any kind of inconvenience when I had an opportunity of doing good; for I thought myself highly honored to be permitted to labor in any part of the Lord's vineyard. My call was among the poor, and among them I could feel myself at home. Jane got us something to eat. I do not recollect what it was; but one thing I

perfectly recollect—we ate our morsel with gladness, and our hearts were made to burn within us while we talked about Jesus. In time of family prayer the power of the Lord came down upon us, and the place was filled with his glory. The good people had taken their poor horse into their cabin the previous winter, and of course it was not as pleasant as it might have been; but He, who had condescended to be born in a stable, had made it delightful by his presence. When bed-time came, poor Jane brought from her chest as clean white sheets as ever came from Ireland, (for she brought them from there,) and spread them on my bed. I laid me down in peace, slept soundly, and rose refreshed.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,—My Irish brother informed me that there were three or four more Methodist families still higher up the creek, who had formed themselves into a society, and met on Sundays for prayer and class meetings. Friday, 27th, I rode to old brother Foster's; and there the dear family received me with open arms and joyful hearts. I preached, on Saturday the 28th, to eighteen or twenty people, with a degree of liberty, and the word seemed to find way to their hearts. Sunday, 29th, I preached at Peter Ran-

kin's, four or five miles down Eagle Creek, to a small but attentive congregation; this was the place where the society met for prayer; and the poor starving sheep fed freely upon the bread of life. Monday, 30th, I rode to the house of brother Warmsley, on Ohio Brush Creek, with whom I had been acquainted in Kentucky. In family worship the Lord was present in power; the dear family were all melted into tears, and the room appeared to be filled with glory and God. We sung and talked about Jesus and his love, and shouted aloud for joy. Who would not shout the praises of God, for such an unexpected but seasonable visitation of divine mercy? Word was sent out, and I preached on Tuesday, the 31st, at William Burkitt's, to a small congregation, the country being but sparsely settled, and the notice short. I stood up among them, and cried, "I Am hath sent me unto you!" Some poor sinners were deeply affected, and seemed to feel as though the Lord had sent me to them; and the Lord's poor mourning children had no doubt of it. It was worth while to suffer a little to meet with such a scene and with such a reception. Here a society was already formed, by Joseph Moore, a local preacher from Scioto Brush Creek, and Simon Fields was their leader. Wednesday, October 1st, I rode over to brother Moore's, on Scioto Brush Creek, where I found a considerable society already organized by brother Moore. In this place I had

some success, and the society so increased that no private house or cabin would hold the congregation. On the 6th of August, 1800, we proposed to build a meeting-house, but we met with opposition from some who wanted a free house; but as no one seemed to care for their souls but the Methodists, I could see no good sense in building a house for other denominations, before they came and needed one. We, however, succeeded in building a small log-house—but large enough for the neighborhood as it then was. This was the first Methodist meeting-house on the circuit, perhaps the first in the North-western Territory. I did not stop to preach here on my first round, but left an appointment for that day three weeks, and pushed on to the house of Isaac Warmsley, on Scioto Brush Creek, where I lodged that night. Being invited to stay, and rest myself and horse, the next day, I concluded to do so; but, after dinner, I became so restless and unhappy in mind that I told my friend I could not stay, for something urged me to go—go; and I must go. It was supposed to be sixteen miles to the mouth of the creek, and there was no house for twelve miles, and no road; not even a beaten path or blazed trees to direct my course. The creek was my guide. I had, however, a path sometimes, (for some had traveled the same route before,) but often none at all. About four miles from the mouth of the creek I came to a cabin, and inquired

about the settlement at the mouth of the creek, where I had a mind to go, and call a meeting; but understanding that few people lived there, I took a cross-path, and crossed Scioto four miles higher up, and got into the road leading from the mouth of the river (this was then what was called congress land) to Pee-Pee and Chilicothe. Night was now coming on, and I knew I could not reach Pee-Pee, as I would have to cross the river in the night, and knew not the ford. I began to look for some cabin to shelter in. I took notice of several, but my impressions urged me on. About eight miles short of Pee-Pee, just as the sun was setting, I came to a very small cabin, and met with an old man and his wife. I asked if they could give shelter for the night. The old man said he could not well do it, for one of his family was sick, and he had no way to keep my horse; but if I would go to his son's (in sight) there, I could get lodging. I went, but was, for the first time in my life, positively denied a night's lodging in a log-cabin.

I returned, and begged the old man to take me in. He consented. "But," said he, "you must pay me for your horse; and you will have an uncomfortable time of it, for my daughter is sick of a fever, and she is out of her head all night." It struck me that this, perhaps, was the very place for me. I tied my horse to a tree, fed him, and went in.

This was decidedly the smallest cabin I ever lodged in. I was weary and hungry. I found a very sick woman indeed, laboring under high fever, and quite flighty, and talking incessantly. I soon made myself known to them. And shortly after this I heard the mother say to her daughter, "Polly, be still; there is a preacher in the house." She raised her head, looked earnestly at me, laid down her head, turned over in the bed, and was quiet, and soon went to sleep. Her fever subsided, and she slept till after we had eaten our supper. When she waked up, her mother soon said to me, "My daughter wants you to pray for her." I went to the bed, and spoke to her, and found her under great concern about her soul. I encouraged her to look to the Lord for help, and went to prayer. The spirit of supplication and intercession was given for the sick, and we had near access to the throne of the heavenly grace. When we rose from our knees, I spoke to her again, and she professed to be much better in body and soul. She said, "I have been lying here nine weeks, and there has been no one to say a word to me about my soul, or pray for me. O, how often I have wished the Lord would only send some one that could pray for me, and say something to me about my soul! I believe the Lord hath sent you here." Indeed, I believed so too. I sung, and we rejoiced together, and the old people wept aloud. I was happy; so was poor

Polly. When bedtime came, the old people wanted to give up their bed to me, such as it was; but this I could not allow. They laid some bear-skins on the floor for me to lie on; and if Solomon, in all his glory, was ever happier on a bed of down than I was on the bear-skins, he must have been happy indeed! But the most of our sweets are mixed with some bitters. A tribe of busy, hungry insects, who had possession of the bear-skins long before I had, came out upon me, and contended earnestly for their rights, and annoyed me very much; but they could not disturb my peace of mind. The next morning I was up early, and found Polly free from fever, and in a comfortable state of mind. She pitied me, because I had had such a restless night; for I had kept up a pretty constant, although fruitless, combat with my enemies. I had prayers with them again, and departed before it was fairly light. When I came round again, I called to see what had become of my convert. Poor Polly had gone to her rest. The old people said she had died in great peace. I made an appointment to preach her funeral sermon when I got round again; and, when the time arrived, I had most of the squatters, far and near, to hear me. I rode through a heavy rain, and called at the house of Snowden Sargent, on Pee-Pee, a kind-hearted old Methodist from Maryland. I was wet, hungry, and brought plenty of company with me from the bear-skins. I introduced

myself, and met with a cordial reception by a kind family. Here I rested on Saturday, and refitted. While at this place I met with several friends I had been acquainted with in other places; among them, William Talbott, who had preached at my father's when he first began to itinerate. His zeal and excessive labors soon broke him down. He married, and then moved to that place with his father-in-law, and tried to provide for a rising family. He preached, however, occasionally. I afterward heard him preach at our quarterly meeting at Pee-Pee, with divine unction. Sunday, the 6th, I preached at brother Sargent's. All were very attentive, and some felt the word. I called together those who had been in society in various places, and organized a class, and the Lord was truly among us: one shouted aloud; and most of the professors were much quickened. In those days I was always at home in class meeting; and if I did not succeed in public, I was sure to feel well in the class meeting. I preached again at night. I had some liberty, and the people were all attention. I lodged that night with brother Talbott. I felt much for him. O how ought those to be esteemed who have sacrificed their health, and almost their lives, in the cause of God! And yet some are neglected, and end their days in obscurity and poverty.

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,—I must say something more about the Pee-Pee settlement. In this place Methodism had a pretty good introduction. The most respectable people in the neighborhood had been Methodists in other places; and, like our Pilgrim fathers, they brought their religion with them, and were not ashamed of Methodism in the wilderness; but we had some drawbacks. Our brethren here had prayed for ministerial help. Some had written, and others had gone in person to Kentucky, and begged that some of the preachers would come over and help them. And it was no wonder that they were glad when one came. In addition to this, as regards myself, I was acquainted with many of them. Our local preachers were scattered over the country, and did what they could; for they, indeed, were the pioneers, as they always have been; but they were often discouraged, and their hands hung down. One of these preachers, in passing through the Pee-Pee settlement on business, came there late in the afternoon. Some soon found out that he was a preacher. One said, "I wonder if he will preach!" "O no," said another; "he is too tired." One of the young Sargents said, "Try him; I'll be bound he'll preach—for a Methodist preacher can run up hill a quarter of a mile, and give him time to draw

five breaths, he is ready to preach." This was saying too much, however, for Methodist preachers, even in gone-by days. The first quarterly meeting ever held on Pee-Pee began on December 27, 1800, in a cabin school-house, surrounded by woods. The weather was remarkably pleasant for the season. I had no one to help me but brother Talbott; but we had a gracious season of refreshing on Saturday morning, and again at night. On Sunday morning at the sacrament, and in the love-feast, we had an overwhelming shower of divine grace. Some professed to enjoy more of the love of Christ than they had enjoyed for years. I preached at eleven o'clock, and brother Talbott followed with a feeling discourse. We were favored with much of the presence of our divine Master in our log-cabin, and we sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Some wept, and others shouted aloud for joy. As we were on our way to the meeting, we came down the river with company. We met a deer, near a row of houses on the bank of the river, which the wolves had driven out of the woods. It stood about twenty yards from us, trembling and panting, with its tongue hanging out. Sunday as it was, some were for getting a gun to shoot it, (but these were not Methodists.) I remonstrated against it, as it was Sunday, and against the law of God and the land. The poor deer had just escaped the voracious jaws of the wolves, and sought protection

near the habitation of man. I remarked, that Christians, coming from the worship of their God on his holy day, ought surely to be more merciful than the wolves. It ran down the bank and crossed the river. But, after all, the poor deer escaped not. Some wicked boys crossed the river below, and ahead of it, and drove it back into the river, and then pursued it in a canoe, caught it, and cut its throat.

Monday, 7th of October, I rode to Elijah Chineworth's. With this family I had been acquainted. The Lord met us at the family altar, and we were happy. In those days it was common for the family to take their seats after rising from prayer, when the preacher was with them, expecting him to sing, or to say something to them. Sometimes, on such occasions, we spoke to every individual, and we often got a blessing in these sacred exercises.

Tuesday, the 8th, I rode still up the river to the High Banks Prairie. The people here were living on congress land. I stopped with my friend, Thomas Lansdale. Here I found two families living in a small house, and the greater part of both families sick. Wednesday morning one of brother L.'s children died, a little boy about three years old. I staid with them, and preached the funeral sermon on Thursday, the 10th, at ten o'clock, from 1 Sam. xii, 23. While I was preaching, several began to shake with the ague, while

others were burning with fever. Here was an affecting sight indeed: sick children were crying, whose parents were not able to attend to them, while the lifeless body of one dear child was before us. Surely these people needed a comforter. Here I afterward formed a society, and preached to them regularly, but had little success. The people had inclosed as much as five hundred or a thousand acres of prairie land with one fence, and lived in cabins on the banks of the river, and on high ground, around this large field. And as every one did not regard the interest of his neighbor, much misunderstanding and litigation took place among them. These evils crept into the society, and were a source of great grief to me. Two of the principal members, who had lived together in love and Christian friendship elsewhere, and had also met in band meeting many years, had now so far lost their former love and confidence, as to criminate each other. I spoke plainly, but affectionately, to one, until he wept, and expressed a wish to be reconciled to his brother. I soon ran to the other, and spoke to him in the same way, and told him that brother L. wished to be reconciled; he also yielded, and said, "If brother L. wishes to be reconciled, it will take place." We appointed the time for an interview. When we met we prayed together, and spread their case before the Lord; and the melting Spirit of God came upon us, and we all wept.

I brought before them their former days and former feelings, and then told them to sit down and talk over their grievances, and settle their differences, and forgive one another as Christians ought to do. Brother L. began, in tears, to confess wherein he had been wrong; and brother H. came out in the same spirit: they both wept bitterly, confessed their faults one to the other, and gave each other the right hand of fellowship, and embraced as brethren. If ever the text was fulfilled, "When two or three are gathered together in my name," &c., it was in this case. The snare was broken, and two worthy men escaped. This is only one among many cases of the kind that occurred in my newly formed societies. Thursday, the 10th, in the afternoon, I rode to Robert Boggs's, on Deer Creek. I became acquainted with brother B., in Jefferson county, Virginia, when he was under deep conviction, and was frequently at his house after his happy conversion. I was truly glad to find him and his wife still holding on their way to the kingdom. Here I rested, and read the Holy Scriptures, and Fletcher on Christian Perfection. I then said and wrote in my book, "I more than ever see the doctrine is Scriptural, and firmly believe the blessing to be attainable; but how far I am from what I ought to be! Lord, help me to shake off my sloth, and go on to perfection in earnest!" With these friends I felt myself quite at home. Notice was

given that I would preach the following Sunday at Anthony Davenport's. This brother I also knew, and many of his friends. Indeed, his father and mother were among the first Methodists in our section of country. I saw them sit under the ministry of William Jessop, the first Methodist preacher I ever heard. I was then a boy, and rode behind my uncle to the meeting. In the fall of 1789 I had the privilege of attaching myself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the house of his brother, John Davenport, Esq., and he afterward became my leader, and I had close union with him to the day of his death.

Sunday, the 13th, I preached on Acts xvi, 9, and the good Spirit of the Lord attended the word, and many wept, some for joy, and others for sorrow, while all were deeply attentive. Here Doctor Tiffen had organized a society, and had his regular appointments. I met the class, and the Lord was present, in love and power, to refresh his dear children. One poor sinner wept aloud, and a poor backslider confessed his backslidings, and bemoaned his base ingratitude. Glory be to God, it was a day of his power, and we were all encouraged to trust in the Lord, and go forward in the line of duty.

Monday, the 14th, I rode down the river to Chilicothe, and put up with Dr. Tiffen, with whom I had been long acquainted. The doctor had often preached in our neighborhood, and sometimes at

my father's. He and his excellent wife received me as a messenger of Christ, and treated me with great kindness. Sister T. was one of the most conscientious and heavenly minded women I ever saw. She was a mother in our Israel indeed. About that time a report was put in circulation that the doctor had given up his religion; he laughed at it, and said, "It would not do for me to backslide, for my wife would let me have no peace." The doctor, however, refused to take any part in religious exercises in Chilicothe out of his own family: he had his reasons for it.

Tuesday evening, October 15, 1799, I preached my first sermon in Chilicothe (I think in a school-house) to quite a respectable congregation. It was thought, by some, that half the congregation had never heard a Methodist preacher before; but I never saw a people more orderly and attentive, except one poor drunkard, who came in drunk, and made a little disturbance; but the people were so anxious to hear, that they paid very little attention to him. I have reason to believe the Lord was with me, and assisted me in this first effort. From that time I preached in the town once in three weeks, when I could get a place to preach in; and, generally, in a school-house. There was a log-house, called the Presbyterian Meeting-house, also made use of as a court-house, but I had no access to it. The morals of the people were such as is common in newly settled countries,

and religion was despised, particularly Methodism. We had, however, a few faithful souls, who held fast their integrity, and adorned their profession. Sunday, July 7, 1800, I preached to a large and serious congregation at Davenport's, on Deer Creek, at eleven o'clock, and rode twelve miles to Chilicothe, and preached again under the trees, it being a pleasant evening. There and then I organized the first Methodist society in Chilicothe. All those who had been members in other places, and brought their certificates with them, did not come forward. I visited several families the next day, and got a few more to join, so that we had eighteen to begin with. I wish I could give their names. Doctor Tiffen retained his membership at Davenport's.

The following March we wished to hold our quarterly meeting in Chilicothe, but we had no house to hold it in. One of the brethren spoke to a Presbyterian elder for the use of their house. He spoke to his pastor, who sent us word that he had no objection. So we published the meeting, to begin on the 28th of March, 1801. I rode all the way to Kentucky to prevail on the Rev. William Burke to attend our quarterly meeting. On the 25th we crossed the Ohio River, and I first introduced him into the North-western Territory. On Saturday, the 25th, brother Burke preached his first sermon in Chilicothe, from Hebrews xi, 1. On Sunday morning, the 29th, we

had a most precious sacrament; the Lord greatly blessed his poor despised disciples. We had a large and interesting congregation, to whom the servant of the Lord preached with power from on high, and the people were not only attentive, but considerably moved under the word. Never did our brother pay a more seasonable and acceptable visit to any people. Perhaps there is no one living that knows more about the difficulties that Methodism had to contend with at its first introduction into Chilicothe, than I do. True, there was not much done during my stay there. But one thing I know, we did not give up the ship, though we had to contend hard with adverse storms.

Before I go further, I will turn back to Deer Creek, and say all I have to say about that place. There we had some success and increase. The first quarterly meeting was held in a log meeting-house, perhaps a free house; it began on the 26th of July, 1800. It was a very warm day, and I had to ride eighteen miles that morning, having had two appointments the previous day; the last twenty-five miles distant. I started early, and was out in a very heavy rain, and got wet, and did not reach the place of meeting until after twelve o'clock. There were three preachers in attendance, Samuel Hitt, Doctor Tiffen, and Everard Harr. Service had begun when I got there. I was weary, wet, and hoarse; but nothing would

do but I must preach a second sermon: for in those days we always had two sermons on quarterly meeting occasions in succession, and sometimes an exhortation besides, particularly on Sunday, if we had preachers enough; for our quarterly meetings were *high* times, and people came to them from far and near. On Sunday morning we had sacrament, about half-past nine o'clock, in public; we had about fifty communicants, and a great blessing attended that holy ordinance. At eleven o'clock brother Hitt preached out of doors, for the house would not hold half the people that attended, and Doctor Tiffen followed by a second sermon; and divine influence attended the word. This was said to be the largest religious assembly ever seen on the banks of the Scioto River.

Yours, &c. HENRY SMITH.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,—I must now return to my regular round in forming my new circuit. On Wednesday morning, October the 16th, I left Chilicothe, and took up Paint Creek, and went to the house of William Kerns, a local preacher, in Haller's Bottom. Thursday, the 17th, I preached to a few people there, and again at night, when we had a larger congregation; where I afterward formed a small society. My three weeks' circuit was now

laid out. I afterward went to Foster's, on Eagle Creek, a distance of seventy-five or eighty miles. At first I preached at Foster's and Rankin's; afterward the preaching was removed to John Bryan's, which became a regular Sunday appointment.

I will now give a plan of my circuit:—Sunday, at Bryan's. Tuesday, at Burkitt's, on Ohio Brush Creek. Wednesday, at Moore's. Thursday, at William Jackson's, a local preacher, near the mouth of Scioto. On Friday I had a long ride to Sargent's: I rested there on Saturday, and preached on Sunday. Monday, at Chineworth's. Tuesday, at Foster's. Wednesday, at Lansdale's, on the High Banks. Thursday, at Crouch's, on Kinecanick. Friday, at Hollinshead's, near the Salt Works. Saturday, at Haines's, in the Pickaway Plains. Sunday, at Davenport's, Deer Creek. On Tuesday I rode to Chilicothe, and preached there. On Wednesday, at Haller's. Thursday and Friday I had to ride toward my next appointment; and preached at Mr. Rogers's, opposite to Cabin Creek, on the Ohio, on Saturday. I afterward took in St. Clairsville and Newmarket; and preached occasionally at many other places; so that my time was pretty well filled up. I found on this circuit the following local preachers:—Thomas Odle, at St. Clairsville; George Rogers, at the mouth of Cabin Creek; Joseph Moore, on Scioto Brush Creek; William Jackson, at the mouth of the Scioto; William Talbott, at the Pee-

Pee settlement; Lewis Foster and Jesse Mount, at Foster's; Doctor Edward Tiffen and Everard Harr, at Chilicothe; William Kerns, in Haller's Bottom.

On Friday, 18th of October, 1799, I left brother Kerns's cabin, and went onward early in the morning, after eating a light breakfast, for Little Miami. I had to go through Newmarket: I readily found the path leading to the place. No one then lived from the Falls of Paint to Newmarket, a distance of full thirty miles. I saw plenty of deer, and one bear. I pursued my course faithfully till after the middle of the day, when I met a family, who told me it was about eight miles to Newmarket, as I understood them; but they might have said eighteen. I slacked pace till I met two men, and they told me it was about fifteen miles. I then again pushed ahead in earnest. But night overtook me, and having nothing but a path, which was full of leaves, and not being able to see the blazes, or marks on the trees, I lost my path, and got into the woods. I now began to think that I would have to take up my lodging in the wilderness for the night. I was hungry and weary, and so was my poor horse Cæsar, and we had nothing to eat. I had no means of making a fire, and snakes and wolves abounded in that country at that time. I had slept in the wilderness before, but had always had company, and some means of making a fire, and, also, something to eat. My

faithful horse appeared to be in distress, as well as his master. I, however, looked to God, and sought for the path, and happily found it; and, by the guidance of Providence, I kept it. My horse would sometimes stop and seem to feel for the path, whenever he trod out of it. I had not gone far in this way, when I saw a light: I thanked God and took courage; and soon came to the cabin of a Mr. Ross. I called, and the old gentleman came out; I inquired how far it was to Newmarket; and he told me that this was the place. "Can you," said I, "direct me to a public house where I can get lodging?" "There is but another cabin in the place," said he; "but you are welcome to stay here." I thanked him, and dismounted, and went in. I soon told them who I was, and also my business in that country, and where I was going; and they treated me with all the kindness and hospitality of a backwoods family. I had prayers with them, and talked to them about religion, and took particular notice of a little girl, their daughter. In the fall of 1801 my sister Ursula moved to that place. She and Mrs. Ross became intimate. Mrs. Ross and her daughter both embraced religion. In the fall of 1822, when I last visited Ohio, after passing through Hillsborough, I called at a house to feed my horse, about eight miles from Newmarket. While the good man was attending to my horse, I had some conversation with the good woman, and

asked her what church they belonged to; she said she was a Methodist. "So am I," said I, "and twenty years ago I used to preach through this country." She hastily asked my name, and when I told her, she rose, and took me by the hand with as much joy as if I had been her father. Who should it be but Mr. Ross's daughter—the little girl I took some notice of when her father took me in, a stranger. When her husband came in, she introduced me to him as an old friend. I inquired after the old people, and we talked about former days.

On Saturday, the 19th, I started from Newmarket early in the morning, and, for the first time, crossed the swamp or low grounds from Newmarket to Williamsburg, but at this season it was rather dry. From Williamsburg I pressed on to the house of my old friend and schoolmate, E. Dinnett, on the east fork of the Little Miami. On Sunday, the 20th, I rode down the east fork to brother M'Cormick's, and preached there, and we had a gracious season. Here I met brother Hunt, my fellow-laborer and sufferer in the cause of Christ. We strengthened each other's hands in the Lord, and agreed that he should go up to Scioto, and I take a round or two on the Miami circuit. This was also a three weeks' circuit, and was pretty much as it was left by brother Kobler. One Sunday appointment was at Gatch's. Thence we went to Robinson's; to Andrew Reed's, on

Mad River; and then, about thirty miles up the river to William Ross's. Thence to Holt's station, a Sunday appointment. Thence to Captain Ross's, near Fort Hamilton. Thence to Brant's: then to Coldrain, and to Garrison's, on the Great Miami. Thence to Dusky's; then to Nelson's, to Williamsburg, and to Deerfield. Every day was filled up either by preaching or riding: sometimes we had a long ride, and had to preach also. Many of the people were much prejudiced against the Methodists in this region of country. The Baptists were among the first denominations of Christians that settled there; and some of them were not only Calvinistic in doctrine, but also Antinomians in practice. The doctrines of universal atonement by Christ; of salvation from all sin through faith in him; and of the possibility of falling from grace, were thought to be dreadful heresies. Cincinnati was then a wicked hole of a place, and needed the gospel very much; but we had no opening there—no place could be got to set the sole of our foot upon.

On December 5th I preached at Williamsburg to about twenty or thirty people, and again at night. A man here opened his house for preaching, and entertained the preachers, who had left his wife, and come to this country with another woman, and they passed for man and wife. I believe no one there knew any better, until he told it himself under the following circumstances:

—I preached at his house, as above stated, and to him, at least, it was close and home preaching, for his conscience was waked up, and he was fully persuaded that I knew all about him. After dinner, he said he wished to have a conversation with me. We walked toward the house, where I preached at night. He candidly told me all about his situation, and asked advice, and wished to know what he must do. I told him I knew nothing about his case. Said he, "I thought you did by your preaching." He wished to know if it would not do if he were to marry this woman. Said I, "You must put away this woman; and go, and bring your wife, and live with her: without this there is no hope for you." The poor sinner was in great perplexity, and as gentle as a wolf caught in a trap. I did not go back that night. I went down next morning to get my horse and saddlebags. Pioneers, in their zeal to introduce Methodism into some places, have sometimes innocently laid the foundation of difficulties for many years. Much depends upon the materials with which we begin a church. This man, however, had not been taken into the society.

On Friday, the 6th, I rode down to brother Gatch's, where the quarterly meeting was expected. On the way I met brother Hunt, who gave an account of the state of things on Scioto, my new circuit. I was sorry to find him in very poor health. On Saturday, the 7th, our quarterly

meeting began. Here we expected the presiding elder from Kentucky, but he did not come; so brother Edge, an old local preacher from Virginia, opened the meeting by a warm and feeling sermon, and many felt the word to be the power of God unto salvation. We held a quarterly conference, and regulated the affairs of the circuit as well as we could. On Sunday morning we had a love-feast. Many spoke with life and power, and we had a great shout. Three spoke feelingly of the sanctifying love of God, and we had no reason to doubt this testimony. Thank the Lord for witnesses of perfect love in the wilderness! In the conclusion of the love-feast, I invited those who were in distress of soul to come forward, and be prayed for. Several came, but none were converted. At eleven o'clock brother Smith, brother Gatch's brother-in-law, preached, and I followed him, and brother Edge concluded with an exhortation. Our public exercises were not attended with any remarkable or visible effects, but upon the whole it was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

In 1800 no preacher was sent to Miami circuit. I was repeatedly written to, and invited to come down and help them. I appointed a quarterly meeting, to begin on the 30th of August, 1800; and went down and spent a few weeks among them. Gatch's neighborhood was our headquarters, where we had the strongest society. We

got local preachers and official members together, and held a quarterly meeting conference. They were much grieved that they were left without an itinerant preacher. I encouraged them to preach and meet the classes; to receive probationers, and to attend to the Discipline as well as they could; for I knew they were left without a preacher, because there was none to send. We had a blessed love-feast on Sunday morning—some wept, and others shouted for joy. We had to preach out of doors. At this meeting we had to preach the funeral sermon of our brother Smith, who was with us at our last meeting. I spoke, and brother Gatch followed me, and gave the character of the man. It was a solemn and interesting meeting. This good brother was with us at our last meeting, in good health, and bid fair for long life, and ministered to us the bread of life; but now we were called upon to minister consolation to his surviving partner disconsolate children, and numerous friends.

On the 16th of June, 1802, I accompanied our beloved M'Kendree (then our presiding elder in Kentucky) to Newmarket, where he preached to a large congregation, for the place. He preached out of doors. On the 18th we rode to brother Dimmet's, on the Little Miami. On the 19th our quarterly meeting began. It was again held at Gatch's. Our worthy M'Kendree preached one of his soul-stirring and heart-searching ser-

mons, to a large congregation for that country. It was a time of power and love—a soul-reviving season: some shouted aloud for joy. To this meeting many came from far; some on foot, others on horseback: but on Sunday, the 20th, the congregation was gathered under the trees, where a stand and a few seats had been prepared. Those who had no seats stood or sat on the ground. Our M'Kendree preached one of his ingenious and overwhelming sermons, from Jer. viii, 22. He took hold of the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, and held it up in its true character. His arguments were unanswerable; and such was the divine influence attending the word that he carried the whole congregation with him. The very place appeared to be shaken by the power of God. The people fell in every direction. I will here give the preacher's own account of this meeting. In a letter to Bishop Asbury, he says: "The people came from far to the Miami quarterly meeting. I heard of a woman that walked thirty miles to it, so that our congregation was large for that country. On the first day we were favored in a singular manner with the presence of the Lord, and I think I may safely say it increased throughout the meeting. Two women of genteel appearance fell not far from the stand, but were presently taken off by some men, (their brothers, I was informed.) The Spirit of God, like a sword, pierced one of the

men about ten steps from the stand, and he suddenly fell to the earth, together with his weeping charge, and cried aloud for mercy; and the other was graciously visited in like manner. Thus there were four instead of two deeply engaged. This attracted the attention of many, who were convicted through their means, and I am informed they never rested until they found peace, by which means religion was carried into other parts, and the work of God continued to spread. The last thing respecting this meeting which I shall mention is a case of natural simplicity which deeply affected my mind: An old woman, sitting just behind me, while brother Smith was preaching, began to speak in a low and mournful manner, and expressed herself to the following purport:—'Lord, I have heard about these people, and walked a long way to hear them. Yesterday, while the man was preaching, I felt very bad, and thought I should fall down; so I was about to get into the woods and hide myself, for I did not know that it was the Lord; but I could not walk. I fell down among the people, and all my shame went away; and now I am happy. Bless the Lord, he has converted my soul! O how light my heart is now; glory, glory to King Jesus! But, O Lord, my husband is wicked, my children are wicked, and there is no religion in our neighborhood, and no one to tell them how to get converted. Lord, send some of these preachers that have the

Spirit of God in their hearts into our neighborhood, to my house, to tell the people the way to heaven!' This prayer so affected me, that at that time I felt willing to preach the gospel to the poor in every disconsolate corner." So wrote the preacher.

I saw a number crowded together, and went to see what was the matter. I found the two young ladies prostrate on the ground, and their brothers sitting by them in deep distress, and numbers round them—all in tears. I pointed them to Christ, and went to prayer with them. Presently two women pressed through the crowd, and spoke to one of the young men to take their sisters out of the crowd. One of the young men took hold of his sister a second time to remove her; but a zealous sister took hold of *him*, and exhorted him, with tears, not to remove her. He sat down and wept bitterly. A small distance from there I found two little girls in deep distress. I began to instruct them, and exhorted them to look to Christ for a blessing. A good woman spoke out, "They do not understand you." I paid no attention to her, but went on talking to the girls. Presently she spoke again, and said, "Sir, I wish to tell you how these children were brought up: they never heard anything about religion; their parents are wicked people, and brought up their children in ignorance and wickedness." Then one of the girls called for her brother, and reached out her hand to him, and

clasped him in her arms, and cried, "O, brother, pray for me! O, brother, do pray for me!" She saw another of her brothers at a distance, and called to him, but he would not come near her. The mother was there, but would not approach them for fear of being exposed. These girls were severely treated when they went home. When I went near the stand I found many in deep distress. Glory be to God! I have reason to believe this was the beginning of better days on the Miami circuit. Saturday, August the 21st, 1802, I attended another quarterly meeting, at Thomas Odle's, near St. Clairsville, on Eagle Creek, Ohio. The Lord was present in the administration of his word, particularly at night, when many were cut to the heart, and brought to cry aloud for mercy. A man and his wife, who had been notorious persecutors, were both arrested by the Spirit of God, and confessed their former prejudice before all the congregation. One young woman was under strong conviction, and crying mightily for mercy. When some of her friends brought her some water, she said, "I don't want that—it is the water of life I want!" Two brothers were there who had seriously quarreled; but the Lord overtook them that night in mercy, and the quarrel was made up. One cried out, "O, Daniel, what have I done!" and the other, "O, Peter, what have we been doing!" and there was an end of their angry feelings; and they

embraced each other. O, what a time we had! Glory be to God, the valleys were exalted, and the mountains made low! August 28th, I attended another quarterly meeting, at James Sargent's, on the Miami circuit. Here I once more met with and heard my old friend and brother, Elijah Sparks, under whose ministry I had been so often comforted and encouraged, when he rode Winchester circuit. We had a good and refreshing time; some souls were converted, and many quickened. Praise the Lord, O my soul! After this wide ramble, it is time for me to return to Scioto. Wednesday, December 11th, 1799, I left the house of my old friend M'Cormick, and all the dear friends in Gatch's neighborhood, and started for my circuit. I rode within fifteen miles of my circuit, and at night put up with a poor family, who could just afford house-room and a blanket to lie on. I had prayers with them, and talked to them about religion. The woman hoped she was converted; and also hoped she could not fall, or lose that hope. I started next morning, before day, and reached my appointment at half-past eleven o'clock. I was much fatigued and drowsy, but preached with some liberty to the few who were present. I was now again in my regular work—and pressed on through thick and thin; I had long rides over bad roads, and had to wade through deep waters.

I had many invitations to preach in destitute

places. I was sometimes much affected when people would come many miles, and beg me, with tears in their eyes, to come and preach to them, and would leave me with a sorrowful countenance and a heavy heart, when they found it was out of my power to comply with their wishes.

The Lord favored me with some success; for souls were given me, and many backsliders were reclaimed, and the Lord's people encouraged and built up. Before I left the circuit, for the General Conference, in Baltimore, May 6th, 1800, I held another quarterly meeting at William Burkitt's. On Saturday, the 29th of March, brother Jackson preached from, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." The text and sermon suited the occasion, and the Lord was in his word, and we found it good to be there. On Sunday morning we had a happy love-feast. Brother Jackson preached again at eleven o'clock, and brother Rogers exhorted. I concluded the service with another sermon; and the good Lord opened my mind, and enlarged my heart, and the word had free course. I have seldom seen people more affected under the word preached: showers of tears were shed by saints and sinners. Many left me in tears, expecting to see me no more in time. I made a collection the last round, which amounted to forty dollars. On Tuesday I went to Chilicothe. On Wednesday, April 2d, I took my scraps of provision, and sack of corn for my horse, and made

off to the wilderness quite alone. The first night I had a cabin to lodge in, and the floor, too, to lie on; but here I was much annoyed by a cub-bear, which they had just caught, and brought into the house. To make matters still worse, a fellow rode to the house late in the night, imitating, as he approached, the Indian yell; he stopped there, and took his bed by the side of me. The second day I fell in with two men—one was a very clever young man, the other an old, surly fellow. We traveled faithfully all day. In the fore part of the day we passed over the site where Lancaster now stands. There was then, perhaps, a cabin or two there. At night we halted near a vacant cabin. We passed several of these cabins. I suppose they were built by the men who cut the road through the wilderness. We kindled a fire, fed our horses, and ate our dinner and supper together; but the gnats were so troublesome, that neither man nor beast could have any rest, till we made smoke fires around ourselves and horses, and then we slept securely in the woods. The third day we had rain, but pushed ahead; and came at night to a new cabin, half covered, and the floor about half laid, with puncheons. Here we found a young man who had a keg of whisky and a few bushels of oats. We tarried with him, and I got some of the oats at twenty-five cents per gallon. I did not price his whisky, as I bought none. Here we met four or five men, and some

of them were rude enough. I soon had occasion to reprove one for profane language. I did it in such a way as not to give offense; and yet it had the desired effect, for all became quiet. I soon took the floor, before a good fire. After they thought I was asleep, they had some more chat, and also drank a little more whisky; but soon all of them laid down by my side. To lie before such a fire as was there, when wet and weary, was quite agreeable. The fourth day we had rain, but night brought us to another cabin, where we found three hunters; and they also had whisky, and one of them was lying on the floor dead drunk. We stopped with them, and, after eating our dinner and supper, we all took the dirt-floor for our bed, by the side of the drunken hunter; but he snored so loud that I could not sleep. I begged the man who was lying next to him to turn him on his side; and in doing so he waked him, and he began to swear horribly. In quite a low tone of voice, I said to the young man who was near me, "Poor wretch, how he swears!" The young man said, "He is saying his prayers." Hearing us speak, he bawled out, "What is that you say?" The young man answered, "I said I would say my prayers." "You are not the man that spoke," replied the fellow; "if you do not take care, I'll make you say your prayers with tears in your eyes." I found that he was offended at me. He soon became quiet, and we slept

soundly. The next morning, when this man was sober, he was more kind and attentive to me than to any of the company, and directed me to a Methodist family with whom I might lodge that night, on Short Creek. This was Sunday morning; but I pursued my journey to that settlement. That day my young fellow-traveler left me, and took the road to Wheeling; the old man kept with me. In the evening we came to the house the hunter directed me to; but the good man and his wife had gone to a prayer meeting, and there was no one at home but some small children. I, however, being so well acquainted with backwoods hospitality, particularly Methodist hospitality toward their preachers, took the liberty of stopping there. We soon took our bed, in the usual way, before the fire; and the children went to bed also. When the man and his wife came home, and found two fellows lying before the fire, they were quite surprised. I roused up, and told them how matters were, and who I was; and apologized for the freedom I had taken. They appeared to be quite glad, and inquired if we had had any supper. I said, No. Nothing would satisfy them now, but our getting up and having supper; and the good sister set about getting supper in earnest. These dear people were so remarkably kind and hospitable, that my old friend, who was not at all acquainted with the Methodists, was quite amazed; and said to me next day, "These people seemed

to be as glad to see you, and as kind, as if they had been long acquainted with you."

The next day I crossed the Ohio River; but in consequence of resting myself and horse several days, and calling on many friends by the way, I did not reach home till about the middle of April, where I rested and refitted, by getting a new suit of clothes. The Baltimore Conference was held at the Stone Chapel, Baltimore county, that year. The evening before conference began I met with Bishop Asbury, and about a dozen of the preachers, at Robert N. Carnan's. I had not seen the bishop, until then, from the hour he ordained me deacon, in Baltimore, October 25th, 1795. He made many inquiries about the west; and, looking at me, said, "Where did you get that coat?" "I bought it, sir." "Did they give you any money?" "Yes, sir, they gave me forty dollars." He then said, "You have been there long enough; you must come away from there: I'll send some one in your place." "Very well, sir." At this conference I first saw Richard Whatcoat, Jesse Lee, Enoch George, and William M'Kendree. I heard the last named preach, May 4, 1800, the day of my ordination to elder's orders. It may not be improper here to notice the cases of three able ministers which were brought up at this conference. They were men of excellent standing among us, and had some years before received, what we then called, a dispensation from

the conference, and went into business to provide for their families. It was thought they could and ought to do effective service; and a motion was made to locate them. This brought on some debate. Henry Willis, and John Chalmers, jun., were present, and plead their cause manfully. Brother Willis, being a man of affliction, had his relation to the conference continued; but brothers Chalmers and Nelson Reed were both located without their consent, and one of them even without his knowledge. Whatever bearing this act of the conference might have had upon the feelings of these brethren, they did not proclaim war against the conference, or even carry an appeal to the General Conference, which was just at hand. At this conference, the preachers—for the last time, I think—were called upon to give an account of their presents and marriage fees.

The General Conference was held in Baltimore, and began on the 6th of May, 1800. At this conference the preacher's salary was raised from sixty-four to eighty dollars; but still no provision was made for a preacher's family. Doctor Coke was present, and the episcopacy was strengthened by the election and ordination of Richard Whatcoat. In several ballotings, there was a tie between Lee and Whatcoat; when one of the members made a motion that the candidates should not vote. The next balloting gave a majority of only two votes to Whatcoat. Strange as it may seem, many of the

preachers were strenuously opposed to raising their own salaries. Jesse Lee and Nicholas Snethen, two of the principal men in the conference, were opposed to it; and, I believe, our backwoods boys, to a man, voted against it. This was the best General Conference I ever attended in Baltimore, or anywhere else.

The preachers literally preached all over the city: in churches, in the streets, on Cheapside, in the market-house, in a yard in Old Town, in private houses, &c.; and mighty was the power that attended the word. It was thought that one hundred souls were brought to God. During the General Conference I waited on the bishop to know whom he had got to go to Scioto. He said, "Brother S.;" but brother S. heard of it, of course; it made him sick, and he went to bed. I inquired of the bishop the second time whom he had got for Scioto. He said, "No one but brother S." I then took the liberty of saying to the bishop that I had suffered a good deal there, and the way was now open, and that I knew the people, and that the man he had appointed would not suit the place; and that if he would permit me, I would go back. He looked earnestly at me, and smiled; took me by the chin, and said, "You may go; but you won't come back." That prediction had nearly been accomplished; for I was three or four times brought to death's door. But, perhaps, this was not what the bishop meant; he

might have thought I had some engagement there; and in those days to marry and to locate meant nearly the same thing. In wishing to return to Scioto, I had nothing but the glory of God and the good of the people in view. I knew them, and loved them, and many of them loved me. At the same time I knew that many were much better qualified to give tone to Methodism there than I was; but I thought I could get a better supply from the Western Conference the following fall. I knew they were hardy fellows, and inured to hardships, and as willing to suffer in the cause of Christ as any other men. It would be uninteresting to give a detail of my return through the wilderness; my fare was much the same as when I came in. Yours, &c.,

HENRY SMITH.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,—I will now finish, by giving some further account of my labors and sufferings while on Scioto. I got safe back to Chilicothe by the 22d of June, 1800, and found my brother-in-law and his family there. I started in great haste to overtake my appointment on Scioto Brush Creek, but was taken sick, and had to return to town, where I continued unwell all the week, but rode down to Pee-Pee on Saturday, and filled my ap-

pointments there. I need not say that my friends were glad to see me. But, alas! it was a summer of great affliction, and death was spreading desolation among the people. Everything looked dreary and discouraging. I, myself, had a very severe spell of bilious fever: life was despaired of, but Christ was precious; and, by the mercy of God and the use of means, I was raised up again. Venturing out too soon, I had a relapse at the house of my friend, William Burkitt. As soon as I was able to ride, I turned out again; and, being much exposed, I relapsed again and again. About this time it was reported that I was dead; my poor sister, in Chilicothe, had just got the news, and was grieving about me, when I came and knocked at the door of her house. When I stepped in, they could hardly believe their own eyes; but they saw that I was still alive, and there was great joy. I was prevented from attending the Western Conference in the fall, by affliction. No one could give any particular account of Henry Smith, or what he was doing, only that he had been sick. So I was continued another year on Scioto without help. No preacher was sent to Miami that year. This was a mournful state of things; only one poor, sickly, itinerant preacher, for all the lower part of the Northwestern Territory. HENRY SMITH.

THE END.

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